The Complete Poetical Works of EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

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Edna Dean Proctor

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EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
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FOREWORD

It is the belief of Miss Proctor's niece and nephew, to whom was entrusted the making of this volume, that she would wish her poems, except for the notes which she herself had provided, to speak for themselves. But during her long life of nearly ninety-five years she had made such a host of friends, many of them personal, and had created for her works such a wide circle of readers, it seems only right to set down for record the outstanding facts of her life.

Briefly, then, Edna Dean Proctor, first child of John and Lucinda (Gould) Proctor, was born in Henniker, New Hampshire, September 18, 1829. By an odd circumstance, and through a spirit of courtesy perhaps less usual to-day than then, the poet received the name, not of her mother, but of her father's first wife, the mother of several dearly beloved half-brothers, Isaac, Francis, Allen, and John, and one half-sister, Hannah. Miss Proctor once remarked: 'Is it not odd, that I, who have made the name of Edna Dean somewhat known, should have none of the blood of Edna Dean in my veins?' Lucinda Gould's children, other than the poet, were Mary Crocker, who died in childhood, David Choate, and Lucinda Gould (Mrs. C. W. Coolidge), and by a second marriage

John Proctor Thompson, Major in the United States Army. John Proctor, the poet's father, was known as Captain Proctor, and derived his title from the captaincy he held in the New Hampshire Cavalry. He was the son of Lieutenant John (Lieutenant in the War of the Revolution) and Hannah (Cogswell) Proctor, and was fifth in descent from John Proctor, of England, who, with his wife Martha, came to Massachusetts in 1635 and settled in Ipswich, but later removed to Salem, where he died in 1672, leaving three sons and four daughters and 'a good estate.' Edna Dean Proctor descended in the line of Joseph, the second son. Captain John Proctor, born in Manchester-by-the-Sea, 1788, went as a boy with his father, Lieutenant John, to the then remote town of Henniker, New Hampshire, where the family established itself on a high hill overlooking the Contoocook. Lucinda Gould, the poet's mother, daughter of Elias and Sally (Hilton) Gould, was a native of Henniker and descended on both sides from New England ancestry. 'Captain Proctor,' the poet once wrote for her family, 'was a man of uprightness, energy, sound practical sense, and loyalty to duty. Lucinda Gould was a born teacher. She had a great love of music and a very sweet voice. She was by choice always in the clouds. It was often said of her: "Her presence is a benediction."'

Thus it will be seen that Edna Dean Proctor's inheritance was of New England. And she grew up surrounded by the far-reaching influence of her native soil.

Her education was obtained first in Henniker. Afterwards she went away to South Hadley, Massachusetts, being one of the earliest scholars at the 'Mount Holyoke Female Seminary.' In 1845, after one year's residence at South Hadley, owing to lack of health, Edna Dean Proctor was obliged to return home; but she attended later a school in Concord, New Hampshire, studying among other things drawing and music. It may be interesting to quote from the letter of a Henniker lady, dated October, 1842, when the poet was barely fourteen years of age: 'You have heard me speak of Mrs. Proctor — she has a daughter, a most excellent scholar and a poetess besides. She writes the poetry for the paper and gets great commendation. Her mother tries to discourage her. She doesn't want her to write poetry, but it makes no difference. It is as easy for her as to breathe.' Clearly the poet began to write at an early age, and her letters of the Concord period frequently contained verses — not the verses, however, by which Miss Proctor later chose to be known.

Having accomplished her schooling, Miss Proctor entered upon the life of a teacher in Woodstock, Connecticut. In a letter dated December 14, 1848, she

wrote: 'Woodstock is one of the most quiet, demure, and wealthy villages in this part of New England. I have very good classes in music and drawing, and, on the whole, reckon my situation a very pleasant one.' It was in Woodstock that she made the acquaintance of the family of Mr. Henry C. Bowen. In 1850 a letter from her uncle, the Reverend David C. Proctor, of Kentucky, to a cousin contains this allusion to Miss Proctor in Cincinnati: 'I was greatly gratified in my visit. She is a very intelligent, charming, pious lady. She is teaching music and painting in Mr. White's School.' From Cincinnati, Miss Proctor's teaching career took her to New Haven to Miss Dutton's School, where she made a host of friends among her pupils and a great many outside the school as well. In 1854 a letter from an aunt, then living in New Haven, declared: 'Edna received a pressing invitation a week or two since from Mr. Henry Bowen to go to Brooklyn into his family and feel as one of them, to teach his children. Miss Dutton is very unwilling to give her up.' But Miss Proctor accepted the offer; and founded friendships which persisted until her death. It is interesting to note that, of the children whom Miss Proctor went to Brooklyn to instruct, all have achieved places of prominence, and during the last months of her life no letters were received with greater enthusiasm than those from these same children.

In Brooklyn, it may be said, Miss Proctor's career as a writer began. In part under the name of 'Dean' she contributed frequent articles to the New York 'Independent' and other papers — and poems, too. By 1859 her poems had been acclaimed by one admirer as 'a banquet,' and several of the poems which have received wide recognition were being published, notably 'Robert Burns' and 'The Virginia Scaffold.' Earlier than this, however, in 1856, she began the preparation of the book known as 'Life Thoughts,' published in 1858, excerpts from the sermons of the Reverend Henry Ward Beecher. 'Most of them,' explains Miss Proctor in her preface, 'have never been written till now; for Mr. Beecher's best thoughts are not usually those which are beforehand committed coolly to paper; they are those which spring from the inspiration of the moment and have no record save in the memory of his hearers. To gather up and preserve some of the treasures thus lavishly scattered has been the aim of this volume.' 'Life Thoughts' achieved a striking success both in the United States and in Great Britain.

Then followed the events immediately leading up to the Civil War, and poem after poem of intense patriotism and loyalty to the Union cause. Now Edna Dean Proctor's verses were known throughout the land, recited by the Union troops around the camp-fires at night, and acclaimed by patriot and critic alike. 'Her

battle songs were like a bugle call to arms.' From President and Cabinet Miss Proctor received letters of appreciation. It was the poem 'The White Slaves' which brought about a lasting friendship with her fellow poet, Whittier. And all the poems, from 'The Virginia Scaffold' to 'The Grave of Lincoln,' seemed touched with the spirit of prophecy.

In 1866 Messrs. Hurd & Houghton published 'Poems,' by Edna Dean Proctor. In it appeared the principal Civil War verses as well as miscellaneous lyrics.

Also, in 1866, together with her friends, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Storrs, of Brooklyn, New York, and their daughter Sarah, who afterwards married the poet's brother David, of Peoria, Illinois, Miss Proctor embarked upon a long journey to Europe, the Holy Land, and Egypt. During her absence she contributed letters from abroad to the New York 'Independent.' Later, in 1872, her observations and experiences of Russian life were incorporated in her 'A Russian Journey' (J. R. Osgood & Co.), a volume in prose, evidencing, however, the versifying genius of its writer by offering as preludes to its several chapters short poems, many of which Longfellow afterward included in his 'Russia' — in the series 'Poems of Places.' 'A Russian Journey' appeared in four successive editions, 1872, 1890, 1900, 1915. In 1890, Miss Proctor added

an initial chapter in prose and part of her poem 'Russia (1890)' as a keynote to her volume. 'A Russian Journey' was widely and warmly received.

To revert chronologically to 1869, we find Miss Proctor again travelling with Mr. and Mrs. Storrs and their daughter Sarah, now Mrs. Proctor, and her brothers David and John, to the Pacific Coast over the newly built Union Pacific Railroad, and contributing letters to the New York 'Independent' entitled, 'From the Narrows to the Golden Gate.' Indeed, Miss Proctor travelled extensively almost to the end of her long life. But from 1868 until 1885 she made her home at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Storrs in Brooklyn. Then, upon the death of Mr. Storrs, the household being broken up, she went to Framingham, Massachusetts, where lived her beloved sister, Mrs. Coolidge. Framingham remained her residence until her death, though she was away often for months at a time — in Peoria, Illinois, at the homes of her brothers; in Washington, the guest of a favorite cousin, Mrs. I. Edwards Clarke; summering in her never-forgotten New Hampshire; or a member of the delightful and stimulating circle in the home of Dr. and Mrs. George M. Gould at Atlantic City, New Jersey. In 1895 she journeyed with her cousins, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. White, of Montclair, New Jersey, to Mexico, spending a winter of interest and charm and undertaking the

study of Spanish. The winter of 1896 she again passed with Mr. and Mrs. White, but this time made an extensive tour of South America. In 1909, accompanying her warm friends, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Mitchell Chapple, Miss Proctor visited the Seattle Exposition, seeing the great Northwest for the first time, revisiting California, and coming East again, after a number of months, by way of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado.

Always Miss Proctor's travels were inspiring of new verses. Hers was an intelligence, alert, discriminating, and enhancing, and though she loved her birthplace, New Hampshire, and the United States, the whole world was home for her eager mentality.

'Poems' — a volume reprinting a number of her earlier verses and containing many written after the book of 1866 was published — was issued in 1890 by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company. In 1893 appeared 'The Song of the Ancient People,' with preface and notes by John Fiske, and a commentary by Frank Hamilton Cushing. This volume, aside from its rare value for the charm of the poem which it contained and the interesting historical and ethnological information accompanying it, was a model of book-making. The illustrations of Zuñi life and surroundings were beautifully devised aquatints by Julian Scott, and the binding and cover design elicited enthusiastic admiration. Published by Houghton, Mifflin and Company,

the book was sponsored by the Hemenway Archæological Expedition.

The year of 1893 was also the year of the Columbian Exposition. In preparation for it the whole of America was full of the Columbus story and its significance to the world. No one of Miss Proctor's intense patriotism could fail to be touched and inspired by it. 'Columbia's Banner,' which by explicit injunction of the poet is placed at the beginning of this volume and which held a unique place in her esteem, was written for the official programme of exercises in the Public Schools on Columbus Day, October 21, 1892. The note for this poem gives full information of its use at that time. But the following quotation from a letter written in Washington is suggestive: 'Well, you have certainly won fame! To have your glowing words recited to and imprinted on the memories of all the school children of the United States — think of it! All day long your words will this day make music from where the Atlantic waves kiss Plymouth Rock to where Alaska looks out against Russia. I doubt if living poet ever had a greater triumph or aided in more eventful and impressive ceremonies.' 'Columbia's Emblem,' advocating the use of the maize as our national floral symbol, appeared in the 'Century' magazine in September, 1892, and probably was copied as widely as any of the poems of Edna Dean

Proctor. Not only a lyrical spokesman for the movement to recognize the merits of maize as our national emblem, but a passionate believer in the justice of its claim, Miss Proctor exerted herself to the utmost to bring attention to its worth. 'Columbia's Emblem' received several choral settings.

In 1900, Houghton, Mifflin and Company brought out 'The Mountain Maid and Other Poems of New Hampshire,' a beautifully printed and illustrated volume — indeed, an 'Old Home-Week Edition.' In the note for 'The Hills are Home' we read of the inception of the Old Home Week idea which Governor Rollins first put into effect in August, 1899. Miss Proctor was asked to write the official poem, and herself recited it at the Old Home Week ceremonies in Concord. 'No one is a stranger to me who is seeking to benefit New Hampshire,' she wrote to an unknown correspondent in Concord. And of her devotion to her native State a reviewer once declared: 'Every week in her life has been Old Home Week to this loyal daughter of the Granite State, and no Persian ever turned more worshipfully to the Sun than she to her beloved hills and mountains.'

'Songs of America' (Houghton, Mifflin and Company) were issued in 1905. Now, for the first time, appeared the Columbian poems in book form; now, also, was reprinted in an edition for all to see 'The Song of

the Ancient People,' together with a goodly number of other verses.

'The Glory of Toil' and its companion lyrics appeared in 1916. This was the last collection of the works of Edna Dean Proctor published during the poet's lifetime. It was given to the public, by Houghton Mifflin Company, when its author was in her eighty-eighth year, and the title-poem had been penned but a few months before. No circumstance in her long life or of her genius is more remarkable than her ability to create and, in a measure, grow up to her final year. After the writing of 'The Glory of Toil' she once said: 'I really had to live so long to be able to write that poem.' Never robust, she enjoyed to the utmost all that her, toward the end, somewhat frail body permitted her to do or to know about. Her stirring lines to 'York of Tennessee' were written in her ninety-first year, as was the glowing tribute to our great President, Theodore Roosevelt; and it was not earlier than the end of 1920 that she finished 'The Black Stone of the Ka'ba,' after most exacting, and perhaps exhausting, research. Indeed, Miss Proctor never wrote without a thorough and careful study of the facts of her subject. Her dainty and delicately suggestive 'Hollyhocks' was composed while looking at the towering flowers in her niece's garden at Framingham, in 1921. Her tribute to Dr. Gould bears the

date of September, 1922. Always until the last eight months of her life she was writing somewhat; if not creatively, editing, at least, the work of other days.

On the eighteenth day of December, the month which the poet had called 'The Queen of the Year' — 'she who comes through the waning light to keep the world from harms' — in Framingham, Edna Dean Proctor's long life closed. Interment took place at Edgell Grove Cemetery, Framingham, according to the poet's wish to be buried by the side of her mother.

It would be omitting the mention of what Miss Proctor's friends will recall very vividly and enthusiastically, not to make record of her great personal charm, both in presence and in manner. The Henniker lady, writing in 1842, whom we have quoted before, after describing the youthful Edna Dean's literary gifts, added, 'She is a very pretty girl with large black eyes and black hair.' All through her long life, the interviewer was struck by Miss Proctor's handsome appearance. Her manner had the charm of a distinguished actress — or shall we say royalty? Her voice, rich, smooth, and beautifully modulated, made recitations of her own verses eagerly solicited, and there was no one who had listened to her expressive elocution but found her poems doubly stirring.

As daughter, sister, cousin, and aunt — and grandaunt and great-grandaunt — Edna Dean Proctor was

loyalty itself. No member of her family was ever far from her heart and interest. And her friends were legion among men and women of genius as well as those of humbler lives. Every movement for the betterment of the world aroused her sympathies. Frequently she championed a deserving cause with ringing lines from her pen. It was her pride that the subjects for her poems were chosen somewhat sternly. But it is not to be supposed that she was a woman of iron. On the contrary, hers was a gentle, loving spirit. Her creed may be said to have been, in her own words:

'O the goal of the world is Joy,
Joy divine that is born of love!'

In the autograph album of a youthful relative she wrote:

'All is beautiful and clear
To the fond discerning eye,
For the sympathetic ear
Every wind makes melody.'

Loyal in life, Miss Proctor was unforgetting in death, and in her will, having remembered members of her family still living, she made a number of charitable bequests in memory of those who had preceded her into another world, the most important of which was to the Town of Henniker, amid scenes she had loved and around which clustered memories of her childhood.

In arrangement the book has been composed with reference to subject matter rather than chronology.

Readers of Miss Proctor's verses who discover any changes from the printed lines in earlier volumes may rest assured that such alterations were made by the poet herself.

Grace Ware van Praag
David Gould Proctor

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COLUMBIAN POEMS

COLUMBIA'S BANNER[1]

From the Official Programme of the National Public School Celebration of Columbus Day, October 21, 1892

'God helping me,' cried Columbus, 'though fair or foul the breeze,
I will sail and sail till I find the land beyond the western seas!'
So an eagle might leave its eyrie, bent, though the blue should bar,
To fold its wings on the loftiest peak of an undiscovered star!
And into the vast and void abyss he followed the setting sun;
Nor gulfs nor gales could fright his sails till the wondrous quest was done.
But oh, the weary vigils, the murmuring, torturing days,
Till the Pinta's gun, and the shout of 'Land!' set the black night ablaze!
Till the shore lay fair as Paradise in morning's balm and gold,
And a world was won from the conquered deep, and the tale of the ages told!

Uplift the starry Banner! The best age is begun!
We are the heirs of the mariners whose voyage that morn was done.

Measureless lands Columbus gave and rivers through
zones that roll,
But his rarest, noblest bounty was a New World for
the soul!
For he sailed from the past with its stifling walls, to
the future's open sky,
And the ghosts of gloom and fear were laid as the
breath of heaven went by;
And the pedant's pride and the lordling's scorn were
lost, in that vital air,
As fogs are lost when sun and wind sweep ocean blue
and bare;
And freedom and larger knowledge dawned clear, the
sky to span,
The birthright, not of priest or king, but of every child
of man!

Uplift the New World's banner to greet the exultant
sun!
Let its rosy gleams still follow his beams as swift to
west they run,
Till the wide air rings with shout and hymn to welcome
it shining high,
And our eagle from lone Katahdin to Shasta's snow
can fly
In the light of its stars as fold on fold is flung to the
autumn sky!

Uplift it, youths and maidens, with songs and loving cheers;
Through triumphs, raptures, it has waved, through agonies and tears.
Columbia looks from sea to sea and thrills with joy to know
Her myriad sons, as one, would leap to shield it from a foe!
And you who soon will be the state, and shape each great decree,
Oh, vow to live and die for it, if glorious death must be!
The brave of all the centuries gone this starry flag have wrought;
In dungeons dim, on gory fields, its light and peace were bought;
And you who front the future — whose days our dreams fulfil —
On Liberty's immortal height, oh, plant it firmer still!
For it floats for broadest learning; for the soul's supreme release;
For law disdaining license; for righteousness and peace;
For valor born of justice; and its amplest scope and plan
Makes a queen of every woman, a king of every man!

While forever, like Columbus, o'er truth's unfathomed
main
It pilots to the hidden isles, a grander realm to gain.

Ah! what a mighty trust is ours, the noblest ever
sung,
To keep this banner spotless its kindred stars among!
Our fleets may throng the oceans — our forts the
headlands crown —
Our mines their treasures lavish for mint and mart and
town —
Rich fields and flocks and busy looms bring plenty,
far and wide —
And statelier temples deck the land than Rome's or
Athens' pride —
And science dare the mysteries of earth and wave and
sky —
Till none with us in splendor and strength and skill can
vie;
Yet, should we reckon liberty and manhood less than
these,
And slight the right of the humblest between our
circling seas —
Should we be false to our sacred past, our fathers' God
forgetting,
This banner would lose its lustre, our sun be nigh his
setting!

But the dawn will sooner forget the east, the tides
their ebb and flow,
Than you forget our radiant flag and its matchless
gifts forego!
Nay! you will keep it high-advanced with ever-
brightening sway —
The banner whose light betokens the Lord's diviner
day,
Leading the nations gloriously in freedom's holy
way!
No cloud on the field of azure — no stain on the rosy
bars —
God bless you, youths and maidens, as you guard the
Stripes and Stars!

COLUMBIA'S EMBLEM

Blazon Columbia's emblem,
The bounteous, golden Corn!
Eons ago, of the great sun's glow
And the joy of the earth, 'twas born.
From Superior's shore to Chili,
From the ocean of dawn to the west,
With its banners of green and silken sheen
It sprang at the sun's behest;
And by dew and shower, from its natal hour,
With honey and wine 'twas fed,

Till on slope and plain the gods were fain
To share the feast outspread:
For the rarest boon to the land they loved
Was the Corn so rich and fair,
Nor star nor breeze o'er the farthest seas
Could find its like elsewhere.

In their holiest temples the Incas
Offered the heaven-sent Maize —
Grains wrought of gold, in a silver fold,
For the sun's enraptured gaze;
And its harvest came to the wandering tribes
As the gods' own gift and seal,
And Montezuma's festal bread
Was made of its sacred meal.
Narrow their cherished fields; but ours
Are broad as the continent's breast,
And, lavish as leaves, the rustling sheaves
Bring plenty and joy and rest;
For they strew the plains and crowd the wains
When the reapers meet at morn,
Till blithe cheers ring and west winds sing
A song for the garnered Corn.

The rose may bloom for England,
The lily for France unfold;

Ireland may honor the shamrock,
Scotland her thistle bold;
But the shield of the great Republic,
The glory of the West,
Shall bear a stalk of the tasselled Corn —
The sun's supreme bequest!
The arbutus and the goldenrod
The heart of the North may cheer,
And sunflower, cactus, and poppy
To sierra and plain be dear.
And jasmine and magnolia
The crest of the South adorn;
But the wide Republic's emblem
Is the bounteous, golden Corn!

THE NEW WORLD'S QUEEN

Swift to the Queen, Saint Angel came —
Resolute, fearless, his heart aflame;
Swift to the Queen, by Granada's gate,
Lest tidings should fall too late, too late:
'Columbus is parting for France! alas,
If he and his wondrous purpose pass
From Spain for ever! for sure am I
He will sail and find where the Indies lie;
And renown and splendor that might be yours
As long as the land or the sea endures,

And gain to the Church of realms unknown
Will all, alas! to the winds be thrown!
Oh, Sovereign Lady! call him back
As north he speeds on his cheerless track,
For, over the vast, mysterious seas,
Glory will sail with the Genoese!'

Coifed and kerchiefed with Flanders lace,
Isabel sat in her royal place;
Her robe, of velvet, with broidered hems;
On her bosom a cross whose priceless gems
Flashed from the burnished bars to tell
Of the holy faith she loved so well; —
Sat, and listened, and thought of him
Who had waited and prayed till hope grew dim;
And a new light beamed from her eyes of blue,
And the world spread wide to her spirit's view.
Ferdinand, King, turned cold away
From the suppliant fleeing to France that day;
Castile's rich coffers by wars were drained;
But her jewels, her jewels at least remained! —
And, rising, regally calm and fair,
Ready the boldest quest to dare:
'*For my crown of Castile I will undertake*
The enterprise, and my jewels stake
To pay the cost of the voyage!' she said.
With a blessing Saint Angel bowed his head,

And a courier spurred from the Queen to stay
Columbus, leagues on his lonely way.
'Twas an April morn; but when the sheaves
Were ripe, and Granada's yellowing leaves
To earth by the autumn blasts were whirled,
He had sought and found the great New World!
Aye! over the vast, mysterious seas,
Glory had sailed with the Genoese,
And with fadeless bays for her brow serene,
Dowered Isabella — the New World's Queen!

COLUMBUS DYING

'*In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum.*' Last words of Columbus

HARK! do I hear again the roar
Of the tides by the Indies sweeping down?
Or is it the surge from the viewless shore
That swells to bear me to my crown?
Life is hollow and cold and drear
With smiles that darken and hopes that flee;
And, far from its winds that faint and veer,
I am ready to sail the vaster sea!

Lord, Thou knowest I love Thee best;
And that scorning peril and toil and pain,
I held my way to the mystic West,
Glory for Thee and Thy Church to gain.

And Thou didst lead me, only Thou,
  Cheering my heart in cloud and calm,
Till the dawn my glad, victorious prow
  Greeted Thine isles of bloom and balm.

And then, O gracious, glorious Lord,
  I saw Thy face, and all heaven came nigh
And my soul was lost in that rich reward,
  And ravished with hope of the bliss on high.
So, I can meet the sovereign's frown —
  My dear Queen gone — with a large disdain;
For the time will come when his chief renown
  Will be that I sailed from his realm of Spain.

I have found New Lands — a world, maybe,
  Whose splendor will yet the Old outshine;
And life and death are alike to me,
  For earth will honor, and heaven is mine.
Is mine! — What songs of sweet accord!
  What billows that nearer, gentler roll!
Is mine! — Into Thy hands, O Lord,
  Into Thy hands I give my soul!

OUR COUNTRY

Our Country! whose eagle exults as he flies
In the splendor of noonday broad-breasting the skies,

That from ocean to ocean the Land overblown
By the winds and the shadows is Liberty's own —
We hail thee! we crown thee! To east and to west
God keep thee the purest, the noblest, the best,
While all thy domain with a people He fills
As free as thy winds and as firm as thy hills!

Our Country! bright region of plenty and peace,
Where the homeless find refuge, the burdened release,
Where Manhood is king, and the stars as they roll
Whisper courage and hope to the lowliest soul, —
We hail thee! we crown thee! To east and to west
God keep thee the purest, the noblest, the best,
While all thy domain with a people He fills
As free as thy winds, and as firm as thy hills!

Our Country! whose story the angels record —
Fair dawn of that glorious day of the Lord
When men shall be brothers, and love, like the sun,
Illumine the earth till the nations are one —
We hail thee! we crown thee! To east and to west
God keep thee the purest, the noblest, the best,
While all thy domain with a people He fills
As free as thy winds and as firm as thy hills!

CIVIL WAR POEMS

Hushed are the bugles that called to the strife;
Silent the cannon that roared with the fray;
Gloom is forgotten in fulness of life;
Freedom and Peace are our treasures to-day.
Flag of our Fathers! thy stars shall not wane!
Glory attend thee on ocean and shore!
Float o'er the Free from the Gulf to the main;
God shall defend thee till states are no more!

HEROES

The winds that once the Argo bore
  Have died by Neptune's ruined shrines,
And her hull is the drift of the deep sea-floor,
  Though shaped of Pelion's tallest pines.
You may seek her crew on every isle
  Fair in the foam of Ægean seas,
But, out of their rest, no charm can wile
  Jason and Orpheus and Hercules.

And Priam's wail is heard no more
  By windy Ilion's towering walls;
Nor great Achilles, stained with gore,
  Shouts, 'O ye Gods! 'tis Hector falls!'
On Ida's Mount is the shining snow,
  But Jove has gone from its brow away,
And red on the plain the poppies grow
  Where the Greek and the Trojan fought that day.

Mother Earth! Are the Heroes dead?
  Do they thrill the soul of the years no more?
Are the gleaming snows and the poppies red
  All that is left of the brave of yore?
Are there none to fight as Theseus fought
  Far in the young world's misty dawn?

Or to teach as mighty Nestor taught?
Mother Earth! Are the Heroes gone?

Gone? In a grander form they rise;
Dead? We may clasp their hands in ours;
And catch the light of their clearer eyes,
And wreathe their brows with immortal flowers.
Wherever a noble deed is done
'Tis the pulse of a Hero's heart is stirred;
Wherever Right has a triumph won
There are the Heroes' voices heard.

Their armor rings on a fairer field
Than the Greek and the Trojan fiercely trod,
For Freedom's sword is the blade they wield,
And the gleam above is the smile of God.
So, in his isle of calm delight,
Jason may sleep the years away;
For the Heroes live, and the sky is bright,
And the world is a braver world to-day.

THE VIRGINIA SCAFFOLD

JOHN BROWN, DECEMBER 2, 1859

REAR on high the scaffold-altar! all the world will turn to see
How a man has dared to suffer that his brothers may be free!

Rear it on some hillside looking North and South and
East and West,
Where the wind from every quarter fresh may blow
upon his breast,
And the sun look down unshaded from the chill
December sky,
Glad to shine upon the hero who for Freedom dared to
die!

All the world will turn to see him; — from the pines of
wave-washed Maine
To the golden rivers rolling over California's plain,
And from clear Superior's waters, where the wild
swan loves to sail,
To the Gulf-lands, summer-bosomed, fanned by
ocean's softest gale —
Every heart will beat the faster in its sorrow or its
scorn,
For the man nor courts nor prisons can annoy, another
morn!
And from distant climes and nations men shall West-
ward gaze and say,
'He who perilled all for Freedom on the scaffold dies
to-day.'

Never offering was richer, nor did temple fairer rise
For the gods serenely smiling from the blue Olympian
skies;

Porphyry or granite column did not statelier cleave
the air
Than the posts of yonder gallows with the cross-beam
waiting there;
And the victim, wreathed and crownèd, not for Dian
nor for Jove,
But for Liberty and Manhood, comes, the sacrifice of
Love.

They may hang him on the gibbet; they may raise the
victor's cry
When they see him darkly swinging like a speck
against the sky; —
Ah! the dying of a hero that the right may win its way,
Is but sowing seed for harvest in a warm and mellow
May!
Now his story shall be whispered by the firelight's
evening glow,
And in fields of rice and cotton when the hot noon
passes slow,
Till his name shall be a watchword from Missouri to
the sea,
And his sowing find its reaping in the birthday of the
Free!

THE WHITE SLAVES

1860

THE household of a Roman, in Rome's luxurious time,
Was filled with slaves in waiting from every conquered clime.
There were dreamy-eyed Egyptians, born where the lotus blows,
And Syrians won from Lebanon, fair as its sunset glows,
And dancing-girls from Cadiz to while the hours with song,
And dark Numidian beauties, the bronzes of the throng,
And light-haired Scythians that pined beneath his palace dome,
And stately Carthaginian maids who would not smile in Rome!
These were their master's chattels, and humbly watched his ways,
And kept his house, and swelled his train, and graced his festal days;
But should the princely Roman forget his high disdain,
And love the maid of Carthage or the singing-girl of Spain,

And did she bear him children, wait till his death should be,
And she and they, by Roman Law, were made forever free.

Alas! our later lordlings this partial justice scorn;
Their hapless children find a night that never knows a morn!
Slaves while their sire is living, and slaves when he is dead;
No law denies the market the proud Caucasian head;
But, hurried to the auction, the youth and maid are sold
To save the lands for legal heirs and fill their palms with gold;
And the ampler is the forehead and the clearer is the skin,
The sharper grows the contest and the louder swells the din.
In Rome the sire's patrician blood release and honor gave —
With us it only firmer clasps the fetters of the slave.

And evermore they cry to us in yearning and despair,
To open Freedom's blessed gate and let them breathe its air!

The crescent moon has hardly filled since a fair child
of nine,
Her brow just tinted by the land where warmer sun-
beams shine,
With her small mouth all tremulous, and eyelids wet
with tears,
And cheek now crimson and now pale with changing
hopes and fears,
Stood by the church's altar — 'tis there such prayers
belong —
And asked her life and womanhood of the great,
pitying throng.
Right largely did they answer, and listening angels
bore,
Back to our Lord in heaven one burning story
more. . . .

Up the volcano's sloping sides the oak and chestnut
climb,
And vineyards smile and orchards wave as floats the
vesper chime.
'Tis just before the thunder-burst, but the wide heaven
is still
As when an Indian-summer noon lies sleeping on the
hill;
A roar — a crash — a fiery hell shot through the quiv-
ering sky,

And oak and vine and orchard bloom in blackened
ruin lie! —
Beneath us a volcano heaves of more portentous name,
And millions, waiting wearily, in silence feed its flame;
No smoke rolls from the crater, nor hot winds round it
blow,
But, deep within its throbbing heart, the fires are all
aglow;
Woe to the land that circles it when the wild moment
falls,
And the long-smothered fury bursts from out its prison
walls!

Now let us wake from sleep and ease before the fatal
day,
Nor dream such grief and wrong can die in voiceless
calm away;
For surely as the mountain stream leaps down to find
the sea,
This high-born race, through love or hate, must hasten
to be free.
Oh, louder, grander, till the words like trumpet-
charges call,
Let every soul cry, 'Liberty!' and 'Liberty for all!'

HARVEST AND LIBERTY

Before Election, 1860

The harvest moon is waning,
And under shielding eaves,
The wheat lies threshed and garnered,
Or heaped in heavy sheaves;
And on a thousand prairies,
Like forest seas outrolled,
The corn stands waiting till the sun
Shall turn its green to gold.

Along the fair Ohio
The grapes are storing wine —
Catawba, purple Isabel,
And fragrant Muscadine;
And peach and apple, ripe and red,
Drop when the light winds blow,
Ripe and red from the laden boughs,
Till the grass is heaped below.

O never 'neath Athenian skies
To Ceres, garland-crowned,
When scarlet poppies wreathed with wheat
Her shining tresses bound,
Such glad thanksgivings filled the air,
Such wild and tuneful glee,

As we could bring with shout and song
From prairie-land to sea.

But let us put the sickle by,
Nor mind the golden sheaves,
The purpling grapes upon the vine,
The apples 'mid the leaves;
For you and I and all of us
Have nobler work to-day,
That will not brook a backward look,
Nor bear a feast's delay.

Before the yellow corn is housed,
Or sealed the amber wine,
A day will come when every man,
Upon a holier shrine,
Such gift may lay as ne'er was borne
From mine or ocean foam
For Delphi's god, or greater Jove
Throned on the hills of Rome.

Not India's gems, nor Persia's pearls,
Nor wood of rarest trees,
Nor spices from the Orient isles
Slow wafted o'er the seas.
Our shrine is Liberty's; how clear
The wind around it sings!

Our gift, the freeman's priceless vote;
Our God, the King of kings.

Now who that loves his wife, or child,
Or home, or brother man,
But in the bright, heroic ranks,
That day will swell the van?
And strong in love and hope and faith,
And treading firm the sod,
Up to the patriot's altar go,
Beneath the eye of God.

Young men! around whose virgin vote
The proudest thoughts entwine;
Fathers! who ne'er again may see
The moon of harvest shine;
And ye who know the heat of life,
And bear its toil and fray,
O bring your gift, with fervent heart
To Freedom's shrine that day!

Let Freedom thrill the poet's song,
And be the statesman's care,
And speak from sermon and from hymn,
And yearn in every prayer.
Nay, let it wail in ocean winds,
And flash from out the sun,
And thunder 'mid the mountain peaks,
Until the Work be done!

THE STRIPES AND THE STARS

April, 1861

O Star-Spangled Banner! the Flag of our pride!
Though trampled by traitors and basely defied,
Fling out to the glad winds your Red, White, and Blue,
For the heart of the Northland is beating for you!
And her strong arm is nerving to strike with a will
Till the foe and his boastings are humbled and still!
Here's welcome to wounding and combat and scars
And the glory of death — for the Stripes and the Stars!

From prairie, O ploughman, speed boldly away!
There's seed to be sown in God's furrows to-day;
Row landward, lone fisher! stout woodman, come home!
Let smith leave his anvil, and weaver his loom,
And hamlet and city ring loud with the cry,
'For Country, for Freedom, we'll fight till we die!
Here's welcome to wounding and combat and scars
And the glory of death — for the Stripes and the Stars!'

Invincible Banner! the Flag of the Free!
Now where are the feet that would falter by thee?

Or the hands to be folded till triumph is won,
And the eagle looks proud, as of old, to the sun?
Give tears for the parting — a murmur of prayer,
Then Forward! the fame of our standard to share!
With welcome to wounding and combat and scars
And the glory of death — for the Stripes and the Stars!

Great God of our Fathers! this Banner must shine
Where battle is hottest, in warfare divine!
The cannon has thundered, the bugle has blown,
We fear not the summons; we fight not alone!
Still lead us, till wide from the Gulf to the Sea
The land shall be sacred to Freedom and Thee!
With love, for oppression; with blessing, for scars;
One Country — one Banner — the Stripes and the Stars!

COMPROMISE

Inscribed to the Congress of the United States Assembled in Extra Session, July 4, 1861

Compromise! Who dares to speak it
On the Nation's hallowed Day,
When the air with thunder echoes
And the rocket-lightnings play?
Compromise? while on the dial
Liberty goes ages back,

Scourged and bound, for our denial,
Firmer to the despot's rack?

Compromise? while angels tremble
As we falter in the race;
Cringe and flatter and dissemble —
We! who hold such royal place?
Compromise? It suits the craven!
Has our valor stooped so low?
Have we lost our ancient ardor
Face to face to meet the foe?

No! By all the Mayflower's peril
On the wild and wintry sea;
By the Pilgrim's prayer ascending,
As he knelt with reverent knee;
By that fairest day of summer
When the true, the tried, the brave,
Name and life and sacred honor
To the Roll of Freedom gave;

By the tears, the march, the battle,
Where the noble, fearless died —
Round them roar of hostile cannon,
Waiting angels at their side;
By our children's golden future,
By our fathers' stainless shield,

That which God and heroes gave us,
We will never, never yield!

Hear it, ye who sit in council!
We, the People, tell you so!
Will you venture 'Yes' to whisper
When the millions thunder 'No'?
Will you sell the nation's birthright,
Heritage of toil and pain,
While a cry of shame and vengeance
Rings from Oregon to Maine?

Compromise? We scorn the offer!
Separation we defy!
'Firm and free and one forever!'
Thus the People make reply.
'Death to every form of Treason,
In the Senate, on the field' —
While the chorus swells triumphant,
'We will never, never yield!'

WHO'S READY?

JULY, 1862

GOD help us! Who's ready? There's danger before!
Who's armed and who's mounted? The foe's at the door!

The smoke of his cannon hangs black o'er the plain;
His shouts ring exultant while counting our slain;
And northward and northward he presses his line:
Who's ready? Oh, forward! — for yours and for mine!

No halting, no discord; the moments are Fates;
To shame or to glory they open the gates;
There's all we hold dearest to lose or to win;
The web of the future to-day we must spin;
And bid the hours follow, with knell or with chime:
Who's ready? Oh, forward! — while yet there is time!

Lead armies or councils — be soldier a-field —
Alike, so your valor is Liberty's shield!
Alike, so you strike when the bugle-notes call,
For country, for fireside, for Freedom to all!
The blows of the boldest will carry the day:
Who's ready? Oh, forward! — there's death in delay!

Earth's noblest are praying, at home and o'er sea,
'God keep the great nation united and free!'
Her tyrants watch, eager to leap at our life,
If once we should falter or faint in the strife;
Our trust is unshaken, though legions assail:
Who's ready? Oh, forward! — and Right shall prevail!

Who's ready? '*All* ready!' undaunted we cry,
Our hands on our rifles, our hearts beating high;
'No traitor, at midnight, shall pierce us in rest;
No alien, at noonday, shall stab us abreast;
The God of our Fathers is guiding us still:
All Forward! we're ready, and conquer we will!'

THE MISSISSIPPI

JULY, 1863

Down the silent Mississippi, with his saintly soul aflame,
Twice a hundred years are numbered since Marquette, rejoicing, came.
All the winter in his cabin high among the Huron snows,
Gaining lore of forest hunters, tracing maps by firelight glows,
Offering to the Blessed Virgin morn and evening vow and prayer
That his eyes might view the River flowing southward broad and fair —
Wondrous grace! upon its bosom, glad beneath the summer blue,
Rapt in visions, lost in praises, lo! he guides his light canoe!

Winding 'mid the wooded islands tangled deep with
musky vines;
Flower-enchanted, past the prairies with their dim
horizon lines;
By the fierce Missouri water, dark in gorge and cata-
ract wiles,
Down from nameless regions rolling, restless, thrice a
thousand miles;
Past Ohio, loveliest river, all its banks aflush with
rose,
While the red-bud tints the woodlands and the lavish
laurel blows;
By the belts of odorous cedar, through the cypress-
swamps below,
Till he greets its wider grandeur, knows the secret of its
flow;
Fainting then from summer fervors, homeward turns
in sacred awe,
Dying humbly with his Hurons by their windswept
Mackinaw.

Then La Salle, impatient, fearless, took the Father's
idle oar,
Longing for the larger splendor, listening for the ocean
roar!
Under Bluffs that seek the beauty of the upper shores
to win;

Past the Ar'kansas, slow-drifting with its mountain tribute in;
By the bend where sad De Soto, with his high Castilian pride,
Lulled forever and lamented, sleeps, a king, beneath the tide;
Through the forests, perfume-haunted, weird moss waving to and fro —
There the cottonwood towers stately, and the tall magnolias blow —
Past the bayous, still and sombre, where the alligator swims,
And at noonday, on the shore, the paroquet his plumage trims;
Gliding down by green savannas — ho! the wind blows cool and free!
Bright, beyond, the Gulf is gleaming — lo! the River finds the Sea!
Out of mystery, out of silence, now the mighty stream is won —
Rear the cross, O joyful Boatman! chant sweet hymns at set of sun!

Ah, La Salle, Marquette, De Soto! boatmen bold in song and story,
Lighting up the river romance there are later deeds of glory.

Lonely was the stream, the forest, as ye dropped, with measured calm,
Down to golden zones of summer through the fresh world's breeze and balm; —
But the Indian, silent-gazing, half in welcome, half in fear;
On the grassy plains the bison, in the dewy glades the deer;
Not a sound to break the stillness save the song of woodland bird,
Or the panther's cry at evening from the cypress thickets heard;
Or the eagle's scream, as northward to his cooler lakes he flew,
Fainter ringing down the valley till he faded in the blue.
Twice a hundred years are numbered, and the Red Man roams no more
Through the green aisles of the forest — by the reedy, open shore;
With the startled deer and bison he has fled before the bands
That your fleet canoes have followed from the wondering father-lands.
Now a people build its borders; now the great fleets hasten down
With the sheaves of many a prairie, with the wealth of many a town;

Decks piled high from tropic harvest in the warmer
realms below —
Rice and sugar from the cane-fields, and the cotton's
downy snow;
Laden sea-craft inland sailing, rafts that find the
current's fall,
Smoke of steamer, call of pilot, from the Gulf to high
Saint Paul;
And the thronged, exultant River is a nation's heart,
whose hands
Far to eastward, far to westward, touch the shining
ocean sands.

BY THE SHENANDOAH

October, 1863

My home is drear and still to-night,
Where Shenandoah, murmuring, flows;
The Blue Ridge towers in the pale moonlight,
And balmily the south wind blows;
But my fire burns dim, while athwart the wall,
Black as the pines, the shadows fall;
And the only friend within my door
Is the sleeping hound on the moonlit floor.

Roll back, O weary years! and bring
Again the gay and cloudless morn
When every bird was on the wing,
And my blithe, summer boys were born!

My Courtney fair, my Philip bold,
With his laughing eyes and his locks of gold —
No nested bird in the valley wide
Sang as my heart, that eventide.

Our laurels blush when May-winds call;
  Our pines shoot high through mellow showers;
So rosy-flushed, so slender-tall,
  My boys grew up from childhood's hours.
Glad in the breeze, the sun, the rain,
They climbed the heights or they roamed the plain;
And found where the fox lay hid at noon,
And the shy fawn drank by the rising moon.

Fleet Storm, look up! you ne'er may hear,
  When all the dewy glades are still,
In silver windings, fine and clear,
  Their whistle stealing o'er the hill!
Nor fly to the shade where the wild deer rest,
Ere morn has reddened the mountain's crest;
Nor sit at their feet, when the chase is o'er,
And the antlers hang by the sunset-door.

What drew our hunters from the hills?
  They heard the hostile trumpets blow,
And leapt adown like April rills
  When Shenandoah roars below.

One, to the field where the old flag shines,
And one, alas! to the rebel lines!
My tears — their fond arms round me thrown —
And the house was hushed and the hillside lone.

But oh! to feel my boys were foes
  Was sharper than their sabres' steel!
In every shifting cloud that rose
  I saw their deadly squadrons wheel;
And heard in the waves, as they hurried by,
Their hasty tread when the fight was nigh,
And, deep in the wail the night-winds bore,
Their dying moan when the fight was o'er.

So time went on. The skies were blue;
  Our wheat-fields yellow in the sun; —
When down the vale a rider flew:
  'Ho, neighbors! Gettysburg is won!
Horse and foot, at the cannon's mouth
We hurled them back to the hungry South;
The North is safe; and the vile marauder
Curses the hour he crossed the border!'

My boys were there! I nearer prest, —
  'And Philip, Courtney, what of them?'
His voice dropped low: 'O madam! rest
  Falls sweet when battle's tide we stem.

Your Philip was first of the brave that day
With his colors grasped as in death he lay;
And Courtney — well, I only knew
Not a man was left of his rebel crew.'

. . . . . .

My home is drear and still to-night
Where Shenandoah, murmuring, flows
The Blue Ridge towers in the pale moonlight,
And balmily the south wind blows;
But my fire burns dim, while athwart the wall,
Black as the pines, the shadows fall;
And the only friend within my door
Is the sleeping hound on the moonlit floor.

Yet still in dreams my boys I own;
They chase the deer o'er dewy hills,
Their hair by mountain winds is blown,
Their shout the echoing valley fills.
Wafts from the woodland, spring sunshine,
Come as they open this door of mine,
And I hear them sing by the evening blaze
The songs they sang in the vanished days.

I cannot part their lives and say,
'This was the traitor, this the true';
God only knows why one should stray,
And one go pure death's portals through.

They have passed from their mother's clasp and care
But my heart ascends in the yearning prayer
That His larger love will the two enfold, —
My Courtney fair and my Philip bold!

FOR FREEDOM

Response of the Colored Soldiers to the Call of the President, January, 1864

Thank God! 'Tis the war-cry! They call us; we come;
Clear summons the bugle, bold beckons the drum;
Our 'Ready!' rings clearer; our hearts bolder beat
As under the bright flag rejoicing we meet,
For still we have trusted through darkest delay,
That the flash of these guns would be dawn of our day.

'Tis dawning! 'tis morning! the hills are aglow!
God's angels roll backward the clouds of our woe!
One grasp of the rifle, one glimpse of the fray,
And chattel and bondman have vanished for aye;
Stern men they will find us who venture to feel
The shock of our cannon, the thrust of our steel.

And then, when the fierce day is done, in the gleam
Of the camp-fire at midnight, how gayly we'll dream! —
The slave is the citizen, coveted name!

That lifts him from loathing, that shields him from
shame;
His cottage unravished, and, gladsome as he,
His wife by the hearthstone, his babe on her knee.

The cotton grows fair by the sea as of old;
The cane yields its sugar, the orange its gold;
Light rustle the corn-leaves, the rice-fields are green,
And, free as the white man, he smiles on the scene; —
The drum beats; we start from our slumbers and pray
That the dream of the night find an answering day.

To God be the glory! They call us; we come;
How welcome the watchword, the hurry, the hum;
Our hearts are on fire as our good swords we bare,
'For Freedom! for Freedom!' soft echoes the air;
The bugles ring cheerly; the banners float high;
O comrades, strike boldly! our triumph is nigh!

THE HUNDRED DAYS' MEN

ILLINOIS, MAY, 1864

In the busiest season of the spring of 1864, the States of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois pledged to the Government of the United States one hundred thousand men for a hundred days.

'TIS time the corn was planted, the latest wheat was
sown —
The oriole is in the elm, the last swan northward flown;

By streams the cottonwood is green, the plum waves
white as snow,
The wild-crab blushes in the woods, the red-bud soon
will blow;
And to the fenceless pastures, whose grass grows sweet
and tall,
Slow move the herds, to feed at will till autumn frosts
shall fall.
O for the arms so sturdy, O for the tireless feet,
That shared our toil when other Mays brought
summer bloom and heat!
But proud we spared our manliest to face the country's
foe;
To march when word comes, 'Forward!' to ride when
bugles blow:
Now calm they sleep, by plain and hill, wrapped in
their army-blue,
Or bear our banners bravely on — and will, till wars
are through!

And still there's peril. Fife and drum thrill every
village now,
And quickly down the grain is flung and idle stands
the plough.
O eager youth! O earnest men! your steps we will not
stay;
There's nobler need, there's weightier work; haste to
the camp away!

We'll bear the double burden, and blithely plant and sow,
That tent and town and lonely roof no fear of want may know.
And when come round the reaping-days and lingering moonlight-eves,
In cheerful households, young and old, we'll bind the ripened sheaves;
The girls shall pluck the golden ears, the happy children glean,
And thus we'll bring the harvest home, with many a song between,
And praise to God that sheaves nor sons we prized, the Land before,
But joyfully, in busy May, gave up our thousands more!

THE GRAVE OF LINCOLN

MAY, 1865

Now must the storied Potomac
  Laurels forever divide;
Now to the Sangamon fameless
  Give of its century's pride;
Sangamon, stream of the prairies,
  Placidly westward that flows,
Far in whose city of silence
  Calm he has sought his repose.

Over our Washington's river
Sunrise beams rosy and fair;
Sunset on Sangamon fairer —
Father and martyr lies there.

Kings under pyramids slumber,
Sealed in the Libyan sands;
Princes in gorgeous cathedrals,
Decked with the spoil of the lands;
Kinglier, princelier sleeps he,
Couched 'mid the prairies serene,
Only the turf and the willow
Him and God's heaven between;
Temple nor column to cumber
Verdure and bloom of the sod —
So in the vale by Beth-peor
Moses was buried of God.

Break into blossoms, O prairies,
Snowy and golden and red!
Peers of the Palestine lilies
Heap for your Glorious Dead!
Roses as fair as of Sharon,
Branches as stately as palm,
Odors as rich as the spices —
Cassia and aloes and balm —
Mary the loved and Salome,
All with a gracious accord,

Ere the first glow of the morning
Brought to the tomb of the Lord.

Wind of the west! breathe around him
Soft as the saddened air's sigh,
When to the summit of Pisgah
Moses had journeyed to die;
Clear as its anthem that floated
Wide o'er the Moabite plain,
Low with the wail of the people
Blending its burdened refrain.
Rarer, O wind! and diviner —
Sweet as the breeze that went by,
When, over Olivet's mountain,
Jesus was lost in the sky.

Not for thy sheaves nor savannas
Crown we thee, proud Illinois!
Here in his grave is thy grandeur;
Born of his sorrow thy joy.
Only the tomb by Mount Zion,
Hewn for the Lord, do we hold
Dearer than his in thy prairies,
Girdled with harvests of gold!
Still for the world through the ages
Wreathing with glory his brow,
He shall be liberty's Saviour;
Freedom's Jerusalem thou!

NEW HAMPSHIRE POEMS

THE MOUNTAIN MAID

O THE Mountain Maid, New Hampshire!
Her steps are light and free,
Whether she treads the lofty heights
Or follows the brooks to the sea!
Her eyes are clear as the skies that hang
Over her hills of snow,
And her hair is dark as the densest shade
That falls where the fir-trees grow —
The fir-trees slender and sombre
That climb from the vales below.

Sweet is her voice as the robin's
In a lull of the wind of March
Wooing the shy arbutus
At the roots of the budding larch;
And rich as the ravishing echoes
On still Franconia's lake
When the boatman winds his magic horn
And the tongues of the wood awake,
While the huge Stone-Face forgets to frown
And the hare peeps out of the brake.

The blasts of stormy December
But brighten the bloom on her cheek,

And the snows build her statelier temples
Than to goddess were reared by the Greek.
She welcomes the fervid summer,
And flies to the sounding shore
Where bleak Boar's Head looks seaward,
Set in the billows' roar,
And dreams of her sailors and fishers
Till cool days come once more.

Then how fair is the maiden,
Crowned with the scarlet leaves,
And wrapped in the tender, misty veil
Her Indian Summer weaves! —
While the aster blue, and the goldenrod,
And immortelles, clustering sweet,
From Canada down to the sea have spread
A carpet for her feet;
And the faint witch-hazel buds unfold,
Her latest smile to greet.

She loves the song of the reaper;
The ring of the woodman's steel;
The whir of the glancing shuttle;
The rush of the tireless wheel.
But, if war befalls, her sons she calls
From mill and forge and lea,

And bids them uphold her banner
Till the land from strife is free;
And she hews her oaks into mighty ships
That sweep the foe from the sea.

O the Mountain Maid, New Hampshire!
For beauty and wit and will
I'll pledge her, in draughts from her crystal springs,
Rarest on plain or hill!
New York is a princess in purple
By the gems of her cities crowned;
Illinois with the garland of Ceres
Her tresses of gold has bound,
Queen of the limitless prairies
Whose great sheaves heap the ground;

And out by the vast Pacific,
Their gay young sisters say:
'Ours are the mines of the Indies,
And the treasures of far Cathay';
And the dames of the South walk proudly
Where the fig and the orange fall,
And, hid in the high magnolias,
The mocking thrushes call;
But the Mountain Maid, New Hampshire,
Is the rarest of them all!

NEW HAMPSHIRE [2]

'A GOODLY realm!' said Captain Smith,
Scanning the coast by the Isles of Shoals,
While the wind blew fair, as in Indian myth
Blows the breeze from the Land of Souls;
Blew from the marshes of Hampton spread
Level and green that summer day,
And over the brow of Great Boar's Head
From the pines that stretched to the west away;
And sunset died on the rippling sea,
Ere to the south, with the wind, sailed he.
But he told the story in London streets,
And again to court and Prince and King;
'A truce,' men cried, 'to Virginia's heats;
The North is the land of hope and spring!'
And in sixteen hundred and twenty-three,
For Dover meadows and Portsmouth river,
Bold and earnest they crossed the sea,
And the realm was theirs and ours forever!
Up from Piscataqua's brine and spray,
Slowly, slowly they made their way
Back to Merrimack's eager tide
Poured through its meadows rich and wide;
And to Sunapee's lake whose cloistered shores
Had heard but the dip of the Red Man's oars;
And westward turned for the warmer gales

And the wealth of Connecticut's intervales;
And to Winnipesaukee's tranquil sea,
Bosomed in hills and bright with isles,
Asleep in the shadow of Ossipee,
Or fair as Eden when sunlight smiles; —
Up and on to the mountains piled,
Peak o'er peak, in the northern air,
Home of streams and of winds that wild
Torrent and tempest valeward bear —
Where the great Stone-Face looms changeless, calm
As the Sphinx that couches on Egypt's sands,
And the fir and the sassafras yield their balm
Sweet as the odors of morning-lands —
Where the eagle floats in the summer noon,
While his comrade-clouds drift, silent, by,
And the waters fill with a mystic tune
The fane the cliffs have built to the sky!
And, beyond, to the woods where the huge moose
browsed,
And the dun deer drank at the rill unroused
By hound or horn, and the partridge brood
Was alone in the leafy solitude;
And the lake where the beaver housed her young,
And the loon's shrill cry from the border rung —
The lake whence the Beauteous River flows,
Its fountains fed by Canadian snows.

What were the labors of Hercules
To the toils of heroes such as these? —
Guarding their homes from savage foes
Cruel as fiends in craft and scorn;
Felling the forest with mighty blows;
Planting the meadow plots with corn;
Hunting the hungry wolf to his lair;
Trapping the panther and prowling bear;
Rearing, in faith by sorrow tried,
The church and the schoolhouse, side by side;
Fighting the French on the long frontier,
From Louisburg, set in the sea's domains,
To proud Quebec and the woods that hear
Ohio glide to the sunset plains;
And when rest and comfort they yearned to see,
Risking their all to be nobly free!

Honor and love for the valiant dead!
With reverent breath let their names be read —
Hiltons, Pepperells, Sullivans, Weares,
Broad is the scroll the list that bears
Of men as ardent and brave and true
As ever land in its peril knew,
And women of pure and glowing lives
Meet to be heroes' mothers and wives!
For not alone for the golden maize,
And the fisher's spoils from the teeming bays,

And the treasures of forest and hill and mine,
They gave their barks to the stormy brine —
Liberty, Learning, righteous Law,
Shone in the vision they dimly saw
Of the Age to come and the Land to be;
And, looking to Heaven, fervently
They labored and longed, through the dawning gray,
For the blessed break of that larger day!

When the wail of Harvard in sore distress
Came to their ears through the wilderness, —
Harvard, the hope of the colonies twain,
Planted with prayers by the lonely main —
It was loyal, struggling Portsmouth town
That sent this gracious message down:
'Wishing our gratitude to prove,
And the country and General Court to move
For the infant College beset with fears,
(Its loss an omen of ill would be!)
We promise to pay it, for seven years,
Sixty pounds sterling, an annual sum,
Trusting that fuller aid will come' —
And the Court and the country heard their plea,
And the sapling grew to the wide-boughed tree.
And when a century had fled,
And the war for Freedom thrilled with dread
Yet welcome summons every home —

By the firelit hearth, 'neath the starry dome,
They vowed that never their love should wane
For the holy cause they burned to gain,
Till right should rule, and the strife be done!
List to the generous deed of one: —
In the Revolution's darkest days
The Legislature at Exeter met;
Money and men they fain would raise,
And despair on every face was set
As news of the army's need was read;
Then, in the hush, John Langdon said:
'Three thousand dollars have I in gold;
For as much I will pledge the plate I hold;
Eighty casks of Tobago rum;
All is the country's. The time will come,
If we conquer, when amply the debt she'll pay;
If we fail, our property's worthless.' A ray
Of hope cheered the gloom, while the Governor said:
'For a regiment now, with Stark at its head!'
And the boon we gained through the noble lender
Was the Bennington day and Burgoyne's surrender!

Conflict over and weary quest,
Hid in their hallowed graves they rest,
Nor the voice of love, nor the cannon's roar
Wins them to field or fireside more!
Did the glory go from the hills with them?

Nay! for the sons are true to the sires!
And the gems they have set in our diadem
Burn with as rare and brilliant fires;
And the woodland streams and the mountain airs
Sing of the fathers' fame with theirs!
One, in the shadow of lone Kearsarge
Nurtured for power, like the fabled charge
Of the gods, by Pelion's woody marge; —
So lofty his eloquence, stately his mien,
That, could he have walked the Olympian plain,
The worshiping, wondering crowds had seen
Jove descend o'er the feast to reign!
And one, with a brow as Balder's fair,
And his life the grandeur of love and peace; —
Easing the burdens the race must bear,
Toiling for good that all might share,
Till his white soul found its glad release!
And one — a tall Corinthian column,
Of the temple of justice prop and pride —
The judge unstained, the patriot tried,
Gone to the bar supernal, solemn,
Nor left his peer by Themis' side!
Ah! when the Old World counts her kings,
And from splendor of castle and palace brings
The dainty lords her monarchies mould,
We'll turn to the hills and say, 'Behold
Webster, and Greeley, and Chase, for three
Princes of our Democracy!'

Land of the cliff, the stream, the pine,
Blessing and honor and peace be thine!
Still may thy giant mountains rise,
Lifting their snows to the blue of June,
And the south wind breathe its tenderest sighs
Over thy fields in the harvest moon!
And the river of rivers, Merrimack,
Whose current never shall faint or lack
While the lakes and the bounteous springs remain —
Welcome the myriad brooks and rills
Winding through meadows, leaping from hills,
To brim its banks for the waiting wheels
That thrill and fly to its dash and roar
Till the rocks are passed, and the sea-fog steals
Over its tide by Newbury's shore! —
For the river of rivers is Merrimack,
Whether it foams with the mountain rain,
Or toils in the mill-race, deep and black,
Or, conqueror, rolls to the ocean plain!
And still may the hill, the vale, the glen,
Give thee the might of heroic men,
And the grace of women pure and fair
As the Mayflower's bloom when the woods are bare;
And Truth and Freedom aye find in thee
Their surest warrant of victory; —
Land of fame and of high endeavor,
Strength and glory be thine forever!

MONADNOCK IN OCTOBER

Uprose Monadnock in the northern blue,
A mighty minster builded to the Lord!
The setting sun his crimson radiance threw
On crest, and steep, and wood, and valley sward,
Blending their myriad hues in rich accord,
Till, like the wall of heaven, it towered to view.
Along its slope, where russet ferns were strewn
And purple heaths, the scarlet maples flamed,
And reddening oaks and golden birches shone —
Resplendent oriels in the black pines framed,
The pines that climb to woo the winds alone.
And down its cloisters blew the evening breeze,
Through courts and aisles ablaze with autumn bloom,
Till shrine and portal thrilled to harmonies
Now soaring, dying now in glade and gloom.
And with the wind was heard the voice of streams —
Constant their Aves and Te Deums be —
Lone Ashuelot murmuring down the lea,
And brooks that haste where shy Contoocook gleams
Through groves and meadows, broadening to the sea.
Then holy twilight fell on earth and air,
Above the dome the stars hung faint and fair,
And the vast minster hushed its shrines in prayer;
While all the lesser heights kept watch and ward
About Monadnock builded to the Lord!

THE SONG OF SONGS

O THE lark by Avon's side
When the leas were wet with dew,
Soaring heavenward, fain to hide
In the far celestial blue!
Light the wind of June went by;
Rose the mist in sunny mazes;
High o'er cloud and zephyr winging,
To the angels soared he, singing
Golden-sweet — then silently
Dropped to rest amid the daisies.

How the building thrushes sung
In gardens where the Limmat flows,
Just as morning's gate outswung
Flushing all the Alps with rose!
How the chorus jubilant
Floated over lake and river!
Life was joy and earth was young
While those building thrushes sung; —
Ah! their melody will haunt
Zurich in my thought forever.

Lark and thrush, I love you well;
But I heard a rarer song
As a wild March evening fell
Bleak New Hampshire's heights along.

Trees were bare and brooks were still;
On Kearsarge the snow was lying;
One red cloud athwart the gray
Faded, faded slow away,
And the north wind down the hill
Like the dirge of hope was sighing.

Hark! a robin in the elm
Warbling notes so glad and free,
Straight he brought a summer realm
Over thousand leagues of sea!
High he sang: 'A truce to fear!
Frost and storm are but the portal
We must pass ere June befall,
And the Lord is love through all!'
Lark and thrush, your lays are dear,
But the robin's is immortal!

KEARSARGE [3]

O LIFT thy head, thou mountain lone,
And mate thee with the sun!
Thy rosy clouds are valeward blown,
Thy stars, that near at midnight shone,
Gone heavenward one by one,
And half of earth, and half of air,
Thou risest vast and gray and bare

And crowned with glory. Far southwest
Monadnock thrills to see,
For all its trees and towering crest
And clear Contoocook from its breast
Poured down for wood and lea,
How statelier still, through frost and dew,
Thy granite cleaves the distant blue.

And high to north, from fainter sky,
Franconia's cliffs look down;
Home to their crags the eagles fly,
Deep in their caves the echoes die,
The sparkling waters frown,
And the Great Face that guards the glen
Pales with the pride of mortal men.

Nay, from their silent, crystal seat
The White Hills scan the plain;
Nor Saco's leaping, lightsome feet,
Nor Ammonoosuc wild to greet
The meadows and the main,
Nor snows nor thunders can atone
For splendor thou hast made thine own.

For thou hast joined the immortal band
Of hills and streams and plains
Shrined in the songs of native land —

Linked with the deeds of valor grand
  Told when the bright day wanes —
Part of the nation's life art thou,
O mountain of the granite brow!

Not Pelion when the Argo rose,
  Grace of its goodliest trees;
Nor Norway hills when woodmen's blows
Their pines sent crashing through the snows
  That kings might rove the seas;
Nor heights that gave the Armada's line,
Thrilled with a joy so pure as thine.

Bold was the ship thy name that bore;
  Strength of the hills was hers;
Heart of the oaks thy pastures store,
The pines that hear the north wind roar,
  The dark and tapering firs;
Nor Argonaut nor Viking knew
Sublimer daring than her crew.

And long as Freedom fires the soul
  Or mountains pierce the air,
Her fame shall shine on honor's scroll;
Thy brow shall be the pilgrim's goal
  Uplifted broad and fair;
And, from thy skies, inspiring gales
O'er future seas shall sweep our sails.

Still summer keep thy pastures green,
And clothe thy oaks and pines;
Brooks laugh thy rifted rocks between;
Snows fall serenely o'er the scene
And veil thy lofty lines;
While crowned and peerless thou dost stand,
The monarch of our mountain-land.

CONTOOCOOK RIVER [4]

Of all the streams that seek the sea
By mountain pass, or sunny lea,
Now where is one that dares to vie
With clear Contoocook, swift and shy?
Monadnock's child, of snowdrifts born,
The snows of many a winter morn
And many a midnight dark and still,
Heaped higher, whiter, day by day,
To melt, at last, with suns of May,
And steal, in tiny fall and rill,
Down the long slopes of granite gray;
Or filter slow through seam and cleft
When frost and storm the rock have reft,
To bubble cool in sheltered springs
Where the lone red-bird dips his wings,
And the tired fox that gains their brink
Stoops, safe from hound and horn, to drink.

And rills and springs, grown broad and deep,
Unite through gorge and glen to sweep
In roaring brooks that turn and take
The over-floods of pool and lake,
Till, to the fields, the hills deliver
Contoocook's bright and brimming river!

O have you seen, from Hillsboro' town
How fast its tide goes hurrying down,
With rapids now, and now a leap
Past giant boulders, black and steep,
Plunged in mid water, fain to keep
Its current from the meadows green?
But, flecked with foam, it speeds along;
And not the birch-tree's silvery sheen,
Nor the soft lull of murmuring pines,
Nor hermit thrushes, fluting low,
Nor ferns, nor cardinal flowers that glow
Where clematis, the fairy, twines,
Nor bowery islands where the breeze
Forever whispers to the trees,
Can stay its course, or still its song;
Ceaseless it flows till, round its bed,
The vales of Henniker are spread,
Their banks all set with golden grain,
Or stately trees whose vistas gleam —
A double forest — in the stream;

And, winding 'neath the pine-crowned hill
That overhangs the village plain,
By sunny reaches, broad and still,
It nears the bridge that spans its tide —
The bridge whose arches low and wide
It ripples through — and should you lean
A moment there, no lovelier scene
On England's Wye, or Scotland's Tay,
Would charm your gaze, a summer's day.
O of what beauty 'tis the giver —
Contoocook's bright and brimming river!

And on it glides, by grove and glen,
Dark woodlands, and the homes of men,
With calm and meadow, fall and mill;
Till, deep and clear, its waters fill
The channels round that gem of isles
Sacred to captives' woes and wiles,
And eager half, half eddying back,
Blend with the lordly Merrimack;
And Merrimack whose tide is strong
Rolls gently, with its waves along,
Monadnock's stream that, coy and fair,
Has come, its larger life to share,
And to the sea doth safe deliver
Contoocook's bright and brimming river!

MOOSIL'AUK

Moosil'auk! mountain sagamore! thy brow
The wide hill-splendor circles. Not a peer,
Among New Hampshire's lordly heights that fear
Nor summer's bolt nor winter's blast, hast thou
For grand horizons. Lo, to westward now
Towers Whiteface over Killington; and clear,
To north, Mount Royal cleaves the blue; while near,
Franconia's, Conway's peaks the east endow
With glory, round great Washington whose cone
Of sunset shade, athwart his valleys thrown,
Darkens and stills a hundred miles of Maine!
To south the bright Lake smiles, and rivers flow
Through elm-fringed meadows to the ocean plain —
Lone peak! what realms are thine, above, below!

THE FORESTS OF THE WHITE HILLS

Waumbek Methna — Mountains with Snowy Foreheads — the Indian Name of the White Hills; Agi'ochook, of Mount Washington

O lone Waumbek Methna! Who dares to profane
Thy solitudes, sacred to Manitou's reign?
Thy peaks rosy-flushed with the last beam of day,
Or lost in the stars, white and stainless as they?
Thy woods in whose dimness the bright streams are
born,

And the loud winds are lulled till the breaking of
morn?
The sagamore turned from thy borders in dread,
Afraid the high trails of the hill-gods to tread,
Lest in flood, or in flame leaping vengeful, their ire
Made the black pool his grave, the bleak summit his
pyre.
He saw their weird forms as the clouds floated past;
He heard their dark words in the wail of the blast;
Their arrows the lightnings, their drumbeats the
thunder
That rolled till the mountains seemed rending asunder;
And hunter and warrior stole valeward to shun
Agi'ochook lifting his brow to the sun.

What! Pemigewas'set glide low to his tryst
With Winnepesau'kee — his waning tide kissed
No more by the shadows that droop and entwine
Of the birch and the maple, the beech and the pine,
The firs whose battalions so slender and tall
Guard the gloom of the gorge and the flash of the fall?
What! Merrimack's might left to languish and fail,
While Pennacook's meadows their verdure bewail;
While the mill-wheels are moveless, the flying looms
still,
For the proud stream no longer his channels can fill? —
But, shorn of his forests, bereft of his springs,

Forlorn as an eagle despoiled of its wings,
Now grieving by rapids, now moaning by lea,
Deserted, he creeps to the scorn of the sea!

What! swift Ammonoo'suc, the foam-wreath, the bride
Of lordly Connecticut, faint at his side,
While his lakes, wood-embosomed, and pure as his snows,
Are ravaged, and robbed of their sylvan repose?
What! Saco forsake his loved intervales, spent
Ere the brooks of the lowlands their tributes have sent,
While eastward and westward the gray ledges rise
All treeless and springless confronting the skies,
And Moosil'auk, Pequaw'ket, Chocor'ua, frown,
As sad on the bare river-vales they look down?

By the bounty and grandeur of river and steep,
What the Red Man has hallowed the White Man must keep! —
Must pause with the hill-roving hunter, and ken
The mighty ones guarding the cliff and the glen.
No impious Vandal shall ruthless invade
The temple whose stones were to Manitou laid;
Shall quench the clear springs and leave desert and bare
The slopes and the valleys the gods have made fair!

O peerless New Hampshire! awake from thy dreams!
Save the wealth of thy woodlands, the rush of thy streams,
Thy wild mountain splendor — the torrent, the pine —
Thy groves and thy meadows, thy shade and thy shine!
For, part with the forest, the bright, brimming river,
And thy strength and thy glory will vanish forever,
And in wide desolation and ruin will fall
Great Manitou's vengeance, thy soul to appall! —
Away with this folly, this madness, this shame!
Be true to thy birthright, thy future, thy fame!
And vow, by thy grandeurs of river and steep,
What the Red Man has hallowed the White Man will keep!

THE PORTSMOUTH SAILOR

Come back, O magical evenings
Of Decembers long ago,
When the north wind moaned at the windows,
Herald of drifting snow;
But, within, the great logs glowing
And the chimney's ruddy blaze
Made all the room like the rosy fall
Of summer's fairest days!

There, in a joyous circle —
  Five girls and boys were we —
About our grandame's chair we sat
  And listened to tales of the sea.
For she had come from Portsmouth town,
  And her brothers were sailors tall;
She knew the lore of the fisher-folk,
  And every beach-bird's call;

And could tell us of storm, and wraith, and wreck,
  And ships becalmed on the line,
And sunny lands whence the captains brought
  Olives and figs and wine —
Till our eyes were wide with wonder,
  And Robert would softly say,
'Now the story of our great-uncle
  The pirates carried away.'

'Yes,' she would sigh, 'it was William,
  The last of my brothers three;
Slender and straight as a light-house tower,
  And strong and brave was he.
Our mother wept when he sang of the waves,
  And to hold him close was fain;
But he was a sailor born, and bent
  To rove the boundless main.

'So he shipped on a gallant vessel,
The Cadiz, fleet and stout,
And the gray March day she bore away
The wildest winds were out.
But he laughed at the gale and the gloomy sky
As he saw her sails unfurl,
And said he would bring me corals bright
And our mother a brooch of pearl.

'Dear noble lad! I can see him yet
As he stood at the mainmast's side,
When the Cadiz down the river went
With the wind and the ebbing tide.
He waved his cap as she passed the forts
And turned to her distant shore; —
Alas! nor lad nor gallant prow
Came up the river more!

'Yet still; — with loving, lonely hearts
We followed his foaming track,
Looking aye for the golden morn
That should bring our darling back; —
When with winter we heard the awful news,
From a bark in Boston bay,
That the Algerines had the Cadiz seized,
And her crew were slaves of the Dey!

'"But he lives," said his stricken mother;
"He lives, and may come in peace!"
And as one who would not be denied
She prayed for his release;
While slow the seasons went their round
Till thrice 'twas March and May,
And thrice the ships from the Indian isles
In the harbor anchored lay.

'Oh, happy for her she could not see
Her boy on the burning plain,
Scorn of the caravan southward bound
For a Moorish master's gain; —
Through torrid noons and chilly nights
Till that day of horror fell
When a cloud came rolling up from the waste
With a billow's surge and swell,
And the dread simoom swept over their path
A league from Tishlah's well!

'In flaming gusts, all fitfully,
The blast of the desert blew;
And the air grew heavy and hot and still
As the darkness closer drew.
They fled before its scorching breath;
They crouched in trembling bands;

But it shut them in like a pall of fire,
Outspread by demon hands; —
And, when it passed, that kneeling host
Lay lifeless on the sands!

'And hark! That eve his mother heard,
By the door, the whip-poor-will's cry;
And, at midnight, the death-watch beating
In the wall, her pillow by;
And the howl of the dog her sailor lad
Left to her faithful care,
As the wan moon sank before the dawn,
Ring through the startled air;
And dreamed the cherry-tree's withered bough
Was white with its early bloom; —
Then she knew in that drear and cruel land
Her boy had found his tomb!

'Next moon a horde on plunder bent,
Roaming the desert's heart,
Saw the lone dead, and their treasures bore
To far Timbuctoo's mart;
And told, in many an Arab tent,
Of the fair-haired Christian slave
Who nearest of all to the well had pressed,
When the hot wind heaped his grave.

'Nay, children! Do not grieve so!
The angels could look down
On still Sahara's burning plain,
As on our Portsmouth town;
And he and his gentle mother,
Denied one burial sod,
This many a year have together dwelt
"In the Paradise of God!"'

. . . . . .

Come back, O magical evenings
Of Decembers long ago —
When the north wind moaned at the windows,
Herald of drifting snow;
But, warm in the rosy firelight,
We sat at our grandame's knee,
And listened with love and wonder
To stories of over sea!

THE LOST WAR-SLOOP

THE WASP, 1814

O THE pride of Portsmouth water,
Toast of every brimming beaker —
Eighteen hundred and fourteen on land and sea, —
Was the Wasp, the gallant war-sloop,
Built of oaks Kearsarge had guarded,
Pines of Maine to lift her colors high and free!

Every timber scorning cowards;
Every port alert for foemen
From the masthead seen on weather-side or lee; —
With eleven guns to starboard,
And eleven guns to larboard,
All for glory on a morn of May sailed she.

British ships were in the offing;
Swift and light she sped between them —
Well her daring crew knew shoal and wind and tide;
They had come from Portsmouth river,
Sea-girt Marblehead and Salem,
Bays and islands where the fisher-folk abide;
Come for love of home and country,
Come with wrongs that cried for vengeance —
Every man among them brave and true and tried.
'Hearts of oak' are British seamen?
Hearts of fire were these, their kindred,
Flaming till the haughty foe should be descried!

From the mountains, from the prairies,
Blew the west winds glad to waft her; —
Ah, what goodly ships before her guns went down!
Ships with wealth of London laden,
Ships with treasures of the Indies,
Till her name brought fear to British wharf and town;
Till the war-sloops Reindeer, Avon,

To her valor struck their colors,
Making coast and ocean ring with her renown;
While her captain cried, exultant,
'Britain, to the bold Republic,
Of the empire of the seas shall yield the crown!'

Oh, the woeful, woeful ending
Of the pride of Portsmouth water!
Never more to harbor nor to shore came she!
Springs returned but brought no tidings;
Mothers, maidens, broken-hearted,
Wept the gallant lads that sailed away in glee.
Did the bolts of heaven blast her?
Did the hurricanes o'erwhelm her
With her starry banner and her tall masts three?
Was a pirate-fleet her captor?
Did she drift to polar oceans?
Who shall tell the awful secret of the sea!

Who shall tell? yet many a sailor
In his watch at dawn or midnight,
When the wind is wildest and the black waves moan,
Sees a stanch three-master looming;
Hears the hurried call to quarters,
The drum's quick beat and the bugle fiercely blown; —
Then the cannon's direful thunder
Echoes far along the billows;

Then the victor's shout for the foe overthrown; —
And the watcher knows the phantom
Is the Wasp, the gallant war-sloop,
Still a rover of the seas and glory's own!

STAR ISLAND CHURCH

Isles of Shoals

Gray as the fog-wreaths over it blown
When the surf beats high and the caves make moan,
Stained with lichens and stormy weather
The church and the scarred rocks rise together;
And you scarce may tell, if a shadow falls,
Which are the ledges and which the walls.

By the sombre tower, when daylight dies,
And dim as a cloud the horizon lies,
I love to linger and watch the sails
Turn to the harbor with freshening gales,
Till yacht and dory and coaster bold
Are moored as safe as a flock in fold.

White Island lifts its ruddy shine
High and clear o'er the weltering brine,
And Boone and Portsmouth and far Cape Ann
Flame the dusk of the deep to span,
And the only sounds by the tower that be
Are the wail of the wind and the wash of the sea.

Gray as the fog-wreaths over it blown
When the surf beats high and the caves make moan,
Stained with lichens and stormy weather
The church and the scarred rocks rise together;
And you scarce may tell, if a shadow falls,
Which are the ledges and which the walls.

EASTER IN THE WHITE HILLS

Hark! where the cliffs are lost in clouds
That float to the Realm of Souls,
'The Lord is risen!' from peak to peak
In rapturous echo rolls!
Through Waumbek's templed land it rings
From Winnipesaukee's side
To far Coös, whose crystal lakes
Dower Androscoggin's tide,
And brim serene Connecticut,
Of mount and main the pride.

Agi'ochook from his altars
To spired Chocorua calls,
And broad Moosil'auk sends the cry
Back from his buttressed walls;
Franconia answers full and clear
With myriad airy voices,
And a glory lights the great Stone-Face
While all the pass rejoices;

And south, the towering sentinels —
Monadnock's lonely fane,
And domed Kearsarge, by Merrimack —
Swell the celestial strain,
Till the sky is filled with the choral notes
Of the jubilant refrain!

And lo! the rush and roar of streams
Freed from their icy prison!
Saco to Pemigewasset
Proclaims, 'The Lord is risen!'
'Is risen!' sings Ammonoosuc,
To the meadows foaming down;
'Is risen!' the waking brooks reply,
In the glens yet bare and brown.
The sun comes over Katahdin
With flame for every crest —
Flame and rose for the stainless snows
That deep on the summits rest;
And peak and cloud in the golden rays
Shine fair as Tabor's sheen,
When heaven embosomed the lonely hill
And God of man was seen.

Through the sombre firs the west wind sighs
And chants to larch and pine
'The Lord is risen!' till echoes steal

To the forest's inmost shrine.
And list! from the maple boughs a song
The angel choir might heed —
A wild-wood robin warbling sweet,
'The Lord is risen indeed!'
And thus, with grandest symphonies,
And song the soul that thrills,
Comes Easter, golden, glorious,
To Waumbek's templed hills.

THE BLUEBIRD

I AM so blithe and glad to-day!
At morn I heard a bluebird sing,
The bluebird, warbling soul of spring,
Herald of all the choirs of May!
And I knew the violets under the tree
Would listen and haste the bird to see,
And the wind-flower lift its rose-veined cup
In the leaves of the old year buried up,
And all the delicate buds that bloom
By the moss-beds, deep in the forest gloom,
Would stir in their slumber, and catch the strain,
And welcome the warm, unfolding rain —
For spring is here when the bluebird sings,
And stays in the maple his glossy wings,
And the blast may blow and the sleet may fall,
But a song of the sun is heard in all.

I am so blithe and glad to-day!
Monadnock still is white with snow;
But when the bluebird sings I know
Full swift the hours lead on to May!

INDIAN SUMMER

'Tis Indian Summer's richest, latest day;
A soft mist veils the sky's enchanting blue;
And, to the wind's caress, the maples sway,
And bronzed oaks murmur, as they lightly strew
Upon the ground beneath, their gorgeous leaves,
All russet-green and ruby-red and gold,
So bright, my heart, sad as the south wind, grieves
To see their glories sinking in the mould!
And every gay and gladsome thing seems taking
A lingering leave of grove and field and sky;
Bluebird and robin, lawn and plot forsaking,
In croft and orchard sweet lament are making
For roses dead and loveless winter nigh.
The bees are hovering o'er the lonely flowers,
October's gift, despite its chilling showers —
Brave asters that have lived through frosty eves,
And still with faintest purple tint their leaves
Amid the mountain fern that yet retains
Its fragrant breath through all the autumnal rains,
And meek immortelles that, till snows appear,

Will mourn the buried splendors of the year;
While squirrels haste with nuts and acorns brown
That every waft above the wood brings down,
And — waif of June — a golden butterfly,
The last, the loveliest, is flitting by.
So calm! so fair! yet, with to-morrow's morn,
Wild winds will blow till all the groves are shorn,
And soft mists vanish, and the mountains rise
Cold and severe in melancholy skies.
Now fades the sun from hill and stream and dell —
O saddest Indian Summer! fare thee well!

MERRIMACK RIVER AT ITS SOURCE

O Merrimack, strong Merrimack,
All other streams may faint and lack,
Exhale in clouds through dreary lands
Or sink forlorn in desert sands;
New Hampshire's hills and island-sea
Are sureties for thy constancy!
Pemigewasset leaps from the mountains
Where the great Stone-Face looms grand and far;
Winnipesaukee fills at the fountains
Ossipee guards and Chocorua —
The sunny water that smiling lies
With its isles like a path to Paradise;
And where Kearsarge uplifts his shrine
They blend their deathless floods in thine.

MERRIMACK RIVER AT ITS MOUTH

To-night I saw the Merrimack
Go broadening, gleaming out to sea; —
The tide was low; a cloudy rack
Purple and crimson and sullen black
Drifted o'er main and lea;
And shadowed now with the parting sun,
But placid and still as befitted one
Whose life would be ended when day was done —
With a breeze from the north above it blowing,
And the strength of the hills in its silent flowing,
Past the pines of Newbury town
And the Salisbury marshes wide and brown,
The cliff-born river, over the bar,
Lapsed to the sea and the evening star!

CONCORD BY THE MERRIMACK[8]

Serene amid the meadows
  Her seasons come and go;
To north her glorious mountains,
  Her ocean tides below.
No Capital she envies
  Its peak or plain or river —
Fair Concord by the Merrimack,
  Whose fame is ours forever!

New Hampshire's treasured story
She guards within a shrine
As rare as Rome or Athens built
To those they held divine;
For her sons come back to crown her —
Their ties they cannot sever —
Fair Concord by the Merrimack
Whose fame is ours forever!

Still may the years bring wisdom
And honor to her halls;
Still her proud sons be eager
To serve when valor calls,
And see their Capital for aye
Of light and joy the giver —
Fair Concord by the Merrimack
Whose fame is ours forever!

THANKSGIVING NIGHT

Memories of New Hampshire in Illinois

Across the prairie moans the wind,
And morn will come with whirling snow;
Now bolt the door, and bar the blind;
The guests are gone, the fire is low.
We'll heap the grate, and in its blaze
This Illinois Thanksgiving night,

Call back the loved of other days,
And the old home of our delight.

Ah, Mary! here are thousand things
I never thought to see or own: —
Great corn-fields where the sunlight flings
Its gold, nor finds one marring stone;
And breadths of waving wheat; and herds
Unnumbered on the prairies wide;
And brighter flowers, and rarer birds,
That flame and sing on every side.

But oh, to-night I'm in the hills!
I hear the wind sweep through the pines!
And see the lakes, the laughing rills,
The far horizon's mountain lines!
Monadnock's stream, the river flows
By bordering elms and meadows down,
Dark where the bridge its shadow throws,
And the tall church-spire marks the town;

The spire whose bell ran high and clear,
Each Sabbath morn the country round,
And mournful tolled when passed the bier
Slow-moving to the burial ground.
And on the common's grassy square
The meeting-house looms white and grim,

Its sounding-board still poised in air,
Though done with sermon, psalm, and hymn.

I search for Mayflowers in the dell —
Oh, never bloom was half so fair!
And lean above the moss-grown well
To see my face reflected there.
The glad thrush warbles by the wood;
The robin makes the orchard gay;
And from the alders' solitude
The cuckoo calls at break of day.

Throned on the fragrant hay I ride
Back to the barn in golden eves,
And gather chestnuts brown, and hide
In autumn noons amid the sheaves;
Or, shouting till the echoes wake,
Hunt blithe for eggs among the mows,
And up the brook, and through the brake,
From the far ridge bring home the cows.

And when Kearsarge is crowned with snow,
And dry leaves sweep along the way,
Comes on, with love and mirth aglow,
November's pride, Thanksgiving Day.
What fires are lit! what feasts are set!
What welcome waits for every comer!

Though drifts may fall and north winds fret,
Within is joy and song and summer.

Alas! that blazing hearth is cold!
The hill stands desolate and bare!
No stir at morn; no flocks in fold;
No children's laugh to charm the air!
Nor orchards blush, nor lilacs blow;
And fields once rich with corn and clover
Are pastures lone the foxes know,
And the shy plover whistles over.

While they who filled the house with cheer,
Though storms beat wild against the pane,
Have slumbered low this many a year
Where slope the pine-woods to the plain.
Oh, memories fond! Oh, sweet regret!
Oh, loves and scenes I still behold!
My eyes are dim with tears — and yet
The new is noble as the old.

A larger life in larger lands;
A wider heaven and warmer suns;
God grant that while Monadnock stands,
And Mississippi seaward runs —
While homes we build, and harvests reap,
While love is dear and memory thrills,

With reverent faith the prairies keep
The ancient virtues of the hills!

THE HILLS ARE HOME [6]

'Old Home Week,' 1899

Forget New Hampshire? By her cliffs, her meads, her brooks afoam,
With love and pride where'er we bide, the Hills, the Hills are Home!
On Mississippi or by Nile, Ohio, Volga, Rhine,
We see our cloud-born Merrimack adown its valley shine;
And Contoocook — Singing Water — Monadnock's drifts have fed,
With lilt and rhyme and fall and chime flash o'er its pebbly bed;
And by Como's wave, yet fairer still, our Winnipesaukee spread.

Alp nor Sierra, nor the chains of India or Peru,
Can dwarf for us the white-robed heights our wondering childhood knew —
The awful Notch, and the great Stone-Face, and the Lake where the echoes fly,
And the sovereign dome of Washington throned in the eastern sky; —

For from Colorado's Snowy Range to the crest of the Pyrenees
New Hampshire's mountains grandest lift their peaks in the airy seas,
And the winds of half the world are theirs across the main and the leas.

Yet far beyond her hills and streams New Hampshire dear we hold;
A thousand tender memories our glowing hearts enfold;
For in dreams we see the early home by the elms or the maples tall,
The orchard-trees where the robins built, and the well by the garden wall;
The lilacs and the apple-blooms make paradise of May,
And up from the clover-meadows floats the breath of the new-mown hay;
And the Sabbath bells, as the light breeze swells, ring clear and die away.

And oh, the Lost Ones live again in love's immortal year!
We are children still by the hearth-fire's blaze while night steals cold and drear;
Our mother's fond caress we win, our father's smile of pride,

And, 'Now I lay me down to sleep,' say, reverent, at
their side.
Alas! alas! their graves are green, or white with a pall
of snow,
But we see them yet by the evening hearth as in the
long ago,
And the quiet churchyard where they rest is the holiest
spot we know.

Forget New Hampshire? Let Kearsarge forget to
greet the sun;
Connecticut forsake the sea; the Shoals their breakers
shun;
But fervently, while life shall last, though wide our
ways decline,
Back to the Mountain-Land our hearts will turn as to
a shrine!
Forget New Hampshire? By her cliffs, her meads, her
brooks afoam,
By all her hallowed memories — our lode-star while we
roam —
Whatever skies above us rise, the Hills, the Hills are
Home!

THE SONG OF THE ANCIENT PEOPLE AND OTHER INDIAN POEMS

THE SONG OF THE ANCIENT PEOPLE

THE PUEBLO INDIANS OF THE SOUTHWEST

We are the Ancient People;
  Our father is the Sun;
Our mother, the Earth, where the mountains tower
  And the rivers seaward run;
The stars are the children of the sky,
  The Red Men, of the plain;
And ages over us both had rolled
  Before you crossed the main; —
For we are the Ancient People,
  Born with the wind and rain.

And ours is the ancient wisdom,[7]
  The lore of Earth and cloud: —
We know what the awful lightnings mean,
Wi'-lo-lo-a-ne with arrows keen,
  And the thunder crashing loud; —
And why with his glorious, burning shield
  His face the Sun-God [8] hides,
As, glad from the east, while night recedes,
Over the Path of Day he speeds
  To his home in the ocean tides;
For the Deathless One at eve must die,
To flame anew in the nether sky —

Must die, to mount when the Morning Star,
First of his warrior-host afar,
Bold at the dawning rides!
And we carry our new-born children forth [9]
His earliest beams to face,
And pray he will make them strong and brave
As he looks from his shining place —
Wise in council and firm in war,
And fleet as the wind in the chase; —
And why the Moon, the Mother of Souls,
On summer nights serene,
Fair from the azure vault of heaven
To Earth will fondly lean,
While her sister laughs from the tranquil lake,
Soft-robed in rippling sheen;
For the Moon is the bride of the glowing Sun,
But the Goddess of Love is she
Who beckons and smiles from the placid depths
Of the lake and the shell-strown sea; —
Why the Rainbow, A′-mi-to-lan-ne,[10]
From the Medicine lilies drew
Orange and rose and violet
Before the fall of the dew —
The dews that guard the Corn-Maids,[11]
And the fields keep fair to view;
But the Rainbow is false and cruel,
For it ends the gentle showers,

And the opening leaves and the tender buds
  Like the ruthless worm devours,
And still its stolen tints are won
  From the blanching, withering flowers;
The Morning Star, the Sun, and the Moon —
Ya′-o-na, Ya-to-k′-ya, and Mo′-ya-tchun —
  Bring bounty and love and life,
But the Bow of the Skies and the Lightning
  With famine and death are rife,
And we paint their forms on our arrow-shafts
  And our shields, when battle lowers: —
We know what the breeze to the pine-tree sings,
  And the brook to the meadow fair,
And the eagle screams to the plunging streams
  Where the cliffs are cold and bare —
The eagle, bird of the Whirlwind-God,[12]
  Lone-wheeling through the air;
And we can charm the serpent's tooth,
  And wile the wolf from his den,[13]
For the beasts have told us their secrets
  Close-kept from other men —
The mighty beasts that rove the hills,
  Or lurk in cave and fen:
The bear in his gloomy cañon;
  High 'mid the crags, the sheep;
The antelope, whose endless files
O'er the far mesa's rocky isles
Their silent marches keep;

The lordly bison with his herds;
Coyote swift and sly;
The badger in his earthy house
Where warm the sunbeams lie;
The savage mountain lion
With his deadly roar and leap: —
And, when the serpent has sought his lair
And the thunder peal is still,
We know why the down of the Northland drifts
O'er wood and waste and hill;
And how the light-winged butterflies
To the brown fields summer bear,
And the balmy breath of the Corn-Maids floats
In June's enchanted air;
And when to pluck the Medicine flowers
On the brow of the mountain peak,
The lilies of Te′-na-tsa-li,[14]
That brighten the faded cheek,
And heal the wounds of the warrior
And the hunter worn and weak;
And where in the hills the crystal stones
And the turquoise blue to seek;
And how to plant the earliest maize,[15]
Sprinkling the sacred meal,
And setting our prayer-plumes [16] in the midst
As full to the east we kneel,[17]
The plumes whose life shall waft our wish
To the heights the skies conceal;

Nay, when the stalks are parched on the plain
And the deepest springs are dry,
And the Water-God, the jewelled toad,[18]
Is lost to every eye,
With song and dance and voice of flutes
That soothe the Regions Seven,
We can call the blessed summer showers
Down from the listening heaven!
For ours is the lore of a dateless past,
And we have power thereby —
Power which our vanished fathers sought
Through toil and watch and pain,
Till the spirits of wood and wave and air
To grant us help were fain;
For we are the Ancient People,
Born with the wind and rain.

And, year by year, when the mellow moons
Beam over the mountain wall,
Or the hearths are bright with the piñon fires
And the wild winds rise and fall,
Our precious things to their shrines are brought
That the tribes may be brave and strong;
And round our altars with mystic rite,
Vigil and fast and song's delight,
And measured dance we throng —
The dance and prayers of the A′-ka-ka [19]
That peace and joy prolong.

Of the Wood-Gods' flesh these altars
To the Great Six Realms we frame: —
For the North, of the Pine, whose yellow heart
Nor blasts nor snows can tame;
For the West, of the Willow, whose leaves are blue
As they toss in the breeze at morn;
For the South, of the Cedar, ruddy-hued,
From whose bark the flame is born;
For the East, of the Poplar, downy-white
In the dawn of the gladsome year;
For the Realm Above, of the Juniper,
That climbs to the summits clear;
And of Laurel Root, for the Realm Below,
Deep-hid in cañons drear; —
Frame that the Beings Beloved may come
And their forms and thoughts reveal;
For naught, from the heart through vigils pure,
Will the Mighty Ones conceal.
Our richest robes and brightest hues
For the watching sky we wear,
With necklace-beads and eagle-plumes
Above our flowing hair,
And yellow pollen over us blown,
Good-will from the Gods to bear;
And with symbols of the lightning,
The winds, the clouds, the rain —
Crosses, terraces, slanting bars,[20] —

We deck our blankets and our jars
  Their favor to constrain;
And we weave for priest and priestess
  The sash and mantle white,
Broidered with many a magic thread
  To give these Gods delight,
And save our cherished homes from harm
  And our fields from flood and blight.
And tales we tell by the evening flame
  Of how the Earth was made,
And the tribes came up from the Under-World
  To people plain and glade —
Tales that will echo round our hearths
  Till the last glow shall fade;
And of the two immortal youths,
  Twin children of the Sun,[21]
Who eastward led their faltering bands
  To find where morn begun —
To gain the stable, midmost lands,
  And the trembling borders shun;
And of Po′-shai-ank′-ya, the master,[22]
  Whose help we never lose,
Who bade us turn from hate and guile
  And ever the noblest choose,
And said that whoso smites a man
  His own heart doth bruise.
Of Earth and the Gods he taught us —
  How slope and plain to till,

And the streams that fall from the mountain snows
To turn and store at will;
And how to trace the glorious Sun
North and south to his goal;
And straight, when the body's life is done,
Set free the prisoned soul!
His voice was sweet as the summer wind,
But his robe was poor and old,
And, scorned of men, he journeyed far
To the city the mists enfold —
Far to the land where his treasured lore
And secret rites were told;
And there with a chosen few he dwelt
And made their darkness day,
Till lo! while his words yet thrilled their hearts,
Unseen, as the summer wind departs,
He vanished in mist away! —
Passed to the splendor of the Sun,
He, the divine, the gracious one,
To hear our prayers for aye!
And still our holy fires we keep,
And the sacred meal we strow,
With many a prayer to the Gods of the air
And the Gods that dwell below —
The Gods of the Great Six Regions:
The yellow, dreadful North;
The West, with the blue of sea and sky;

The ruddy South, where the corals lie
And the fragrant winds go forth;
The pure white East, whose virgin dawns
Lead up the conquering Sun,
While stars grow pale and shadows fail,
For the shrouding night is done;
The Over-World, where all the hues
In radiant beauty shine;
The Under-World, more black and drear
Than the gloom of the deepest mine;
And the Middle Realm, where the Mother reigns
And binds them all in one; —
Prayers in the words our fathers knew,
And prayers that voiceless steal
To the Holder of the Trails of Life
And thought to thought reveal!
For the clamorous cry unheard will die,
While, swift as light, ascends on high
The silent heart's appeal.
And we offer the pledge of sacrifice
To lull the earthquake's wrath,
And hush the roar of the whirlwind
Abroad on his furious path —
Turquoise blue, and ocean-shells,
And the soothing, spicy scent that dwells
In the rare tobacco leaves,[23]
And macaw-plumes to guard from ill
And bring us store of sheaves;

Nay, in the time when thunders pealed
And Earth swung to and fro,
Our dearest maids to the angry Gods
With fervent heart would go,
That the perfect gift of a stainless life
Might still the vengeful throe; —
For our fathers were wise and pure of breath,
The breath that is soul the word beneath,
And all their ways we know.
And when at last the shadow falls
And the sleep no thunders wake,
By the dead a vase of water clear [24]
For the parted soul we break,
Giving the life again to the Sun
Through Ka-thlu-el'-lon's Lake; [25]
And, facing the east, the body lay
In our mother Earth to rest,
Where dews may fall and dawns may gleam
And purple and crimson radiance stream
When day is low in the west;
And plumes of the birds of summer-land,
Freighted with many a prayer,
We bring to help the spirit's way
In the pathless depths of air.
But we do not fear that silent flight,
Nor the slumber lone and chill,
For the Home of the Dead has song and love,
And they wander where they will;

And morn and eve, by hearth and wood,
We see their faces still.
Thus, day and night, and night and day,
Our rites the Gods enchain,
And bring us peace no others win
Of all their earthly train;
For we are the Ancient People,
Born with the wind and rain.

And yet — and yet — on the mesa top
As we sit when the sun is low,
And, far to west, Francisco's peaks [26]
Blaze in his parting glow, —
While plain— and rock, and cedar-steep
Fade slow from rose to gray,
And the sand-clouds, blown by the flying wind,
Like demons chase the day;
And the fires of the wandering meteors gleam,
And the dire mirage looms far
To beckon us hence to the nameless land
Where our Lost Others are;
And, weird as the wail by the Spirit Lake
Bewildered hunters know,
The cry of the owl comes mournful up
From the dusty glen below —
That boding cry when death is nigh
And days that are dim with woe; —

Sit, and think that but ruins mark
The realm that erst was ours,
The countless cities wrapped in dust
Which once were stately powers,
And that over our race, as over the plain,
The gathering darkness lowers;
And see how great from the Sunrise-Land
You come with every boon,
We know that ours is the waning,
And yours is the waxing moon!
Know that our grief and yearning prayers,
As reeds in the blast, are vain,
And with arrows of keenest anguish
Our tortured hearts are slain;
For we are the Ancient People,
Born with the wind and rain!
But the same Earth spreads for us and you,
And death for both is one;
Why should we not be brothers true
Before our day is done?
You are many and great and strong;
We, only a remnant weak;
Our heralds call at sunset still,[27]
Yet ah, how few on plain or hill
The evening councils seek!
And words are dead and lips are dumb
Our hopeless woe to speak.

For the fires grow cold, and the dances fail,
And the songs in their echoes die;
And what have we left but the graves beneath,
And, above, the waiting sky? —
Our fathers sought these frowning cliffs
To rid them of their foes,
And thrice and more, on the mesa floor,
Our terraced towns uprose;
But when the stress of war was past,
To the lowlands glad we went,
For the plain — the plain is our domain,
The home of our hearts' content;
And here, O brothers, let us dwell
And find at last repose,
By towering Ta-ai-yal'-lo-ne,[28]
And the river that westward goes!
For the roads were long and rough we trod
To our fields of clustering corn,
And our women grew old ere youth was spent
As wearily, night and morn,
They climbed the steep with the earthen jars,
Slow-filled, to the very brim,
From the trickling springs at the mesa foot [29]
In the willow thickets dim.
Time was when seen from the loftiest peak
The realm was all our own,
And only the words of the A'-shi-wi [30]
To the four winds were known; —

Ours were the veins of silver;
The rivers' bounteous flow
Filling the maze of our water-ways
From the heights to the vales below;
The plains outspreading to the sky,
The crags, the cañon's gloom,
The cedar shades, the piñon groves,
The mountain meadow's bloom; [31]
Nay, even the very Sun was ours,
Above us circling slow!
And now — and now — from the lowest hill
Your pastures we descry;
Your speech is borne on every breeze
That blows the mesas by;
Our deep canals are furrows faint
On the wide and desert plain;
Of the grandeur of our temple-walls
But mounds of earth remain,
And over our altars and our graves
Your towns rise proud and high!
The bison is gone, and the antelope
And the mountain sheep will follow,
And all our lands your restless bands
Will search from height to hollow;
And the world we knew and the life we lived
Will pass as the shadows fly
When the morning wind blows fresh and free
And daylight floods the sky.

Alas for us who once were lords
Of stream and peak and plain! —
By ages done, by Star and Sun,
We will not brook disdain!
No! though your strength were thousandfold
From farthest main to main;
For we are the Ancient People,
Born with the wind and rain!

THE RESCUE [32]

On the Mexican Border

Now to the Lord Almighty —
How wondrous are His ways! —
And Our Lady of Guadalúpe,
The Holy Virgin, praise!
They pitied us in our anguish,
And safe through thousand foes
In the desert and the wilderness,
Brought us to this repose;
And we will love and praise them
Till life itself shall close!

'Twas a festal day in Larna,
Our Blessed Lady's feast;
We were up and away to the church in the vale
As dawn was red in the east,

To catch the swell of the matin hymn,
The first chant of the priest.
We knelt beside the altar
With its pictures brought from Spain;
The censers swung, the sweet bells rung,
Our hearts made glad refrain;
And home we went at evening
While the Angelus was tolled,
And the peaks of the far Sierra
Gleamed in the sunset gold.
But just as we neared the hamlet,
Where the shadows deepest lie,
From a cleft in the woody hillside
There came an awful cry,
And lo! the fierce Apaches
In all their wild array
Burst from the cedar thicket
And bore us far away!

Our Lady must have listened
To the shrieks that rent the air,
When I saw my loved Juanita
Seized by her shining hair,
And her brave young brother, Leon,
Thrust with a sharp spear back —
So the cougar springs on the helpless deer
In a lonely forest track!

All night we went in silence
By stream and steep defile,
To halt at morn on the lofty cliffs,
From Larna many a mile;
To halt while our masters ate their fill
Of the flesh of the mountain bear,
Of mescal, acorns, cactus fruits
Their prisoners might not share.
How dread they were by light of day!
Painted from waist to crown,
Their sashes blazoned with the stars,
Their black locks streaming down;
With charms of lightning-riven twigs,
And stones their foes must shun,
And, borne at their belts, the sacred meal
For offerings to the sun.
In horror and despair we gazed,
When, hush! a bugle call
Came winding, winding through the air,
And up the mountain wall!
'The saints above watch o'er us!'
In Leon's ear I sighed;
'By this I know in the plain below
Our gallant soldiers ride!'

The chief has caught the note! His scouts
Creep wary through the grass;

And stern with hate and fear he sets
His braves to guard the pass;
All eyes are bent upon the plain,
As hawks in mid-air hover; —
We breathe a prayer, and noiselessly
Slip through the dense pine cover!
And once again that bugle-call
Is borne upon the wind —
Our Lady's grace! — and on we speed
To leave the fiends behind.

Silent as startled quail we stole
Beneath the kindly shade,
Till we turned the brow of the precipice
And gained a quiet glade; —
What was that rustling in the brake?
Does the dire Apache follow?
It was only the partridge of the rock
Scared from her sylvan hollow; —
Then on by crags where the tender lambs
Of the mountain sheep are hid;
Down streams that dark with pool and fall
Descend the rocks amid;
O'er sunny slopes whose blooms were gay
As a garden bed in spring,
With birds of every rainbow hue
Like flowers that had taken wing; —

We heard the whir of the rattlesnake;
The timid fawn we found;
The stag, disturbed in his cool recess,
Went by us with a bound;
The grizzly bear and the wildcat lurked
In cave and jungle dim;
The panther, waiting for his prey,
Couched on the pendent limb; —
I pressed the cross to my beating heart,
And with many a murmured prayer
We passed, unharmed, the serpent's coil,
Unharmed, the wild beast's lair.
At twilight, faint and chill and bruised,
And torn by flint and thorn,
On the edge of the plain, in the tule reeds,
We sank to rest, forlorn.
The vulture wheeled above the marsh;
We heard the gray wolf's cry;
But God was merciful — we slept
Till the sun rose bright on high;
And then, O blessed Virgin!
The troops came riding by!

They halt! we mount! — then far we rode
Through grove and cañon gray;
O'er the blinding sands of the weary waste
Where the tired streams sink away;

Till just as the sunset splendor
  Was flooding plain and steep
And the wind, like a waft of paradise,
  Woke from its noonday sleep —
Oh, never, never can we forget
  The joy of that glorious even —
We saw the fort, with its starry flag,
  Fair as the gate of heaven!
And to the Lord Almighty,
  Who rules and guides our days,
And the Saints, and the blessed Virgin,
  We lift our hearts in praise!

THE WAY TO WAKONDA [33]

THE GREAT SPIRIT OF THE OMAHA INDIANS

WAKONDA'S way is the way of the wind
  That blows from star to star;
And he who would find Wakonda
  And the land where the Vanished are,
Must follow, follow, follow
  The west wind in its flight,
And lo! he will reach Wakonda
  And the Land of all Delight!

So long is the trail to Wakonda,
  And the end thereof so sweet,

To the feet of the dead their moccasins
We tie to make them fleet;
And we know they will never wander
With cloud or moon or star,
But straight will speed to Wakonda
And the Land where the Loved Ones are.

LOVE SONG OF THE OMAHAS [34]

Fades the star of morning,
West winds gently blow,
Soft the pine-trees murmur,
Soft the waters flow.
Lift thine eyes, my maiden,
To the hill-top nigh —
Gloom and fear will vanish
When the pale stars die; —
Lift thine eyes, my maiden,
Hear thy lover's cry!

From my tent I wander
Longing but for thee,
As the day from darkness
Comes for stream and tree.
Lift thine eyes, my maiden,
To the hill-top nigh —

Lo, the dawn is breaking;
Rosy beams the sky; —
Lift thine eyes, my maiden,
Hear thy lover's cry!

Lonely is our valley
Though the month is May;
Come and be my moonlight,
I will be thy day! —
Lift thine eyes, my maiden,
O behold me nigh!
Now the sun is rising;
Now the shadows fly;
Lift thine eyes, my maiden,
Hear thy lover's cry!

SA–CÁ–GA–WE–A

THE INDIAN GIRL WHO GUIDED LEWIS AND CLARK IN THEIR EXPEDITION TO THE PACIFIC

SHO-SHÓ-NE SA-CÁ-GA-WE-A — captive and wife was she
On the grassy plains of Dakota in the land of the Minnetaree;
But she heard the west wind calling, and longed to follow the sun
Back to the shining mountains and the glens where her life begun.

So, when the valiant Captains, fain for the Asian sea,
Stayed their marvellous journey in the land of the Minnetaree
(The Red Men wondering, wary — Omaha, Mandan, Sioux —
Friendly now, now hostile, as they toiled the wilderness through),
Glad she turned from the grassy plains and led their way to the West,
Her course as true as the swan's that flew north to its reedy nest;
Her eye as keen as the eagle's when the young lambs feed below;
Her ear alert as the stag's at morn guarding the fawn and doe.
Straight was she as a hillside fir, lithe as the willow-tree,
And her foot as fleet as the antelope's when the hunter rides the lea;
In broidered tunic and moccasins, with braided raven hair,
And closely belted buffalo robe with her baby nestling there —
Girl of but sixteen summers, the homing bird of the quest,
Free of the tongues of the mountains, deep on her heart imprest,

Sho-shó-ne Sa-cá-ga-we-a led the way to the West! —
To Missouri's broad savannas dark with bison and deer,
While the grizzly roamed the savage shore and cougar and wolf prowled near;
To the cataract's leap, and the meadows with lily and rose abloom;
The sunless trails of the forest, and the canyon's hush and gloom;
By the veins of gold and silver, and the mountains vast and grim —
Their snowy summits lost in clouds on the wide horizon's rim;
Through sombre pass, by soaring peak, till the Asian wind blew free,
And lo! the roar of the Oregon and the splendor of the Sea!

Some day, in the lordly upland where the snow-fed streams divide —
Afoam for the far Atlantic, afoam for Pacific's tide —
There, by the valiant Captains whose glory will never dim
While the sun goes down to the Asian sea and the stars in ether swim,
She will stand in bronze as richly brown as the hue of her girlish cheek,

With broidered robe and braided hair and lips just
curved to speak;
And the mountain winds will murmur as they linger
along the crest,
'Sho-shó-ne Sa-cá-ga-we-a, who led the way to the
West!'

THE FIRE-MAIDEN AND THE SNOW-PEAKS [35]

An Indian Legend of the Columbia

Loowit, the beautiful maiden
Who gave the Red men fire
That the tents might bask in its rosy light
And laugh at winter's ire —
Lit their hearts with a fiercer flame
Of love and wild desire.
Fair was she as the morning star;
Lithe as a fawn at play;
And the fire she fed was the only fire
In all the world that day.

A hundred suitors thronged her feet
From valley and wood and ridge,
But she sat, unmoved, by her blazing brands
On the tahmanáwas bridge —
The bridge that Sághalie, chief of the gods,
Arched over the mighty river,

That the tribes might come and go at will
And brothers be forever.

Unmoved she sat, in her maiden dreams,
Above the river's flow
Till bold from the north came Klickitat
Challenging friend and foe,
While mountain lion and grizzly fled
From the shafts of his conquering bow;
Till blithe from the west came Wiyeast,
Valiant and tall was he —
The eagle paused in its upward flight
His goodly form to see;
And with them were their faithful braves
Eager the maid to hold,
And vowing she should wed their chief
Ere the young moon was old.

They wooed with gifts and honeyed words,
They showed their prowess there
In swiftest race and wondrous game
And all that men may dare;
But she could not choose between the twain,
Nor would she say them nay,
And with bitter thoughts they saw the sun
Turn westward, day by day,

And the smoke of her hearth float darkly up
  Till all the sky was gray.
Then madness seized them and they closed
  In battle's awful strife
Till the stream ran red with the blood of the slain
  And death had more than life —
Till the wind went by like a sea-bird's cry
  And the air with moans was rife.

Sághalie heard and was wroth, and cried,
  'Behold now, who is stronger!
The cruel maid and the furious chiefs
  Shall live to war no longer!'
And he shook the earth till the great bridge reeled
  And plunged in the mighty river,
And with lightning's flash and thunder's crash
  The three were gone forever!
Nor time nor tide, the roar of the wreck
  From the fallen dalles can sever!

'But they were mine,' said Sághalie,
  'And they shall tower in snow,
To greet the sun at his rise and set,
  And guard the river's flow.'
And Wiyeast soars in grand Mount Hood;
  In Adams Klickitat shines;

And beautiful Loowit lifts her head
In rare Saint Helen's lines —
Loowit, the maid of the glowing hearth,
Who gave the Red men fire,
That the tents might bask in its rosy light
And laugh at winter's ire.
The lovers gaze on her radiant brow
But never may call her bride,
And thus, while the ages pass, they tower
Alone, but glorified,
And the river, the mighty Oregon,
Rolls proudly at their side.

THE TRYST BY THE GRAND CAÑON [36]

A REALM of dreams is that sublimest chasm
Cleft by the gods in Arizona's plain,
Where peak on peak, shrine, fortress, weird phantasm,
Crowd the abyss and make our grandeur vain!
Where, with the dawn, full many a dome and palace
Fair as Aladdin's, fronts the terraced wall,
And towering altar-pile and carven chalice
Shine with the hues of heaven at evening's fall.

Where, south, loom Karnaks on the wide horizon —
Sphinx, temple, obelisk, to hail the sun;

North, slow cloud-shadows pass like herds of bison
  Trailing across the gorges, bold and dun;
Where, in its awful bed, the Colorado,
  Curbless, triumphant, to the hot Gulf goes,
And dreams, in quiet pools, of mountain meadow,
  And the far splendor of Wyoming snows.

There when the sun sets and the glows are paling,
  And sorrowing winds make moan by fane and tree —
Such sorrow as through Hades went bewailing
  The glory vanished with Persephone —
When mid their crags the mountain sheep are folded,
  And the cliff eagles to their eyries flown,
While all the mighty forms the gods have moulded,
  Wrap them in purple dusk and grieve alone;

When the fond moon has climbed the eastern mountains
  And silvered all her waiting peaks and pines
Past Rio Grande's, Colorado's fountains —
  The Ancient People throng their wonted shrines.
Silent as mists they steal by cliff and hollow;
  With soundless feet they thread the woodland ways;
Only the wind, low-breathing, dares to follow
  Their flitting bands through pass and darkling maze.

Hark! you may almost hear the incantations,
The rhythmic dance, the chant, the murmured prayer,
And, from afar, the faint reverberations
Of cry and drum-beat thrilling through the air —
The herald's call, perchance, when danger hovers,
And chiefs and clans for council he must rouse,
The laugh of children, speech of happy lovers
Soft as the sighing in the cedar boughs.

But ere day brightens Coconino's dimness,
Or proud Francisco's peaks have caught its rose,
Or with its flush the gray walls lose their grimness,
Ah, whither? — and the night wind only knows —
The night wind and the stars that watch forever
Above the shrines where their brown children throng,
And, swift beneath, the lone, triumphant river
That bears their secret seaward with its song!

. . . . . .

A realm of dreams is that sublimest chasm
Cleft by the gods in Arizona's plain,
Where peak on peak, shrine, fortress, weird phantasm,
Crowd the abyss and make our grandeur vain!
Where festal sounds are heard if we but harken,
And shy forms flit and meet till moonlight wanes,
And the wind dies, and eerie shadows darken,
For over peak and plain enchantment reigns.

THE CAPTIVE'S HYMN [37]

CARLISLE, PENNSYLVANIA, DECEMBER 31, 1764

THE Indian war was over,
And Pennsylvania's towns
Welcomed the blessed calm that comes
When peace a conflict crowns.
Bitter and long had been the strife,
But gallant Colonel Bouquet
Had forced the foe to sue for grace,
And named the joyful day
When Shawnees, Tuscara'was,
Miamis, Delawares,
And every band that roved the land
And called a captive theirs —
From the pathless depths of the forest,
By stream and dark defile,
Should bring their prisoners, on their lives,
In safety to Carlisle;
Carlisle in the Cumberland valley,
Where Conodogwin'net flows,
And the guardian ranges, north and south,
In mountain pride repose.
Like the wind the Colonel's order
To hamlet and clearing flew;
And mourning mothers and wives and sons
From banks where Delaware seaward runs,

From Erie's wave, and Ohio's tide,
And the vales where the southern hills divide,
  Flocked to the town, perchance to view,
At last, 'mid the crowds by the startled square,
The faces lost, but in memory fair.

How strange the scene on the village green
  That morning cold and gray!
To right the Indian tents were set,
And in groups the dusky warriors met,
While their captives clung to the captors yet,
  As wild and bronzed as they —
In rags and skins, with moccasined feet,
Some loath to part, some fain to greet
  The friends of a vanished day;
And, eagerly watching the tents, to left
Stood mothers and sons and wives bereft,
While, beyond, were the throngs from hill and valley,
And, waiting the keen-eyed Colonel's rally,
  The troops in their brave array.

Now friends and captives mingle,
  And cries of joy or woe
Thrill the broad street as loved ones meet,
Or in vain the tale of the past repeat,
  And back in anguish go.

Among them lingered a widow —
From the Suabian land was she —
And one fell morning she had lost
Husband and children three,
All slain save the young Regina,
A captive spared to be.
Nine weary years had followed,
But the wilderness was dumb,
And never a word to her aching heart
Through friend or foe had come,
And now, from Tulpehocken,
Full seventy miles away,
She had walked to seek her daughter,
The Lord her only stay.

She scanned the sun-browned maidens;
But the tunic's rude disguise,
The savage tongue, the forest ways,
Baffled and mocked her yearning gaze,
And with sobs and streaming eyes
She turned to the Colonel and told him
How hopeless was her quest —
Moaning, 'Alas, Regina!
The grave for me is best!'
'Nay, Madam,' gently he replied,
'Don't be disheartened yet, but bide,
And try some other test.

What pleasant song or story
  Did she love from your lips to hear?'
'O Sir, I taught her "Our Father";
  And the "Creed" we hold so dear,
And she said them over and over
  While I was spinning near;
And every eve, by her little bed,
  When the light was growing dim,
I sung her to sleep, my darling!
  With Schmolke's beautiful hymn.'
'Then sing it *now*,' said the Colonel,
  And close to the captive band
He brought the mother with her hymn
  From the far Suabian land;
And with faltering voice and quivering lips,
  While all was hushed, she sung
The strain of lofty faith and cheer
  In her rich German tongue:
'Allein, und doch nicht ganz allein,'
  (How near the listeners press!)
Alone, yet not alone am I,
Though all may deem my days go by
  In utter dreariness;
The Lord is still my company,
I am with Him, and He with me,
  The solitude to bless.

He speaks to me within His word
As if His very voice I heard,
And when I pray, apart,
He meets me in the quiet there
With counsel for each cross and care,
And comfort for my heart.

The world may say my life is lone,
With every joy and blessing flown
Its vision can descry;
I shall not sorrow nor repine,
For glorious company is mine
With God and angels nigh.

As she sung, a maid of the captives
Threw back her tangled hair,
And forward leaned as if to list
The lightest murmur there;
Her breath came fast, her brown cheek flushed,
Her eyes grew bright and wide
As if some spell the song had cast,
And, ere the low notes died,
With a bound like a deer in the forest
She sprang to the singer's side,
And, 'Liebe, kleine Mutter!'
Enfolding her, she cried —
'My dear, dear, little Mother!' —
Then swift before her knelt

As in the long, long buried days
When by the wood they dwelt;
And, 'Vater unser, der du bist
Im Himmel,' chanted she,
The sweet 'Our Father' she had learned
Beside that mother's knee;
And then the grand 'Apostles' Creed'
That in her heart had lain:
'Ich glaube an Gott den Vater,'
Like a child she said again —
'I believe in God the Father' —
Down to the blest 'Amen.'

Stooping and clasping the maiden
Whose soul the song had freed,
'Now God be praised!' said the mother,
'This is my child indeed! —
My own, my darling Regina,
Come back in my sorest need,
For she knows the Hymn, and "Our Father,"
And the holy "Apostles' Creed"!'
Then, while the throng was silent,
And the Colonel bowed his head,
With tears and glad thanksgivings
Her daughter forth she led;
And the sky was lit with sunshine,
And the cold earth caught its smile

For the mother and ransomed maiden,
That morning in Carlisle.

NA–TAS'–KA [38]

A Legend of Lake Mohonk

Why does the south wind sigh as it passes Mohonk's lovely water?
Why are the shadows so deep where the cliffs hang over the tide?
Ages ago the shore was the home of the Sagamore's daughter;
Ages to come her story with mountain and lake will abide.
Still, through the lapsing years, the winds and the shadows have sought her,
Sighing and falling for ever for lover and bride.

Where Shawangunk's* rampart meets the skies,
Cool in its broad embrasure lies
The fairest lake the hills enfold —
Crystal Mohonk, whose warders bold
Challenge the winds, and answer loud
When thunders roll from cloud to cloud.
The Red Man loved its sparkling tide,
Its crags, its woods, its valleys wide,
And on its sunny marge, of yore,
Dwelt the high-hearted Sagamore
Who ruled from mount to river shore,
But now, for many a restless day,
Had bent beneath the Mohawk's sway,
And tribute paid for cliff and strand
To chiefs of Ononda'ga's band.

* Pronounced *shong'gum.*

Of all the ills her sire had known
Little his sheltering care had shown
His young Natas'ka — rarest maid
That ever roamed in Shawangunk's glade.
How blithe she was! how light and free
Her footsteps over hill and lea!
Her velvet cheek, her smiling eyes,
Her lustrous hair whose soft disguise
Her dimpled shoulders fell adown,
Her rounded arms so rosy brown,
The fawn-skin tunic's careless grace,
The girdle thick with wampum strewn,
The shining beads that, lace on lace,
About her shapely throat were thrown,
The moccasins with broidery fine
Her fingers wrought beneath the pine —
From Shawangunk mountains to the sea
No other maid was rare as she.

And had she lovers? Aye, her name
Thrilled many a youth of forest fame
Who heaped his gifts and sued her sire
With eager words and heart of fire;
But one and all he answered still,
'The maid shall wed the man she will!'
For pleased he knew his faith was plight
To Wis'sewa of lineage bright,

Who proudly wore by crag and lea
The wolf-badge of the Len′a-pe;
To Wis′sewa the valorous,
Peer of the chiefs of Esopus,
And worthy, joyful days or dire,
To share Wawas′sing's council-fire;
To Wis′sewa, whose tender gaze,
As in the mead she plucked the maize
That golden morn he gayly bore
Good tidings to the Sagamore,
Entranced her heart, unmoved before.
'Welcome!' her gracious sire had said,
And to the fur-strewn couch had led;
The while she brought their highland cheer —
Their trout, their samp, their venison —
And when the simple meal was done,
And tidings told, delayed to hear
Of wars, and hunts, and phantom deer
Fleet as the wind, with antlers wide,
By wanderers on the hills descried;
And stolen glance and mantling cheek
Revealed the charm they could not speak.
And when beside the spring they met
And vowed to love and love for ever,
Within her necklace-beads he set
His treasured, magic amulet
Wrought by the gods of ruddy ore

On the Great Lake's mysterious shore,
That naught their wedded lives might sever.
Then — with the honored, ancient ways
Befitting chiefs and bridal days
Observed — the Sagamore decreed
When trees should bud and brooks be freed,
With feast and train the maid should go
To glad his lodge the hills below.

Alas! an alien eye has seen
Natas'ka in her forest sheen! —
Bold Tagonwe'ta, from the river
Where the fierce Mohawk fills his quiver,
Has marked the maid and swiftly sped
This darling of the woods to wed;
Nor brooked he rite, nor form's delay,
Bent but to win and haste away.
Renowned in hunt and war was he,
And versed in woodland gallantry:
His beaver robe, his broidered vest,
The bear emblazoned on his breast,
His locks with eagle feathers crowned,
The wampum-belt his waist that bound,
His regal port, his manly form,
Were fit a maiden's heart to warm.
And pipes of carven stone he brought,
And richest furs through perils sought

In lonely wastes and northern snows,
Quivers of otter skin, and bowls
Painted with potent, mystic scrolls;
All at her father's feet he throws —
He who denial ne'er had known —
And asks Natas'ka for his own.

'Brave Mohawk,' said the Sagamore,
'Thy words would open many a door,
But I have said, and say it still,
The maid shall wed the man she will;
And now my faith for her is plight
To Wis'sewa of lineage bright
Who proudly wears by crag and lea
The wolf-badge of the Len'-a-pe;
Our tribes are kindred, and their sway
Was mightier once than thine to-day.
Seek in thy vales thy heart's desire —
The maid to tend thy wigwam fire —
Natas'ka cannot be thy bride.'

'Vain boaster!' fierce the Mohawk cried,
'Shall Tagonwe'ta be denied?
Shall thus a vassal chieftain dare?
Let the base Len'-a-pe beware! —
The sun will sooner leave the sky,
The river northward flow, than I

My purpose lose! for, mark me well,
Natas′ka in *my* lodge shall dwell!
Ye hear my words.' That instant fell
A gloom of clouds o'er lake and wood; —
And, turning quickly where he stood,
Scorn on his lips, his brow a frown,
The Mohawk strode the mountain down,
And vanished, like a shadow fled,
Where the slight pathway valeward led.

'Begone, bold robber!' said her sire,
'And let the north wind cool thine ire.
Thy words are hawks. The dove shall fly
Beyond their swoop to safer sky.
Natas′ka, thou hast naught to fear!'
And forth he fared to chase the deer.

Now fell the snows; the brooks were still;
The hunters housed by plain and hill;
But in her wigwam's fold, the maid,
Her robes to deck, her mats to braid,
Forgot the lodges by the river
Where the fierce Mohawk filled his quiver,
And let her fancy wander free
To Wis′sewa the Len′-a-pe,
Sure that his talisman had power
To shield her in an evil hour.

Thrice the new moon o'er Shawangunk hung,
Then March winds roared the woods among,
And April's sunny, showery weather
Woke bird and brook and tree together.
To-morrow, at the break of day,
Natas'ka takes her westward way,
And all the forest pomp with her
Of gift and guard and servitor.

Content, yet fain to keep the hills,
Before the evening dew distils,
Or the low sun the vale bereaves,
Unseen the merry camp she leaves
And climbs the steep to view once more
The crags, the lake, the lovely shore;
While down the vale the day declines
And crimsons all the mountain shrines.
Wistful she stands above the brink
And marks a fawn that stoops to drink,
And a lone eagle circling high
Where the huge cliffs uphold the sky,
And north, upon the horizon's rim,
Greets the great ranges, blue and dim,
That bar her father from his foes;
Then — wondering what the years will prove
Borne from this scene of childhood's love
Where sweet is every breeze that blows —

To all the gods of earth and air
She breathes a fervent, maiden prayer;
And the wind died; the vale was still;
And twilight hung o'er lake and hill.

'Natas'ka!' said a voice so near
It smote her heart with chilling fear;
And all the joy within her dies
To see the dreaded Mohawk rise
From the dusk wood and front her thus,
Defiant, stern, victorious.
'Natas'ka! sire nor Powers Divine
Can aught avail, for thou art mine!
Long have I watched; my warriors wait
To guard thee to the river-gate,
And thence our light canoes will fly
Up where the Mohawk meadows lie.
The base-born, coward Len'-a-pe
'Twere shame to mate with maid like thee!'

A step, and he is at her side —
But, swift as fawn, afar she springs,
And where the pathway closest clings
To the sheer edge, she holds her way,
Pursued as hawk pursues its prey!
Woe to the magic amulet
Her lover in her necklace set!

Where was the hill-god's kindly care?
Why failed the powers of wave and air
Her frantic homeward flight to guide?
A riven, treacherous rock she pressed
Crashed downward to the lake's clear breast
And plunged the maid, to-morrow's bride,
Full deep beneath the whelming tide! —
Madly the Mohawk followed her,
Dropping from crag to cleft and spur;
But when he gained the startled shore
No trace the rippling waters bore,
Nor sight nor sound in cove or glade,
Save the wild moan the night wind made,
Natas'ka's hapless fate betrayed!
And rent with bitterest rage and pain,
Baffled, and powerless to deliver,
To the dusk wood he turned again
And sought, with stealthy steps, the river.

I love to think athwart the wave
She swam to find some hidden cave,
Some secret bower whence glad she stole
To meet the sachem of her soul;
I know not — but the legend's bride
Sleeps, evermore, beneath the tide!

— And yet, they say, in balmy eves
Above the brink the maiden stands,

And, silent, while the south wind grieves,
Lifts to the sky imploring hands;
And then her bold, relentless lover
Leaps toward her from the laurel cover,
And proud salute and sharp recall
Echo along the mountain wall;
But, should you near them, man and maid
Grow faintest shadows in the shade,
And down the lake pursuit and cry
Blend with the wandering zephyr's sigh.

Gone are the sagamores of old;
Their heights and valleys strangers hold;
And blue-eyed girls with sunny locks
Roam the shy glades or climb the rocks,
And list to lovers' vows, and dream
Of bridal morns, by cliff and stream.
But while Mohonk spreads crystal-fair
And Shawangunk lifts its crags in air,
While laurels flush and sunsets flame,
The waves will speak Natas'ka's name.

CITIZENSHIP FOR THE RED MAN

A MIGHTY nation we have built
  Of many a race, remote or kin —
Briton and Teuton, Slav and Celt,
  All Europe's tribes are wrought therein;

And Asia's children, Afric's hordes,
  Millions the world would crush or flout:
To each some help our rule affords,
  And shall we bar the Red Man out?

The Red Man was the primal lord
  Of our magnificent domain,
And craft, and crime, and wasting sword
  Oft gained us mount and stream and plain.
And shall we still add wrong to wrong?
Is this the largess of the strong —
His need to slight, his faith to doubt,
And thus to bar the Red Man out,
  Though welcoming all other men?
Nay! let us nobly build him in,
Nor rest till 'ward' and 'alien' win
  The rightful name of citizen!
Then will the 'reservation' be
Columbia's breadth from sea to sea,
And Sioux, Apache, and Cheyenne
Merge proudly in American!

POEMS OF SPANISH AMERICA

THE LAST INCA [39]

In lone Caxamalca Pizarro awaits
The moment the Inca shall enter its gates,
His horsemen, his footmen, concealed in the halls,
Wide-portaled, that circle the plaza's gray walls;
For the people have fled to the camp of the king
Till they find what the Spaniards' fell presence will bring —
The snowy tents marshalled his guests to dismay,
On the valley's green border a bird's flight away.
The dark plot is woven; the mass has been said;
Jehovah of battles invoked for their head;
And captain and soldier with valiant accord
Chanted, 'Exsurge, Domine, — Rise, O Lord!'

'He comes!' cried the sentinel set in the tower;
'His legions, advancing, like thunder-clouds lower;
Hark! hear the wild songs the red heathen are singing
As they clear from his path every straw that is clinging!
And nearer, and nearer . . . I see the bright swarm
Of nobles and guards that environ his form;
Their robes white and azure, their hair decked with gold,
Triumphant, unnumbered, their prince they enfold;
They sweep by the fortress; their lines curve apart;

Dios! 'tis the Inca! . . . What glowing rays dart
From his throne, as a sun, on their shoulders borne high,
Plumed and gemmed with the Virgin's own altar to vie!
And there he reclines with the air of a god,
As if armies and kingdoms would fall at his nod;
On his brow the imperial borla is bound,
Its crimson fringe drooping his temples around,
And above float the plumes of that bird of the skies
Which only, they say, for his diadem flies;
His mantle, how gorgeous; and lo, while you listen,
I see at his throat his great emeralds glisten; . . .
He enters the gateway; his hordes follow fast;
Dios! we have trapped this proud pagan at last!'

The palanquin halts in the heart of the square;
And still every Spaniard hides deep in his lair.
'Now where are the strangers?' the grave Inca calls,
As he sees but his train 'twixt the compassing walls; —
'I have come, at their craving, to sup with them here
In my own Caxamalca, and what should they fear?'

Then forth strode Valverde, Pizarro's own priest,
Saint Dominic's friar, to bid to the feast;
A Bible, a crucifix, solemn he bears,
And straight through the throng to the Inca he fares.

With slightest obeisance, in sounding Castilian —
While the monarch gazed calm from his golden pavilion,
And Philip, interpreter, stood at his side —
'My commander has sent me to tell you,' he cried,
'Of the Faith which is true and the King who is strong;
We have sailed the wide ocean to show you your wrong'; —
And, deeming his creed would convince and appall,
Creation, the Trinity, Eden, the Fall,
The Saviour incarnate, his life, crucifixion,
Saint Peter, King Charles, and the Pope's malediction
On all who proved recreant, passed in review;
While Indian-Philip his words coined anew,
And added explainingly, 'Christians adore
These three Gods and one God, and that will make four.'
Thus ended Valverde: 'The Pope, and our King,
Earth's mightiest ruler, have sent us to bring
This light in your darkness. Renounce your false ways
And learn the true God of the Spaniards to praise!
Become their good vassal; — so vengeance shall spare,
And you and your land have their fostering care.'

'*Atác!*' groaned the Inca, on fire when he heard;
His proud form dilated as word after word

Fell hot on his ear; and in answer he flames,
'What warrant has Pope or has King for his
claims?' —
While the people's deep murmur crept out to the
valley
Where legion on legion would rise at his rally; —
'This book,' said Valverde; and sternly he placed
The Bible before him. The Inca in haste
Scans its pages; then dashed it disdainfully down:
'Tell your comrades the insults they offer my crown —
Their crimes in my realm they shall amply atone!
Know that *I* am most mighty — the strongest *my*
throne;
Your King may be powerful — a brother I'll be —
But vassal to none on the land or the sea!
And my Faith — by the heavens! I never will alter!
As soon shall the dawn in the glowing east falter!
Your own God, you tell me, was cruelly slain
By the men he created; hung, dead, in his pain;
But mine lives forever! my father, the Sun,
The deathless, the glorious, unchangeable One; —
Behold where he shines in celestial array!
Then back to your darkness! I bide with the day!'

'Base hound!' said the friar, as stooping he caught
The book to his breast, and with quickened steps
sought

Pizarro, who waited his coming within, —
'If you wish,' he burst out, 'the vast wager to win,
Talk no more with this dog full of malice and pride!
His clans fill the fields. Once our force is defied,
Nor wisdom nor courage their swarms can evade; —
Set on! I absolve you! and God be your aid!'

''Tis the hour!' cried Pizarro; and, boldest to dare,
The white scarf, his signal, waves ghostly in air!
Like thunder on Andes the fortress gun roars,
And horsemen and footmen spring fierce from the doors;
'Saint Jago and at them!' they shout as they come,
And nobles and people bewildered and dumb,
Unarmed and defenseless, are slaughtered like sheep
In the pit of the shambles! The dread horses leap
On their quivering forms as they cower from the stroke
Of the sabres that flash through the eddying smoke,
As they writhe with the balls from the muskets outpoured —
And all in the name of the merciful Lord!
Yet still through the horror, the anguish, the stress,
Round their heaven-born Inca devoted they press;
At his feet lie his princes, the dying, the dead,
But others crowd eager to stand in their stead,

And, trampled and mangled, no weapons to wield,
Seek yet from the fiends their loved monarch to shield!
As a bark on the billows his litter is swayed
By the rush and the blast of the mad cavalcade; —
Ho! the bearers have fallen! The Inca is down!
Estete has snatched his imperial crown!
And, dragged and despoiled by the ravaging host,
His bright vesture sullied, his jewels the boast
Of his captors, they seize him and bear him away,
Strong-guarded, as fades the last glory of day! . . .
Then a shadow stole over the face of the Sun
In the shrines; and a wail from the sweet winds that run
Through the dusk, thrilled the air; but no star could deliver; —
The light of the Incas had vanished forever! . . .
And his people, bereft of their Child of the Sky,
Break wild through the wall in their terror, and fly
To the vales, to the mountains, cut down as they go
By the sword and the shot and the hoof of the foe! . . .
Now night o'er the scene spreads her pitying pall; —
'Bid the trumpets,' Pizarro cries, 'sound a recall,
And Te Deums be sung, for Jehovah has given
This might to our arms, else in vain we had striven!'
And the chants, and the groans of the dying, as one,
Went up to the Lord when the carnage was done.

A HERO OF CARACAS [40]

Caracas! when I think of thee
I hear the bells chime tunefully,
The bells of Spain that mark the hour
Within thy gray cathedral tower,
And echo sweet and faint and far
Where Ávila's green summits bar,
Beyond the vale, the northern sea —
The shining, storied Caribee.

Superb in bronze and porphyries
I see, within the plaza trees,
Victorious thy Bolívar ride;
And 'gainst the mountain's bosky side,
Within the Pantheon where rest
Thy noblest and thy mightiest,
In stately pomp his urn enshrined,
A pæan sung by every wind!
And lo, to south, our Washington
Faces serene the tropic sun,
Benignant, firm, thy hills before,
As on his fair Potomac shore,
And at his feet, in endless May,
Thy merry, dark-browed children play:
Honor is his, by every sea,
Who won the world for Liberty!

But where is bronze or urn for him
Whose fame should never lapse or dim
While Caribee thy border laves?
Hast thou no grave, of all thy graves,
To give the boldest of thy braves?
No pedestal whereon to set
The chief nor peaks nor vales forget? —
Great Guaicaipu'ro, name to raise
The dead with, and to crown with bays!

Mould in metal or carve in stone
This Indian hero! Make him known
With thy Bolívar as he stood,
Despairing, fierce, that night of blood
When country, freedom, life were lost
As round him closed the invading host
With thrust of sword and pall of flame
And shouts that stayed the stars in shame;
And, dying, to his gods he cried
For vengeance, and in crying, died! . . .
Set the statue where all may heed,
And on its flawless marble read
(Perchance his curse were lighter thus —
Lifted a shadow from thy strand)
To Guaicaipu'ro valorous,
Defender of his native land.

BOLÍVAR

At the Pantheon, Caracas

Bolívar! Venezuela brings
To thee her richest offerings;
But bounds are not for fame like thine —
The continent is still thy shrine;
Yea, North and South through thee are one,
Thou peer and heir of Washington!

And while La Guayra's vale is fair
And Ávila climbs proud in air,
While Maracaibo's mirror glows
And Orinoco seaward flows
Thy name, thy glorious deeds shall stand,
The bulwark of thy native land.

WAR WITH CHILE

January 23, 1892

War with Chile? Just as soon
At the radiant hour of noon
Should the sun vie with the moon!
Should the moon in heaven's azure
With the stars her brightness measure!
Bombard Valparaiso? Lo,
How the startled craters glow!

How the peaks with horror heave!
Sea-winds up the gorges grieve,
And the condor to the sky
Screams this Old-World cruelty!

What! The Great Republic deign
Thus the glory to maintain
Of her high, effulgent reign?
Thus, this year of jubilee,
Dim her flag on shore and sea?
She, the light of all the Band
Vowed to Freedom, let her hand
Strike her young, impetuous neighbor
Madly down with war's dread sabre,
While the nations hardly smother
Scorn of how we love each other?

No! The Godlike way be hers! —
Generous, patient, till she stirs
Even her foes to worshippers
Seeing clear the soul of good
In our storied Sisterhood.
To the winds be vengeance cast!
Let the war-cry be the last! —
Guns be manned nor sails be spread
Till the day of peace has fled.
Glory, right alone confers —
Let the Godlike way be hers!

GOMEZ TO BLANCO

In answer to Blanco's proposition, January, 1898, that for riches and a ship to carry him from Cuba, he should abandon the struggle for liberty.

Can honor for gold be bartered? Are treason and truth at one?
How dare you debase my purpose with a proffer that shames the sun!
God pardon me now for believing a just thought left to Spain,
And help us to grander effort our glorious end to gain!

A ship to bear me from Cuba! Riches for all my life! —
Are you mad? The world would not tempt me to turn from this patriot strife —
I who, through darkness and anguish, see ever before me shine
Cuba resplendent with Freedom, and count it a vision divine!
Do you think I forget Francisco, my son, the soul of my soul,
Slain by a Spanish assassin, ere yet we were nearing the goal?
Aye, and the host of the valiant, slaughtered, imprisoned, betrayed,
While the peaks and the palms and the winds alone know where their bones are laid?

But the isle they died to rescue their reverent shrine
shall be,
And her circling waves will lull them with a song of
victory!

A ship for some far-off haven? 'Tis *you* who should
seek retreat
Where the storms of indignation and scorn less fiercely
beat!
You stand in the lonely shadow of the pride and de-
spair of Spain;
Before me hope is glowing; and the best of earth are
fain
To hail the bright flag waving above our Cuba free; —
God bless her dauntless heroes! that day we soon shall
see.

THE CAGED ROBIN [41]

At the Pantheon of Mexico,
Through San Fernando's gate,
In a dim and dusty corridor
I chanced one morn to wait,
When, from the wall above me,
I heard a pleading note
As if a song had turned to sighs
Within a tiny throat,

And lo, a northern robin,
Far from his heritage,
With drooping wings and half-shut eyes
Locked in a narrow cage!

Morelos and Guerrero —
Rare bronze and stone, were there,
And Juarez, mourned of Mexico,
Ah, never rest so fair!
And from the Alameda
Wild music wafted down —
But what cared he for heroes dead,
Or all the Aztec town?
His mate was in the Northland
Where she would build her nest
By the apple blooms of the orchard,
On the bough she loved the best,
And O to be free and flying home
Past mount and wood and bay —
Home to the cool, green orchard,
Beneath the sky of May!
And suddenly he spread his wings
As if to take the air,
But wearily sank back again
To the quiet of despair. . . .
Then, from the sombre gateway,
I heard my comrades call,

And gained the street, but my heart was left
With the robin on the wall.

A SEA-BIRD

OFF PERU

O TO be a sea-bird one celestial day,
Sailing, sailing, sailing past the wind away!
All the crested billows rolling bright below,
All the boundless heaven balm and light and glow;
Ah, what life, what rapture wide-winged thus to fly,
In God's azure only sun and sea and I!

O to poise in ether, high o'er cloudy bars,
Where the cross at midnight burns among the stars!
See, to eastward, Andes lift their snows in air,
Westward bowery islands beckoning, Eden-fair;
Ah, what life, what rapture, wide-winged thus to fly,
In God's azure only sun and sea and I!

O the primal freedom, O the glorious ease,
Flashing down the breakers, floating with the breeze!
Still in rosy morning, sunset's golden shine,
Sailing, sailing, sailing blithe above the brine!
Ah, what life, what rapture, wide-winged thus to fly,
In God's azure only sun and sea and I!

'FAIR SCENES AND SONGS IN DREAMS ARE NIGH'

Fair scenes and songs in dreams are nigh,
Their old enchantment bringing; —
Snow-fed Barada lapses by;
The muezzin calls from his turret high
As the rosy dawn is springing;
The lark is lost in the English sky,
And the Kremlin bells are ringing!

THE SONG BY THE BARADA

Over the brow of Lebanon,
In a blaze of splendor sank the sun,
  Its gold on the valley glowing;
After a day now dark, now fair,
With a wild sirocco sweeping bare
The mountain paths, as we journeyed there,
  To stately Baalbec going.

All in the dusk our tents gleamed white
Where lone Barada lulled the night,
  Cool from the snows of Hermon;
Around us, rose and hawthorn blooms
Hung, sad, above Abila's tombs;
And her ruined temples, through the glooms,
  Looked with a voiceless sermon.

The wild wind fell; and, past compare,
Up in the wonderful depths of air
  Floated the starry islands; —
Floated so calm, so bright, so near,
From the curtained door I leaned to hear,
Perchance, some song of the blessed, clear,
  In the great o'erarching silence.

By the tethered horses, from man to man
Speech and laughter alternate ran,
  Where the muleteers were lying;
But story and merriment fainter grew,
Till the only sound the tent-court knew
Was the dragoman's footfall echoing through,
  Or the wind in the walnut sighing.

Listen! what steals on the air? Has the breeze
Wafted down from the shining seas
  A song of the seraphs seven? —
Soft and low as the soothing fall
Of the fountains of Eden; sweet as the call
Of angels over the jasper wall
  That welcomes a soul to heaven.

It swells! it mounts! it fills the vale!
The hawthorns tremble; the roses pale
  At its passionate, glorious mazes! —
'Tis a Peri hymning of Paradise!
'Tis the plaint of a spirit that yearns and sighs,
Though lapped in the nameless bliss of the skies,
  For a lost love's embraces!

A moment's hush with the falling strain; —
And the wild wind, rising, roared amain
  O'er the stream and the covert shady!

Breathless I stood in the curtained door,
But the ravishing melody came no more;
And the dragoman, crossing the tent before,
Cried, 'The Nightingale, my lady.'

Yet still, when April suns are low,
I hear the wild sirocco blow,
And see, in memory's vision,
Abila's ruins strew the hill;
The stars the Syrian azure fill;
While, listening, all my pulses thrill
As soars that song Elysian.

THE SOUTH WIND

Job xxxvii. 17

O the kiss of love and the soul of song
Is the south wind after frosts and snows!
Swallow and violet wait not long
When warm from the vales of heaven it blows;
And meadow and wood and ocean's breast
In a trance of blissful languor rest,
And the stars beam soft on the brooding year,
And God himself comes near, comes near,
When He quiets the earth by the south wind!

THE ORIOLE

THE sun on the oriole's flashing breast
As he flits through the rosy apple-flowers,
A waning moon in the tender west,
And, high in the boughs, an empty nest
Beaten by winter's blasts and showers; —
Hush! his ravishing carol rings
From the topmost twig he makes his throne!
Rich as the hue of his glancing wings —
Mellow as flute-notes zephyr-blown
Down Phrygian dells when day is done! —
Oriole, singing aloft in the sun,
The waning moon and the empty nest,
Shadow and silence, at God's behest,
Follow shine and the brood in the bowers;
Follow, and who knows which is best? —
Sing on, by the rosy apple-flowers.

HOLLYHOCKS

O THE stately Hollyhocks
Flowering up the stalk —
Crimson, rose and creamy white
Blazoning the walk —
Soft with sighs, on summer eves
I have heard them talk!

But what they said in the balmy hush —
Not a leaf astir on the tree —
I shall never tell lest the stars should fall
And the sun drown in the sea! —
So sweet, so high, so wonderful
Their words in the dusk to me.

GOOD–NIGHT

For Music

Now shadows fold the sunset gold,
The vesper stars gleam fair,
No robin sings, no swallow wings
Its eager flight in air.
But dews the drooping roses fill
With silent, balmy rain,
And murmuring rill and zephyr thrill
The hush of grove and plain, —
Good-night!

Good-night! good-night! the moon will light
The east before the dawn,
And stars arise to gem the skies
When these have westward gone.
Good-night! and sweet be thy repose
Through all their shining way,
Till darkness goes, and bird and rose
With rapture greet the day, —
Good-night!

GOLDENROD AND ASTERS

The goldenrod, the goldenrod
  That glows in sun or rain,
Waving its plumes on every bank
  From the mountain slope to the main, —
Not dandelions, nor cowslips fine,
  Nor buttercups, gems of summer,
Nor leagues of daisies yellow and white,
  Can rival this latest comer!

On the plains and the upland pastures
  Such regal splendor falls
When forth, from myriad branches green,
  Its gold the south wind calls, —
That the tale seems true the Red man's god
  Lavished its bloom to say,
'Though days grow brief and suns grow cold,
  My love is the same for aye.'

And, darker than April violets
  Or pallid as wind-flowers grow,
Under its shadow from hill to meadow
  Great beds of asters blow; —
O plots of purple o'erhung with gold
  That need nor walls nor wardens,
Not fairer shone, to the Median Queen,
  Her Babylonian gardens!

And were I to be a bride at morn,
Ere the chimes rang out I'd say,
'Not roses red, but goldenrod
Strew in my path to-day!
And let it brighten the dusky aisle,
And flame on the altar-stair,
Till the glory and light of the fields shall flood
The solemn dimness there';

And should I sleep in my shroud at eve,
Not lilies pale and cold,
But the purple asters of the wood
Within my hand I'd hold; —
For goldenrod is the flower of love
That time and change defies;
And asters gleam through the autumn air
With the hues of Paradise!

A CRIMSON CLOVER

The Maples dropped their withered leaves;
Wan, through the mist, the sunset shone;
And from the upland, bare of sheaves,
The jay's call floated, weird and lone.
No robin's song the orchard stirred;
No oriole flashed from elm to elm;
Not even the cricket's chirp was heard,
Through all that gray November realm.

So drear the sky, the drifting leaves,
The dank woods, dim through mist and rain,
That mournfully, as one who grieves
Above his dead, I walked the lane.
When lo! 'mid ferns that, fresh and fair,
Still drooped beneath a sheltering wall
And gave their fragrance to the air,
A crimson clover, sweet and tall!

O heart of joy! O breath of June!
O grace I thought forever fled!
The rose's scent, the robin's tune,
Were wafted from that clover red!
The lane grew pink with apple-blooms,
A paradise of murmuring bees,
And softly, through the maple-glooms,
From sunny meadows stole the breeze!

So night fell, but it seemed not dark;
The wind blew, but it was not chill;
Up rolled the mist till I could mark
The Pleiads gleam above the hill.
'Ah, storm,' I said, 'and loss and pain,
Ye are but shadows passing over!'
And, turning homeward through the lane,
I blest the fearless Crimson Clover.

THE ROSE-BUSH IN AUTUMN

I KNOW, and the sunset-angel knows,
Painter nor palette could paint the rose,
The bush that tall by the border grows
And waves in the wind to-day! —
Ruby and brown where the green has fled,
Bronzed, and brightened with gold and red,
Purple and amber, so lit and wed
By the sun in the soft blue overhead
And the light wind's careless sway,
That the perfect bloom of its summer flowers
Is poor to the wealth of these autumn hours,
And the richest jewels of Asia's mines
Are pale to the hues of its pendent vines
And the tints of its topmost spray!

AN ANGEL

AT my window there's an angel
Robed in flame —
Orange, emerald, vermilion!
Countless treasure — not a trillion —
Though you heaped it to the sky,
Of the gems of earth could buy
Such magnificence of color,
Such release from gray and dolor,
All things tame,

As this wondrous angel brings
(O the ravishing evangel!)
In the splendor of his wings —
Orange, emerald, vermilion,
Gold of sunset, rose of dawn —
And his name?
'Tis the maple on the lawn!

IMMORTAL BEAUTY

Beneath October's paling sun how fair
The wild-wood flowers in harvest beauty wait!
The brier-rose berries hang in coral state;
The goldenrods their soft gray plumelets wear;
Clusters of down the meek immortelles bear;
The asters, bright with purple bloom so late,
To feathery stars have turned at touch of fate;
And all are winged and waiting for the air.

Immortal Beauty! gold and purple still
Glow in each seed the south wind wafts away,
That glade and bank and lonely nook and hill
Through summer suns may shine in rich array:
Not June's red rose the heart with joy can thrill
Like these winged florets, this October day.

WHEN THE ROSE HAS OPENED

Out of dreams, in the midnight gloom,
I wake and the wind blows over the sea;
It has heard the storm and the thunder boom,
And the petrel cry, on its way to me.
Through the lattice it sighs and swells,
But my heart is so light and glad and gay,
That it comes like the music of fairy bells,
Rung in the green-wood, far away;
Sweet as the carol the children sing
When lover and bride from the altar go,
And, under the shadow the lindens fling,
Enter their door in the sunset glow.

Still, to-night, from the starless sky
Will fall the white frost's glittering sheen,
And faint in its chill embrace will lie
Bud and blossom and mossy green;
Dead they will droop in the pallid noon,
But I shall not weep for their sweetness fled,
For hid in my heart's immortal June
Is a flower unfolding, glorious red.
Moan, O wind of the stormy deep!
'Tis the breeze from the Isles of the Blest I hear;
Sink, fair blooms, to your wintry sleep!
There's a fairer waiting to crown the year.

When the rose has opened, the nightingale cares
No more for the paler buds that blow;
When the pearl is the prize which the diver bears,
The sea may sleep in its depths below.
Love is the rose earth's bowers enshrine,
And the gleaming pearl of the caverned sea;
Now the rose and the pearl are mine, are mine,
And what is the land or the wave to me?
Death may come in the morning glow,
Or under the sunset's amber shine, —
I shall say, 'Welcome! I wait to go;
For the rose and the pearl are mine, are mine!'

IN DREAMS

My love, my love, when falls the summer rain
With soothing music on the midnight eaves,
I dream a dream of mingled bliss and pain:
Deep in our heart-fields do I rove again,
And bind with thee the ripe and shining sheaves.

O Land of Joy! the purple mountains flinging
Rich bars of shade across our sunny ease,
The spicy blooms, the groves with bird-notes ringing,
And, sweet through all, the wind a carol singing
Of fairer morns to rise o'er rosy seas.

Love's harvest clime, alas! is ours no more!
For other hearts is heaped the golden grain!
We may not glean where glad we reapt before,
Nor sing the songs, nor wear the smiles we wore,
Nor hear the wind blow sweet across the plain.

Yet still, my love, when fall the summer showers
With soothing music on the midnight eaves,
I dream a dream that all my life o'erpowers:
Blithe in our heart-fields do I pluck the flowers,
And bind with thee the ripe and shining sheaves.

BALTA

Gypsy-Song of Transylvania

Brave Balta clasped me to his breast
Beneath the midnight sky; —
'Now go I east or go I west,
I'll love thee till I die!'
'O wander east or wander west,
My Balta,' soft I sighed,
'By moon and stars I'll love thee best,
And wait to be thy bride!'

Thrice fell the snows on field and tent,
And weary was my life —
When proud a Prince rode up, and bent,
And wooed me for his wife.

'Nay, sir, I must be Balta's bride;
To him my heart I gave'; —
He sprang to earth; his cloak flung wide;
And lo! 'twas Balta brave!

TERESA

Am I too happy? Have I lost
The hymns of heaven, the shining host,
For the low song my Bertrand sings
Beneath the shade the myrtle flings
Across the door in sunset glow?
And for my cherub Angelo? —
My glorious boy with sweeter smile
Than wears, within Saint Francis' aisle,
That infant John the friars say
Will yet take wing and soar away!
Nay — Mary, grace! with hair of gold
And brow like the young Christ's you hold,
O'er the high altar, hovering fair,
Upborne by some celestial air!

How calm he sleeps upon my breast!
Would the great Father send such guest
Into my bosom, if to win
And welcome were a deadly sin?

Or give the boy my Bertrand's eyes
If evil lurked in Bertrand's guise?
Hark! 'tis his step across the sward;
Forgive me if I wander, Lord!
But oh, I surely love Thee more
For the dear face beside the door,
And for the fond arms' tender fold,
Than if I knelt, a maiden cold,
And only knew of love and Thee
What the lone cloister taught to me.

And yet the priest says I have sealed
My own damnation; madly healed
My orphan sorrow with a name
Will send me straight to burning flame!
Because I dared to give my vows
To Bertrand; would not be the spouse
Of Holy Church, and wear the veil
Within the convent's dreary pale —
Our Lady's — hid in dusk of trees
High up the chilly Pyrenees,
Where the white, ghostly nuns look out,
And wild winds toss the boughs about,
And moan and mutter through the air,
Of fast and scourge and midnight prayer.
Oh, what a living death were mine,
Locked in that gloom of fir and pine!

And here, like roses to the sun,
My bright days open, one by one;
And deep within their bloom, my heart
Sings like some nightingale apart
In orange grove, while winds of May
Up the still valley waft his lay!
And have I failed of heaven for this?
Bartered my soul for Bertrand's kiss?
Foregone sweet Mary's kindly care
Because my boy, like hers, is fair?
And does God mock our yearnings so?
Nay! 'tis a fiendish lie, I know!
God smiles on earth, though throned above;
And what is heaven but purer love?
We three, together, glad will go, —
Bertrand and I and Angelo!

THY PSYCHE

Like a strain of wondrous music rising up in cloister dim,
Through my life's unwritten measures thou dost steal, a glorious hymn!
All the joys of earth and heaven in the singing meet and flow,
Richer, sweeter, for the wailing of an undertone of woe;

How I linger, how I listen for each mellow note that falls,
Clear as chime of angels floating downward o'er the jasper walls.

Every night when winds are moaning round my chamber by the sea,
Thine's the face that, through the darkness, latest looks with love at me;
And I dream, ere thou departest thou dost press thy lips to mine —
Then I sleep as slept the immortals after draughts of Hebe's wine!
As the young Endymion slumbered in a moonlight trance of bliss,
When, on lonely Latmos lying, Dian stooped his lips to kiss!
'Twas thy soul-wife, 'twas thy Psyche, one uplifted, heavenly day
Thou did'st call me — how divinely on thy brow love's glory lay!
Thou, my Cupid — not the boy-god whom the Thespians did adore,
But the man so large, so noble, truer god than Venus bore.
I, thy Psyche — yet what blackness in this thread of gold is wove;
Thou canst never, never lead me proud before the throne of Jove!

All the gods might strive to help thee through the longest summer day;
Still would watch the fatal Sisters spinning in the twilight gray,
And their calm and silent faces, changeless, looking through the gloom,
From eternity would answer, 'Thou canst ne'er escape thy doom.'
Couldst thou claim me, couldst thou clasp me, 'neath the blue Elysian skies,
Then what music and what fragrance through their azure depths would rise!
Roses all the Hours would scatter; every god would bring us joy;
So, in perfect loving blended, bliss would never know alloy.

MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD

O THAT immortal day of June
When the sky and the pine-crowned hill were one,
As I played through the long, bright afternoon,
Alone with the wind and the westering sun!
And when he sank, o'er the neighbor ridge,
In a blaze of crimson lit with gold,
The clouds were angels floating to me
Across that rosy, radiant sea,

And all was glory and mystery
In the heaven of heavens his set unrolled; —

And O that Indian Summer morn
When all the sighing winds were still,
And the bay of hounds and the lilt of horn
Came up from the hollow beneath the hill!
Rich and clear from the rocky glens
As they followed the flying fox to the west;
Mellow and faint and dying away
Beyond the wood and the upland gray,
In the hazy, slumberous sky that lay
Over Monadnock's lordly crest; —

And that night when the snows the storm had flung
Rose, drift on drift, to the burdened eaves;
And the waning moon in the orient hung,
And the wind went by like a soul that grieves;
And, wide to north, the banners waved
Of aurora's flitting, spectral host —
Their flaming lances flashing keen
The ranks of the paling stars between,
While sky and snow, with the ruddy sheen,
Glowed till in dim, bleak dawn 'twas lost; —

October's morn — the skies alight —
Live still in the vision memory brings;

Again the cloud is an angel's flight,
And echo a fairy that hides and sings;
Again the wind of June blows sweet,
And heaven looks out in the setting sun; —
Ah! never the later world can bring
Such joy to the soul far journeying,
As the bannered host and the angel's wing
Of the days when earth and sky were one!

MEMORIES

Rare was the cloud by Volga's stream
When morning over Asia shone —
The cloud that caught its crimson beam
And sailed o'er earth and sky supreme,
Wrapped in a fiery-purple gleam;
An eagle from the Oural blown,
A messenger of bliss or ban
With wide wings drifting past Kazan!
And dome and cross and minaret
A moment in its bloom were set;
Then flame and purple paled to gray
And down the steppe dissolved in day.

When sunset's wide resplendent glow
O'er Tyre and Sidon faded slow

Through gold and rose and violet
Till Sharon's plain with dew was wet
And the hills darkened, one by one,
  And night came down on Lebanon —
That hour like gates of Paradise
The peaks of Hermon barred the skies
And zephyrs lulled the pulsing air
Till mount and vale seemed lost in prayer; —
From Moab to the northern strand
'Twas Holy Land, 'twas Holy Land!

Rich are the hues that flush and steep
  In twilight grandeur Egypt's river,
When cool the winds from Philæ creep
Past Karnak's immemorial sleep
And Memnon's watchers fain to keep
  Their gaze adown the east forever!
While weird the pyramids recline,
Wan forms against the golden shine,
And through the orange dusk the plain
Dims to the desert and the main.

. . . . . .

Ah, cloud and peak and stream, for me
Ye glow and glide eternally!

ON THE MASSACHUSETTS COAST

Night

O the gloom of the night with the wind and the rain
Howling in, beating in from the desolate main,
And anon with a cry o'er the tempest prevailing
Some wreck of the deep the wild ruin bewailing!
From the Shoals to Nantucket the lights are half hid
The rush and the roar of the breakers amid;
Ships turn from their moorings; the boats are adrift;
Not a merciful star looking down through a rift;
But blackness and fear with the wind and the rain
Howling in, beating in from the desolate main.

Morning

Now the sun tips with fire every wave's tossing crest;
The gulls are blown seaward, the wind's in the west;
And the wide-rolling deep and the kelp-laden shore
See cloud and fog fleeing to gray Labrador.
The ships, all a-thrill with the joy of the breeze,
Sail portward as light as the foam on the seas;
Not a film in the sky — not a mote in the air —
The blue seems the bright wall of heaven laid bare —
And the gloom of the night and its ghostly cry
scorning,
We are glad in the azure and splendor of morning!

THE HEAVENS

What Alps of clouds! The distant, airy deep
Is lightning-rent, and fleecy mountains tower,
Pile over pile, and drift across the blue,
Wild-driven by the warm, fierce wind that blows
From fiery Mars; while, through their rifts and chasms,
Shines the pure ether of the outer realm,
And links the lone earth to her sister spheres.
Glorious! The Universe is mine the while!
Fleet Mercury, companion of the sun,
And loitering Neptune with his darkened years,
And all the myriad, myriad worlds that roll
Beyond our vision dim, but seen of God,
And heard in symphonies about his throne.
And if, above the splendor of these cliffs,
Some white-winged angel should this moment poise,
And in a voice of luring sweetness sing,
'Come hither, hither with the seraphim!'
I should as lightly follow as the child,
Who, tired of silent books and narrow walls,
Hears from the garden bowers his mother call,
And runs to meet her, knowing they shall roam
Through pleasant woodlands and by singing streams.
Are not the heavens God's pastures of delight,
Whither He leads us when our tasks are done?
Give placid, brooding skies to Time and Love —

Fond human love that nestles in the vale
And shuns the wide horizon and the storm;
But, for Immortal Birth, a sky like this,
Upheaved, tumultuous, with a rushing wind
Swept from the farthest circle of the stars
To bear the rapt, exultant soul away!

Or such an evening as I saw in June:
All day the rain had fallen, but the clouds
Lifted at twilight, and to eastward rolled;
And, from wet woods and fields, a silver mist
Rose silently, half zenith high, and robed
The near horizon, mountains, meadows, groves,
In the soft lustre of its filmy veil,
So light, so thin, that through its shroud the pines
Loomed darkly, like the ghost of Loda seen
By moonlight on the hills of Inistore.
When, lo! above the still expanse, a cloud
Lit by the beams of the departed sun!
A ship of flame with crimson sails and masts
All fiery bright; God's glowing galleon,
Celestial-freighted for some Eden-shore.
And ravished, breathless, fain I would have cried,
'Ho! tarry! hither turn thy gleaming prow,
And take my soul across the silver sea!'

Or an October sunset in the hills:
The west was banked with clouds; the sun obscured;

When, suddenly, just on the horizon's verge,
He burst forth in farewell. O wondrous change!
The south was sapphire through a filmy haze;
The north, the clear, pale, lucent green of waves
That break in foam upon a shelving shore;
The dull, gray bars were palace-pillars tall,
Of gorgeous marbles, jasper, porphyry,
And flawless, blushing granite such as floats
From far Syene quarries down the Nile.
And domes of purest gold above them shone,
And towers with many a banner burning high —
Purple and scarlet on an amber sheen —
While walls of topaz and great rubies blazed,
As flashed the sun or blew the shifting breeze
Through the wide courts and up the columned aisles.
Nay, 'twas no earthly palace, but the Bride —
The New Jerusalem from God come down —
And I had but to cross the close-reapt fields,
And pass the brook and gain the mountain's brow,
To swing the gate of pearl and enter in,
Forever done with death and pain and tears!

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT

Have you seen by Potomac that shaft in the skies,
From the meadows exulting to shine with the sun? —
Now misty and gray as the clouds it defies,
Now bright in the splendor its daring has won!

The winds are its comrades, the lightnings, the storm;
The first flush of dawn on its summit gleams fair;
And the last ray of evening illumines its form
Towering grand and alone in the limitless air.

By Nile rise the Pyramids, wrapped in the shade
Of ages that passed as the waves on the shore;
And Karnak, majestic, whose vast colonnade
A god might have fashioned for man to adore;
And Baalbec uplifts like a vision divine
Its wonder of beauty by Lebanon's wall; —
But captive and slave reared in sorrow the shrine,
The palace, the temple, the pyramid tall.

To Freedom Potomac's proud obelisk towers,
And Karnak and Baalbec in beauty outvies,
For Washington's glory its grandeur empowers,
And freemen with joy piled its stones to the skies!
O Symbol of Liberty, matchless, sublime,
Still soar from the meadows to shine with the sun,
And see thy Republic, to uttermost time,
The noble, the peerless, the Many in One!

THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE

A GRANITE cliff on either shore,
A highway poised in air;
Above, the wheels of traffic roar,
Below, the fleets sail fair; —
And in and out forevermore
The surging tides of ocean pour,
And past its towers the white gulls soar
And winds the sea-clouds bear.

O peerless this majestic street,
This road that leaps the brine!
Upon its height twin cities meet
And throng its grand incline —
To east, to west, with swiftest feet,
Though ice may crash and billows beat,
Though blinding fogs the wave may greet,
Or golden summer shine.

Sail up the Bay with morning's beam,
Or rocky Hellgate by —
Its columns rise, its cables gleam,
Great tents athwart the sky!
And lone it looms, august, supreme,
When, with the splendor of a dream,
Its blazing cressets gild the stream
Till evening shadows fly.

By Nile stand proud the pyramids,
  But they were for the dead;
The awful gloom that joy forbids,
  The mourners' silent tread,
The crypt, the coffin's stony lids —
Sad as a soul the maze that thrids
Of dark Amenti, ere it rids
  Its way of judgment dread.

This glorious arch, these climbing towers,
  Are all for life and cheer!
Part of the new world's nobler dowers;
  Hint of millennial year
That comes apace, though evil lowers —
When loftier aims and larger powers
Shall mould and deck this earth of ours,
  And heaven at length bring near!

Unmoved its cliffs shall crown the shore;
  Its arch the chasm dare;
Its network hang, the blue before,
  As gossamer in air;
While in and out forevermore
The surging tides of ocean pour,
And past its towers the white gulls soar
  And winds the sea-clouds bear.

THE WAYSIDE INN

SUDBURY, MASSACHUSETTS

SET by the meadows, with great oaks to guard,
Huge as their kin for Sherwood's outlaw grew,
Oaks that the Indian's bow and wigwam knew
And by whose branches yet the sky is barred —
Lightning, nor flame, nor whirlwind evil-starred
Disturbed its calm; but, lapsing centuries through,
Peace kept its doors though war's wild trumpets blew;
And still it stands beside its oaks, unscarred.

Ah, happy hostelry, that Washington
And Lafayette among its guests can number,
With many a squire and dame of old renown! —
Happiest that from the Poet it has won
Tales that will ever keep its fame from slumber,
Songs that will echo sweet the ages down!

FRAMINGHAM

WRITTEN FOR THE BI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF THE INCORPORATION OF THE TOWN, JUNE, 1900

FAIR to the Red Man, was Framingham
  When deer were plenty, and salmon swam
By Merrimack west to Sudbury River
  And the brooks that wind where the tall reeds
    quiver —

Up from the sea to the lakes that lie
  Pleasant and cool the pine woods by;
When the bowery streams were the beaver's right,
  And the blue was the eagle's sunward flight,
And only the wind, or the wolf, or the loon,
  Broke the silence at night or noon.
Ah well! nor hunter, nor chief, nor maid,
  Is left by the falls or the forest glade;
Their weirs, their cornfields, their paths, their graves,
  Are gone from the meadows the river laves,
Yet Waushakum, Cochituate, Nobscot Hill,
  Speak of their old Dominion still!

A resolute, reverent race were they
  Who up from the coast-line made their way
To the woods and meads of Cochituate —
  Strong of purpose and stern as fate.
For present good and for future bliss —
  An eye to both worlds — they wrought in this,
Building the meeting-house, bridging the ford,
  Fighting the Indians and fearing the Lord.
And bitter the deeps they sometimes crossed:
  'Imprimis — a wife and nine children lost,
Murdered and captured,' the record ran
  Of Thomas Eames when the town began,
And fair Mount Wayte, with its Christian fame,
  Heard the war-whoop and saw the flame.

Yet the hamlets here in the wilderness
Were a refuge to those in storm and stress.
Rough was the road to Salem then,
But hunted women and helpless men
Fled through the forest's darksome door
From the witchcraft horror that swayed the shore,
And Salem End was a nook of peace
Where from courts and prisons they found release.

Good Parson Swift, on the sunny swell
Where stood his meeting-house, slumbers well;
Yet they say, at midnight who ventures there
May hear his voice, in appeal or prayer,
Ring out as it did when the dead and he
Were parish and preacher, anciently,
And a psalm float by; — but the sounds they hear
Are the sighs of the wind in a dreaming ear,
For pastor and flock, on the sunny swell
Where stood the first meeting-house, slumber well.

And now two hundred years have fled;
But the men of Framingham, living and dead
Have been true to country and state and town
Winning, in war and peace, renown;
And her sons in Manila and Cuba, still
Are brave as the soldiers of Bunker Hill;
And her daughters as loyal, through weal and woe,
As the wives and mothers of long ago.

Fairer and nobler is Framingham
Than in far-off days when the salmon swam
Up from the sea to the lakes that lie
Pleasant and cool the pine-woods by;
For the toil of two centuries makes, at their close,
The wilderness bloom and rejoice as the rose;
With the fortunate 'South' to a city growing,
And traffic and life through its highways flowing;
With the 'Centre' charming in lawns and leas,
For homes and river and stately trees;
With busy, beautiful Saxonville,
Queen of the falls, the lake, the mill —
A region of loveliness' thrift and cheer
Is the town in its bright two hundredth year!
And while Cochituate mirrors the sky
And over Waushakum the west winds sigh —
While her churches rise and her hearth-fires glow,
In strength and honor may Framingham grow,
And forever, the Bay State's diadem,
With virtue, and valor, and beauty, gem!

CROWNING VERMONT

For the 'Brooklyn (New York) Society of Vermonters'
January 17, 1899

How shall we crown Vermont? With the beauty and
balm of her mountains?
The wealth of her fields of clover, her quarries, and
flocks, and corn?
The charm of her towns, hill-guarded, or set by
Champlain's clear fountains,
Or Connecticut, fairest river, that winds through
the meads of morn?

Nay! for the fame of her sons is more than her quarries
and clover;
Strength of the hills is theirs, like her Allen of
bravest mould
Who seized Ticonderoga in the name of the great
Jehovah
And the Continental Congress — bold as the right
is bold.

Strength of the hills is hers; aye, and the strength of
the waters!
Proud she points to her Dewey that morn in Manila
Bay;

Happy the hearts and homes of her patriot sons and daughters —
With the might of the hills and the seas we will crown her to-day!

PEORIA

ILLINOIS

O THE music of thy name,
Peoria!
When with May thy meadows flame,
When the wild crab woos the bees
To its bowers, and Judas-trees
Tint thy budding woods with red;
When from all thy groves and leas,
As if grief and care were dead,
And life and joy forever wed,
Bluebirds, thrushes, orioles,
In rapturous song pour forth their souls;
Then I know 'twas first in May
Thy Indian lovers came this way,
And, tranced with bloom and song of bird,
Coined thee this melodious word —
Sweet as far-off bugle note
Fall the syllables and float —
Peoria!

ILLINOIS

Domain of homes and herds and fields,
Where lavish nature richest yields
Through summer's heat and autumn's shine
Her harvests' bounteous wealth and joy;
No star upon our banner set,
No gem of Freedom's coronet,
Burns with a prouder ray than thine —
Majestic Illinois!

To north rolls Michigan's blue deep;
Ohio, Mississippi, sweep
Thy prairies by; and, shrined between,
Our Lincoln slumbers, past annoy.
What grandeur should thy people own! —
Each man a king, each home a throne,
Each woman love's and honor's queen, —
Majestic Illinois!

TO NEW MEXICO

1912

Land of romance and dream and mystery,
Whose peaks rise proudly in the sunlit blue —
Olympian heights fairer than Thessaly
Before the gods were lost to mortal view —

Thy sculptured cliffs and caves were old, perchance,
Ere sphinx was hewn or pyramids were piled,
And man and maid met here in mystic dance
Ere Miriam sung or David's harp beguiled.

Thine are the treasures of the field, the mine,
The boundless regions of illumined air,
And thine the streams that, brimmed with mountain wine,
Beauty and life to burning lowlands bear.
Land of delight! in this memorial year
Give to thy peaks and vales yet rarer fame,
And make thy realm to all the world more dear,
Crowning its glories with our Lincoln's name!

YOSEMITE

Most glorious Temple! open flung
Are all thy sculptured doors;
Thy mellow chimes are hourly rung,
Thy Jubilates ceaseless-sung,
And o'er thy grassy floors
Reverent I walk, and let my prayers
Waft heavenward with the morning airs.

Thy choirs are streams that, thundering, leap
The mountain barriers down;

The winds that wail by gorge and steep;
The brooks through sunny meads that sweep
  Or foam where cañons frown;
And crags, and groves by crystal falls,
Thy altars and confessionals.

Perpetual masses here intone;
  Uncounted censers swing;
A psalm on every breeze is blown;
The echoing peaks from throne to throne
  Greet the indwelling King; —
The Lord, the Lord is everywhere,
And seraph-tongued are earth and air!

MOUNT TACOMA [42]

WASHINGTON

I AM Tacoma, Monarch of the Coast!
  Uncounted ages heaped my shining snows;
The sun by day, by night the starry host,
  Crown me with splendor; every breeze that blows
  Wafts incense to my altars; never wanes
The glory my adoring children boast,
  For one with sun and sea Tacoma reigns!

Tacoma — the Great Snow Peak — mighty name
  My dusky tribes revered when time was young!

Their god was I in avalanche and flame —
In grove and mead and songs my rivers sung
As blithe they ran to make the valleys fair —
Their Shrine of Peace where no avenger came
To vex Tacoma, lord of earth and air.

Ah! when at morn above the mists I tower
And see my cities gleam by slope and strand,
What joy have I in this transcendent dower —
The strength and beauty of my sea-girt land
That holds the future royally in fee!
And lest some danger, undescried, should lower,
From my far height I watch o'er wave and lea.

And cloudless eves when calm in heaven I rest,
All rose-bloom with a glow of paradise,
And through my firs the balm-wind of the west,
Blown over ocean islands, softly sighs,
While placid lakes my radiant image frame —
And know my worshippers, in loving quest,
Will mark my brow and fond lips breathe my name:

Enraptured from my valleys to my snows,
I charm my glow to crimson — soothe to gray;
And when the encircling shadow deeper grows,
Poise, a lone cloud, beside the starry way;
Then, while my realm is hushed from steep to shore,
I yield my grandeur to divine repose,
And know Tacoma reigns forevermore!

ENGLAND

O Mother-Country! Of a continent
The fairest lands and climes we proudly hold;
And flocks, and herds, and corn, and wine, and gold,
And stately cities, of earth's rarest blent,
Are richly ours; and we are well content
With our bright world, our banner's starry fold,
And would not be by other name enrolled —
Yet how we love thee through our one descent,
Our common tongue, our old, immortal story!
Imperial England, throned amid the seas,
Under all suns thy daring bugles blow;
The east winds and the west waft thy decrees; —
Forever light, law, liberty, bestow,
And farthest ages celebrate thy glory!

ENGLAND IN THE WORLD WAR

Dauntless, high-hearted England! 'Twas thy day
Of grandeur and of duty. God defied —
Thy neighbors ravaged — Ah! Thou couldst not bide
Cold and apart within the seas at bay!
Thy clarion call rang down the ocean way,
And with one fervor swift thy realm replied —
Australia's valor, India's princely pride,
The strength of Canada in stanch array.

Builder of nations! Nobly dost thou dare
To hold and guard what man has dearly won
Of Freedom, Justice, and his right to share,
Though small and weak, the splendor of the sun;
And not till earth finds rest from wrong and woe
This glorious watch and ward wilt thou forego!

LED AND RULED?

December 9, 1913

'English led and English ruled'!
Ambassador! where were you schooled
That you thus misrepresent us —
Wake us with a thrill portentous?
Was our immortal 'Declaration'
Fashioned by the English nation?
Was England gracious helper when
Our Lincoln made of chattels men?
Have we subdued both land and sea
At her imperial decree?
Go to! nor fief nor liege are we!

England we duly honor; yet
To other airs our songs are set —
To other heights our eagle flies.
God guide us in our great emprise

To hold for aye in freedom's van
The bright West consecrate to Man!
The lion, England's; ours the stars
That herald peace, outshining Mars!

WELCOME

SUNG AT THE SAENGERFEST OF 1902, HELD IN PEORIA, ILLINOIS, AND DEDICATED TO THE SAENGERBUND OF THE NORTHWEST

WELCOME, O Brothers, joy and cheer!
Your ancient race and ours were one;
Freedom and song to them were dear
Where Rhine and Elbe seaward run;
And here, beneath this Western sky
If foes assail, your valiant cry
Will ring, as by the German strand:
'Forward, with God, for Fatherland!'

One are our hopes, our aims, our needs;
One force the gage of battle flings;
We thrill with Hermann's mighty deeds;
We glow with songs that Körner sings;
And know, beneath this Western sky
If foes assail, your valiant cry
Will ring, as by the German strand:
'Forward, with God, for Fatherland!'

Ah! Freedom, room for hand and brain,
Full manhood, justice, love divine —
These make the patriot's dear domain
By Mississippi or by Rhine!
And so, beneath this Western sky
If foes assail, your valiant cry
Will ring, as by the German strand:
'Forward, with God, for Fatherland!'

Hail to the land so great and free —
Your land and ours to guard and prize!
With one accord, from sea to sea,
Let joyful songs and anthems rise!
Oh, heart to heart and eye to eye,
If foes assail, your valiant cry
Will ring, as by the German strand:
'Forward, with God, for Fatherland!'

MAIZE IN NORWAY

By an inn of wildest Norway —
A dark fiord below,
And the peaks of the Norska-field, above,
In a waste of gleaming snow;
And between the sombre fir-trees,
The mead where the kine fed free,
And a mountain torrent leaping down

To be lost in the Maelstrom sea —
There, in a narrow garden,
One breezy August morn,
I saw, beside its hardy flowers,
A cluster of Indian Corn!

And I said to blue-eyed Lena
With braided flaxen hair,
The child of the inn who had brought me forth
To see her small parterre,
'Your land lies far to the frozen north,
And a day your summer spans;
Why do you plant the tropic Maize
When frost the harvest bans?
Barley and oats and rye you may reap
Ere yet the snows fall cold,
But the stately Maize, the grain of the sun,
Will never yield its gold.'

''Tis true,' the maiden answered,
'That frost our harvest bans,
But we plant the beautiful, waving Maize
To please the Americans!
They smile when they see its shining leaves,
And say, on their boundless plains
It grows like a forest, rich and tall,
In the warmth and the mellow rains;

And the bins are filled with its blessed gold
Before the bright year wanes.'

'O child,' I said, 'you have planted well!'
And I thought, that August morn,
As I looked at peak and stream and tree,
The dark fiord and the grassy lea,
There was naught so fair on shore or sea
As that cluster of waving Corn.

RUSSIAN POEMS

HOLY RUSSIA

Sergius of Troitsa, loquitur

Have you heard how Holy Russia
  Is guarded, night and day,
By saints gone home to the world of light,
  Yet watching her realm for aye? —
Nicholas, Vladimir, Michael,
  Catharine, Olga, Anna;
Barbara, borne from her silent tower
  To the angels' glad hosanna;
Cyril, Ivan, Alexander,
  Sergius, Feodor;
Basil, the bishop beloved,
  And a thousand thousand more.
They walk the streets of the city,
  Waving their stately palms,
And the river that runs by the Father's throne
  Keeps time to their joyous psalms.
But they do not forget, in their rapture,
  The land of their love below;
Blessing they send to its poorest friend,
  Defiance to proudest foe.
So in cloister, and palace, and cottage,
  Cathedral, and wayside shrine,

We cherish their sacred Icons,
Token of care divine;
And with beaten gold in fret and fold,
And gems the Czar might wear,
And costliest pearls of the Indian seas,
We make their vesture fair.
We set them along our altars
In many a gorgeous row,
The blessed Saviour in their midst,
And the Virgin, pure as snow;
And lamps we hang before them,
Soft as the star that shines
In the rosy west, when the purple clouds
Drift dark above the pines.
The deep chants ring; the censers swing
In wreaths of fragrance by;
And there we bend, while our prayers ascend
To their waiting hearts on high;
And our Lord, and Mary-Mother,
With faces sweet and grave,
Remembering all their tears and woes,
Grant every boon they crave.

Have you heard that each true-born Russian,
Child of the Lord in baptism,
Receives some name of the shining ones
With the touch of the precious chrism? —

And the saint, thenceforth, is his angel;
Ready, through gloom or sun,
To share his sorrows and cheer his way
Till his earthly years are done.
When friends have fled, and love is lost,
And darkest ills betide,
There's a gleam of wings athwart the sky,
And the peace of the glorified
Falls on his soul as the gentle dew
Descends on the parching plain, —
And he knows that his angel heard his sighs
And stooped to heal his pain.
Nor cares he when, or where, or how
The hour of his death may come,
For the Lord of the saints will welcome him,
And his angel bear him home.
And, to mark his faith's devotion,
As a jewel of love and pride
He bears on his breast forever
The cross of the Crucified; —
Bright with rubies and diamonds,
Fashioned of silver and gold,
Or only carved from the cedar
That grows on the windy wold;
Cut from a stone of the Ourals,
Or the amber that strews the shore; —
Close to his heart he wears it
Till his pulses beat no more.

O happy, Holy Russia!
Thrice favored of the Lord!
Around whose towers, when danger lowers,
The saints keep watch and ward!
She need not fear the marshalled hosts
Of her haughtiest Christian foe;
Nor Islam's hate, though at Moscow's gate
The stormy bugles blow!
Fair will her eagle-banners float
Above Sophia's dome,
When heaven shall bring her righteous Czar
In triumph to his Rome;
And Constantine and Helena
Will "Alleluia!" cry,
To see the cross victorious
In their imperial sky.
Ah! what a day when all the way
To Marmora's sunny sea —
From Finland's snows to fields of rose —
Shall Holy Russia be!

RUSSIA

1890

Where is the dauntless spirit
  Of the glorious Slavs of old? —
The swift resolve, the swifter hand,
  The force no king controlled?
O for one peal of the Veché bell!
One hour of the potent surge and swell
When they hailed with scorn a recreant chief:
'Prince! we salute thee!' — and he fell
  From his high estate, at their bidding bold,
As falls to earth a light-hung leaf
  When the north wind roars adown the wold!
O for the Cossacks' burning zeal,
  On the boundless plain, by the flowing river,
When all for freedom they defied,
And with their latest heart-beat cried,
  'May the Russian Land rejoice forever!'

What! shall a hundred millions
  Be dumb at the word of one?
The light of their day be darkened
  While above them shines the sun?
Shall the flower of the Russian people,
  The tender, lofty souls,

Through exile, torture, madness,
  But swell the martyrs' rolls? —
Rise in your ancient grandeur,
  O race of love and fire,
And flame till ice and rock shall melt
  In the blast of your holy ire!
Till the very stars shall fight for you,
  And all the winds that blow
Shall swell your cry for Liberty,
  Shall chant your speechless woe!
Let the sword rest in its scabbard; —
  Your wrongs shall be the blade
To cleave the bonds that have bound you,
  And win the world to aid.
In the might of Slavic manhood,
  In the power of God on high,
Claim and defend your birthright! —
  And the despot's rule shall die.

POEMS FROM 'A RUSSIAN JOURNEY'

SAINT PETERSBURG

See! From the Finland marshes there
'Tis grand Saint Isaac's rears in air,
  Column on column, that shining dome!
And, just beyond its glorious swell,
'Tis the slender spire of the Citadel

Where great Czar Peter slumbers well
All by the Neva's flood and foam, —
That lifts its cross till the golden bars
Gleam and burn with the midnight stars!

THE CROWN JEWELS

Eye of a god was this blazing stone,
Beyond the snows of the Himalaya;
These dazzling stars might have lit the zone
Of the Queen of Jove or the Grace, Aglaia;
And the rubies are such as the Burman king
Sends his elephants white to bring,
With a troop of soldiers and high grandees
Greeting the finder, on bended knees.
Here's an emerald rare as the rose of pride
Cortez gave his Castilian bride,
And lustrous-green as the Indian gem
Charlemagne wore in his diadem;
And pearls hard-won by the Ceylonese
From the silent depths of the tropic seas,
While the conjuror muttered his spells ashore
Till the diver's toils for the day were o'er;
And crystals, amber and amethyst,
That only the Oural caves could harden —
Bright as blossoms the sun has kissed
In the fairy plots of a palace garden.

MOSCOW

Across the steppe we journeyed,
  The brown, fir-darkened plain
That rolls to east and rolls to west,
  Broad as the billowy main,
When lo! a sudden splendor
  Came shimmering through the air,
As if the clouds should melt and leave
  The heights of heaven bare, —
A maze of rainbow domes and spires
  Full glorious on the sky,
With wafted chimes from many a tower
  As the south wind went by,
And a thousand crosses lightly hung
  That shone like morning stars —
'Twas the Kremlin wall! 'twas Moscow —
  The jewel of the Czars!

THE SHRINES OF MOSCOW

Above each gate a blessed Saint
  Asks favor of the skies,
And the hosts of the foe do fail and faint
  At the gleam of their watchful eyes;
And Pole, and Tartar, and haughty Gaul,
Flee, dismayed, from the Kremlin wall.

Here lie our ancient Czars, asleep, —
Ivan and Feodor, —
While loving angels round them keep
  Sweet peace forevermore!
Only when Easter bells ring loud,
They sign the cross beneath the shroud.

O Troitsa's altar is divine, —
  Saint Sergius! hear our prayers!
And Kiëff, Olga's lofty shrine,
The name of 'The Holy' bears;
But Moscow blends all rays in one —
They are the stars, and she the sun!

MOSCOW AT EVENING

O THE splendor of the city,
  When the sun is in the west!
Ruddy gold on spire and belfry,
  Gold on Moskwa's placid breast;
Till the twilight soft and sombre
  Falls on wall and street and square,
And the domes and towers in shadow
  Stand like silent monks at prayer.

'Tis the hour for dreams and phantoms; —
  Meet me by the Sacred Gate!
Ah, what ghostly forms may enter
  When the night is wearing late!

Czars may pass in haughty penance;
Khans bewail their Kremlin gone;
Boris, Timur, haunt the fortress
Till the east is pale with dawn.

MOSCOW BELLS

That distant chime! As soft it swells,
What memories o'er me steal!
Again I hear the Moscow bells
Across the moorland peal!
The bells that rock the Kremlin tower
Like a strong wind, to and fro —
Silver-sweet in its topmost bower,
And the thunder's boom below.

They say that oft at Easter dawn
When all the world is fair,
God's angels out of heaven are drawn
To list the music there.
And while the rose-clouds with the breeze
Drift onward — like a dream,
High in the ether's pearly seas
Their radiant faces gleam.

O when some Merlin with his spells
A new delight would bring,
Say: I will hear the Moscow bells
Across the moorland ring!

The bells that rock the Kremlin tower
Like a strong wind, to and fro, —
Silver-sweet in its topmost bower,
And the thunder's boom below!

TROITSA MONASTERY

O SACRED Troitsa! when the skies
Of morn are blue, I lift my eyes
To see again, in azure air,
Thy starry domes and turrets fair,
And to hear from thy gray cathedral walls
The chanted hymn as it swells and falls.
Then with the pilgrim train I wait,
And enter, glad, thy wide-flung gate,
To drink of Saint Sergius' holy well
That heals the griefs no soul may tell;
Or kneel with them at his wondrous shrine, —
His staff and his simple robe beside, —
And trace on my breast the mystic sign,
And pray for the peace of the glorified!

Then fade thy towers; the music dies;
Above me are my native skies,
Blue and clear in the August morn,
Over the pines and the rustling corn;
With a song from brook and breeze and bird
Sweet as the hymn in thy cloisters heard, —

And I know the fields are a shrine as fair,
For the Lord of the saints is here, as there!

THE FAIR OF NIJNI-NOVGOROD

Now, by the Tower of Babel!
Was ever such a crowd?
Here Turks and Jews and Gypsies,
There Persians haughty-browed;
With silken-robed Celestials,
And Frenchmen from the Seine,
And Khivans and Bokhariotes —
Heirs of the Oxus plain.

Here stalk Siberian hunters;
There tents a Kirghiz clan
By mournful-eyed Armenians
From wave-girt Astrakhan;
And Russ and Pole and Tartar,
And mounted Cossack proud —
Now, by the Tower of Babel!
Was ever such a crowd?

ASIA AT NIJNI

Give me that melon of Khiva,
Luscious and round and fair! —
Its mate, for the Lord of China,
Across the steppes they bear;

And place on the tray beside it,
Worthy of sheikh or khan,
Peaches that grew in the gardens
Of the golden Zerefshan.

And a cup of Flowery Pekoe —
Tea of the mandarins —
Gathered in dewy morning,
Just when the spring begins.
(Keep for the peasant and Tartar,
The bowls of the dark Bohea
Plucked when the heats of summer
With rank leaves load the tree.)

Ah, what ravishing flavors!
Not the wine of the Rhine,
Not of Tokay, nor the nectar
Won from the Cyprian vine,
Nor Sicily's oranges rarest,
Nor sweetest figs of Dalmatia,
Rival the Flowery Pekoe
And the spicy melons of Asia.

KAZAN

Kazan looks down from the Volga wall,
Bright in the darkest weather;
And the Christian chime and the Moslem call
Sound from her towers together.

Shrine of the Golden Horde was she;
Boast of the proud Bokhara;
And her fame was wafted over the sea,
And sung in the far Sahara.

Woe to her Faith and her turbaned Lord:
The Cross and the Russ were stronger;
Her splendors now are the Czar's reward,
And her Khans are kings no longer!

Yet still she looks from the Volga wall,
Bright in the darkest weather;
And the Christian chime and the Moslem call
Sound from her towers together.

THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE

The people, the Russian people,
God grant their night is past,
And the gloom of their weary waiting
Lost in the dawn at last!
From the Baltic to the Okhotsk Sea
The stars have heard their wail,
And the steppe-winds borne their prayers to heaven
That Right may yet prevail.

The people, the patient people,
They are the strength, the power, —

Their hearts are true to the Russian Land
Though darkest clouds may lower.
It was Yermak, the valiant Cossack,
Who broad Siberia won;
Through Minin, peasant of Nijni,
Were the tyrant-Poles undone;

And Archangel's Lomonósoff,
Child of the common throng,
A fisher-lad, was first to shape
The sounding Russ in song.

The people, the trusting people,
God grant their night is past,
And the gloom of their weary waiting
Lóst in the dawn at last!

THE GYPSY

Nay! tell us not of curtained walls!
To us they were a prison;
Better than all your stately halls,
Is the heath where the blessed sunlight falls,
And the free wind blows, and the plover calls
When the mellow moon has risen.
And the sod, for us, is a nobler bed,
Than the couch with richest damask spread,
For ours are the stars and the mystic ties
That link the earth to the rolling skies.

Do you see that girl with the glance of fire?
Woe to the man that dares her ire!
She knows what planet has power to harm;
What beam of the moon will fall as balm;
And the hour when the stormy Pleiads rise,
And the star of love gives bliss for sighs;
And over your palm, with secret lore,
She'll read what the dark years have in store.
Keep your wealth and your gilded bowers!
The glory of field and sky is ours;
And all the spirits of earth and air
Follow our bidding, foul or fair.

THE RUSSIAN'S DREAM OF CONSTANTINOPLE

Hail to the glorious morning
When the Cross again shall shine
On the summit of Santa Sophia,
O city of Constantine!
And that day of sack and slaughter
When the wild, despairing cries
Of 'Kyrie Eleison!' fainter
Went wailing up to the skies,
Shall be lost in the splendid triumph
As the Church reclaims her own,
And the Patriarch welcomes our Lord, the Czar,
To the Cæsars' ancient throne!

Shame to the laggard Latins!
Shame to the grovelling Greeks!
The Crescent above Sophia's dome
Their foul dishonour speaks!
But, over Holy Russia,
Its Cross triumphant towers,
And the creed and the crown of Constantine
Alike shall yet be ours;
And the grandeur of our dominion
For the woes of the past atone,
When the Patriarch welcomes our Lord, the Czar,
To the Cæsars' ancient throne!

In the sky of the south, at midnight,
We have seen God's flaming sign,
And we know He will sweep the Moslem horde,
Like chaff, from his sacred shrine!
Silent will be the muezzin
As the sun on Asia sets;
Folded the Crescent banner;
Crumbled the minarets.
Then, under that dome of glory,
Victorious chants we'll raise,
While the saints look down with loving eyes,
And the gems of the altar blaze!
Hail to the day when the Eagles
And the Cross shall gain their own,

As the Patriarch welcomes our Lord, the Czar,
To the Cæsars' ancient throne!

THE LOWER VOLGA

And still we kept the Volga's tide,
The Volga rolling gray and wide;
While the gulls of the Caspian over it flew,
A flash of silver and jet in the sun,
And, chill though the blast from the Oural blew,
Circled and hovered till day was done.

Faint, in the lulls of the wind, from shore
Came the lowing of herds that roved the plain;
And the bells rang over the water's roar
Calling the hamlet to holy fane.
And slowly the fishers of Astrakhan
Stemmed the current with laden keel;
While the barges the Kama peasants man,
And the barks of the Oka past them ran,
Heaped with iron and wheat and steel;
And as far as the wind could wander free,
On either side was the grassy sea.

FAREWELL TO THE VOLGA

Farewell, O River of the Plain,
O River of the Sea!

Fain would I follow to the main
  Thy current strong and free;
And find, beyond thy reedy islands,
The sullen Caspian's ocean silence.

The Kalmuck girls, with braided hair
  And cap of scarlet crown,
Beside their tents, in evening fair,
  Will watch thy tide go down;
And songs of the steppe and its rovers sing,
Their swarthy lovers listening.

And Kirghis, dark with desert suns,
  Will halt beside thy brink,
While the steed, the brackish spring that shuns,
  Stoops low, thy wave to drink;
Then, fresh and fleet as at dawn of day,
Over the plain they'll haste away.

Farewell. I feel the west wind blow;
  The Asian dream is o'er;
And Europe's in the sunset glow,
  That gilds thy sandy shore.
I go where other streams will shine,
But none so lone, so grand as thine.

THE COSSACK

The Cossack! the Cossack! his steed is his throne;
On the steppe and the desert his glory is known;
For he sweeps like the wind from the camp to the fray,
And woe to the foe and the flying that day!
'False Pagan!' he cries, 'are you slave — are you Shah —
Now die by this lance, or take oath to the Czar!'

The Cossack! the Cossack! a flame of the South
Is the glance of his eye, is the word of his mouth,
For the steed that he rides — for the saint he implores —
And, fairer, and dearer, the girl he adores.
The maiden's fond lover — the Czar's faithful warder —
Ho! drink to the Cossack, from border to border!

THE RIVER DON

O placid Don! I see thee flow
With shallow, snowy-sanded stream,
While light the steppe-winds o'er thee blow,
And cranes and gray-winged herons dream —
Safe as beside some dark lagoon —
Along thy banks in breezeless noon.

The Cossack wanders from thy shore,
But never finds a wave so fair;

Thy summer lapse, thy winter roar,
  Still greet him in remotest air;
And death is sweet if he may lie,
With cross above, thy waters by.

BY THE AZOFF AND EUXINE SEAS

Saw you ever face so fearless,
  Saw you ever face so fair,
As the young Circassian's yonder,
  Gazing, mournful, into air?
How his glance, his kingly carriage,
  Shame the Mongols couched below! —
Bliss to her who'll call him lover;
  Death to him who'll find him foe.

Shade of Helen! there's a Greek girl
  Might have dazzled Priam's son!
With such eyes, such shining tresses,
  Was thy Trojan bold, undone!
And if Paris were as princely
  As the Persian by her side,
All the gods might give thee pity,
  Though a royal Spartan's bride.

O these Border-Lands of Asia!
  What is in their sun, their air,

That the women grow so beauteous,
That the men such grandeur wear?
Not the goddess loved of Odin,
(Palest brow and perfect mouth),
Charms like this Levantine maiden,
Blossom of the glowing South!

YALTA AND THE CRIMEAN TARTARS

And still the Tartar loves the shores
The Euxine washes, and deplores
The glories of his race, gone by!
And often when the east winds sigh —
The winds that warm from Asia blow —
He dreams 'tis the murmur of hosts that go
Forth with Genghis and Timour strong;
And his dark eyes flash, and he hears the song
Of the victors sung where the tent lines glisten,
While, couched on carpets Bokhara wove
For the chiefs that over their pastures rove,
The Khan and his jeweled ladies listen.

But the wind goes by, and a roll of drums
From the fort of the conquering Russian comes;
And their ships sail over the Euxine's foam
And their bells ring clear from tower and dome:
'*It was written in Fate's decree*'; he cries,
'*Allah requite us in Paradise!*'

THE CRIMEAN COAST AND ALUPKA

Cross but this rocky height, and lo!
A valley rare as Rasselas
Found in the Abyssinian pass,
With warmth and beauty all aglow!
Where for Tartar mosque and royal villa
Is many a shining porphyry pillar,
With marbles for arch and floor and stair
Veined with vermilion or amber fair;
And fountains fed by the rills that fall
Cool and clear from the mountain wall.
Where the olive and orange and nectarine
Ripen the sea-side gardens in,
And the winds are sweet as the breeze that sighs
Over the meadows of Paradise! —
Yea, and the Blessed there might crave
Alupka, pride of the cliff and wave!

BAIDAR GATE[43]

O Baidar Gate! lone Baidar Gate!
What glories by thy portals wait! —
Beyond the pines, wide-boughed and old,
Cliffs such as climb in Alpine hold;
Above, the blue Crimean sky
Where, in still noons, the eagles fly,
And poise as if 'twere bliss to be

Becalmed upon that azure sea!
Below, the Euxine with its sails
Fanned by the cool Caucasian gales;
And, all between, the glen, the glade,
Where Tartar girls their tresses braid,
And slopes where silver streamlets run,
And grapes hang, purple, in the sun.

And when, within the wood-fire's glow,
Fond friends tell tales of long ago,
And each recalls some lovely scene
By mountain pass or meadow green, —
If they shall turn and ask of me,
The rarest glimpse of earth and sea,
I'll say, with memory's joy elate,
"'Tis Baidar Gate! 'tis Baidar Gate!'

THE ENGLISH CEMETERY AT SEVASTOPOL

Over the Dead is a radiant sky,
And a light wind blows from the Vale of Baidar;
But what care they as they mutely lie —
Column and captain, steed and rider?

Tulips and poppies can never bloom
Dear to their slumber as English daisies;
Nor the nightingale's warble in bowery gloom
Atone for the skylark's rapturous mazes.

Ghostly cities and nameless graves —
This is the sum of the battle's story!
And the wind of Baidar the brown grass waves,
And sighs above them, 'Alas for Glory!'

ODESSA

Dreaming and looking seaward,
No longer the warders wait,
Guard of the Crescent banner,
Gleaming on tower and gate —
The banner unfurled by the Prophet,
The banner in league with Fate.

Nor boom the guns of the Fortress,
When sunset airs blow free,
While the warriors kneel, as the echoes
Die over steppe and sea —
Kneel and pray that the Moslem,
Lord of the world may be.

Gone are the Turk, and the Crescent,
And the Fortress of Khodja Bey;
And lo! in their place, Odessa,
And the Russ with a grander sway —
The Russ and the Royal Eagle,
That makes the Fate his prey!

OVER THE STEPPE

Hush! heard you that horseman? how madly he rides!
God pity the woman his coming that bides!
Wild oaths wafted up on the wind as he passed,
And a shade o'er the moonlight that moment was cast.

What stirs there? No bugle the barracks have blown;
No drum beats to quarters; yet, watching alone,
While the howl of the dogs fills the midnight with fear,
Some foe stealing by in the darkness, I hear.

Has the Turk crossed the border? the Tartar come back
With the vengeance of murder and fire in his track?
There's a foot by the window; a flame on the floor; —
And lo! 'twas the wind and the moonbeam — no more.

THE PLAINS OF BESSARABIA

Here the white cattle graze that feed
The Austrian Kaiser's towns,
Close-watched by dogs alert to leap
If but the herder frowns;
And here the shepherd tends his flock
While the long days go by —
Now couched beside them in the plain,
Now on the khourgans high.

The plover calls across the steppe;
The stork, with snowy breast,
Flies northward to the kindly roof
That holds her summer nest;
But nothing stirs his drowsy blood
Unless a lamb should stray —
Then woe to wolf or Gypsy thief
That lurks beside the way.

THE CARPATHIANS

O THE glorious purple line
Of the mountains lifted along the west!
Bright, in the sun, their summits shine;
Dark, in the shade, their valleys rest.
Cossack and Tartar may hold the plains,
And the rivers that creep to a tideless sea;
Mine be the heights where the eagle reigns,
And cataracts thunder, and winds blow free!

Not for the steppe, with its desert sheen,
From Austria's border to China's wall,
Would I give the upland pasture's green —
The beech-tree's shadow — the brooklet's fall.
Vanish, O weary, mournful Level!
Welcome, O Wind my brow that fans!
In the splendor of earth again I revel,
Greeting the purple Carpathians!

THE CZAR

Now who is he with lofty mien
That down the street doth ride? —
Nor bugle's note, nor banner's sheen,
To tell of power or pride.

His brow no kingly crown displays
His breast no jeweled star;
Yet Russ and Tartar reverent gaze —
The Czar! God save the Czar!

ALEXANDER II OF RUSSIA

1861

Hail to the Czar Alexander!
Hail to the Prince of the Free!
Not to the proud would he pander;
Truer and nobler and grander
Than Macedon's hero, is he —
Alexander!

Listen! how melodies rural
Freight every wind with his praise
Give him the golden crown mural! —
First from the seas to the Oural
Liberty's flag to upraise —
Alexander!

Greatest is not the Czar Peter;
(Sound it, O Bells, from each steeple!)
No, for his fame will be fleeter;
No, for the homage is sweeter
Paid to the Czar of the People —
Alexander!

Ah! when the Muscovite story
Ages to ages shall tell,
Still will the patriarchs hoary
Cry, ''Twas the Czar of our glory,
He who loved Russians so well —
Alexander!'

God be his shield and defender!
Keep him from sorrow afar!
Then, when his life he shall render,
Fold in eternity's splendor
Russia's redeemer — the Czar
Alexander!

'AND HERA'S ALTAR, BUDDHA'S FANE'

And Hera's altar, Buddha's fane,
  Fair temples to the Sun,
Cathedral aisle and soaring strain,
The fountained mosque, the pilgrim train,
  But seek the Eternal One!
Earth yearns, through strife, and wrong and woe,
The perfect Lord to find and know.

CLEOBIS AND BITON [44]

In Argos

Praise to the Queen of Heaven, Hera celestial fair!
I, her Argive priestess, above all women am blest!
Her glorious gaze meets mine when the sky is blue and bare;
I see the gleam of her robes as clouds float up from the west; —
List, while her viewless singer, the cuckoo, enchants the air,
And the flowers of her pomegranates flame on the thicket's crest.

Azure and gold was that morning, her festival morn;
Purple through silvery haze the peaks encompassed the plain;
Ocean rolled flashing to ether, and a wind with sunrise born
Blew from the Fields Elysian beyond the blight of pain;
Crocus and hyacinth blossomed; the nightingale sang on the thorn;
And with music like Hebe's laughter the hill-brooks leapt to the main.

Argos its gates had opened, and matrons and maids and men
Hastened to Hera's temple on the slope of the terraced hill;
But the strong white oxen were ploughing far over the reedy fen,
And I, her priestess and lover, tarried impatient still, —
For only the strong white oxen, by meadow and stream and glen
Could draw my chariot thither, secure from the lightest ill.

Chaplet and bough were fading; eager the maids for the race;
But the toiling oxen came not, and the sun went up the sky.
What should I answer the Goddess? How could I sue for grace
If her rites should fail, or the garlands and gifts unoffered lie?
And my heart was heavy within me, — when, straight to the chariot's place,
Cleobis tall, and Biton, sprang with a joyful cry!

Cleobis tall, and Biton, my sons, my pride, my life;
Beauty and strength and valor from heroes of old had they;

Both in the Games were victors — ay, both, in godlike strife,
Had borne the crown of olive from a thousand youths away!
While heralds proclaimed their triumph, and many a maid and wife
Sighed to Hera for husband and son like them, that day.

Swift in the car they placed me, and on their own necks laid
The yoke of the tardy oxen, lest the Goddess should suffer wrong! —
Then cheers went up around us; the flutes melodious played;
And the glad procession faneward moved to the swelling choral song;
While the flower of the Argive women, in stainless white arrayed,
Circled the car with mazy steps and led the wondering throng.

Full five and forty furlongs did they draw me to the door,
And the whole assembly shouted till the firm earth seemed to reel; —
The women extolled the mother these hero-sons who bore,

And the men the youths immortal who could such
strength reveal;
And lo! as I descended I saw an eagle soar,
And knew great Zeus in heaven had marked their holy
zeal.

O'erwhelmed by the loving service, uplifted to the sky,
I entered the temple, and standing before the image,
prayed:
'O glorious Argive Hera! what deed with this can vie?
What other sons such homage to their mother and
thee have paid? —
Grant them the rarest blessing that all the Gods on
high
Can give to mortals; and never on earth let their
memory fade!'

The sacrifice smoked on the altar; incense clouded the
air;
And with hymns, and full libations poured from the
golden bowls,
They took of the holy banquet, and knew — the
princely pair —
Their names in light were written on the temple's
proudest scrolls;
Then, weary with toil and worship, they sank to
slumber there,

While the wind blew soft and the Sun-god turned to
his western goals.

In the altar's shadow sitting I watched their tranquil
sleep,
And thought of the fame and gladness the long years
held in store;
When the fairest maids of Argos their bridal feasts
should keep,
Maids they should bring all jewelled and blushing to
their door;
While the Dorian land — nay, Hellas — should praise
and honor heap
On the youths who put the Goddess their festal ease
before.

But day was fast declining to sunset's golden gleam,
And, still with joy transported, I stooped, their rest to
rouse; . . .
Oh! direful, direful slumber! . . . Oh! bliss beyond my
dream! . . .
The breath had left their parted lips, and pallid were
their brows!
This was the rarest blessing; *this* was the gift su-
preme, —
The summons from the mighty Gods that doth the
soul unhouse!

Dead in their strength and beauty; dead on the
temple-floor; . . .
Nay! living with the Deathless Ones by the meads of
asphodel!
And agonized, — yet raptured to see the smile they
wore, —
I cried, as close I clasped them, "O Hera! It is well! . . .
Nor wail nor dirge shall sound for them — the blest
forevermore, —
But pæans sweet, triumphant, to all the Gods shall
swell!" . . .

Their tombs rise high on the hillside by Hera's guard-
ing fane,
Strewn ever with brightest blossoms, bedewed with
richest wine;
And their forms, at the door, in marble, fronting their
native plain,
I set where the car was stayed that morn, — set for a
sacred sign;
While the Argives, that their glory on earth might
never wane,
In Delphi placed their statues, before Apollo's shrine.
And shall I mourn their parting? let my tears fall as
rain?
Nay! pæans for the heroes borne to the life divine!

HELENA'S BEACONS [45]

THE FINDING OF THE CROSS, A.D. 326

HELENA, Empress-mother,
Weary with years and woes,
Was fain to see the holy place
Of the Saviour's last repose.
'The rock? the tomb?' cried Constantine,
'Nay, could His Cross be found,
What glory for my life, my reign,
To time's remotest bound!
For since the day its splendor blazed
By the sun in the blinding sky,
And the whole silent, awe-struck host
Knew more than Jove was nigh,
And the night the Lord himself came down
The mystic symbol showing,
And I saw His face as the seraphs see,
With love and pity glowing, —
I have stamped it on the Empire, —
As God on heaven's dome;
By this sign I have conquered
In camp and court and home,
And my own statue bears it up,
The bronze I reared in Rome!
It beams in jewels from my crown;
My standard takes its form,

And the noblest knights about it press
Nor fear the battle's storm;
In every banner's fold it waves,
On every shield it shines,
And the helmets lift it proud and high
Along their gleaming lines.
O saintly mother, hasten hence
With an imperial train!
And towers shall rise for watching eyes
On cliff and crag against the skies
By stream and mount and main,
That fire may flash the bliss to me
If you should find the wondrous Tree!'

So, when the favoring west wind blew
And the stars of summer rose,
Went Helena, in vesture gray,
With a princely band to guard her way
To the place of the Lord's repose; —
Nor pride, nor pomp, nor purple state,
Meek she knocked at the sacred gate
And prayed the bars unclose.
And entering in with reverent feet
And murmured vow and prayer,
She called the faithful ones to tell
The secret guarded long and well
Of the Holy Places there.

Alas, alas! on Calvary
Was a shameless pagan shrine;
And there where dropped the bitter myrrh
Flowed fast the festal wine,
And wanton songs disturbed the air
That throbbed with sighs divine!
'God pardon us!' cried Helena;
And at her word they go —
The zeal of the Empire in their hearts —
To lay the temple low.
Column and altar, porch and roof,
And the statues false and fair,
To the hateful waste of Hinnom's vale
With swift accord they bear;
And the earth the lustrous marbles hid,
The heaped and heavy mould,
Abroad they fling; till, far beneath,
The Tomb their eyes behold —
The Sepulchre, and the rifted Rock,
And the Stone the angel rolled!
'God is our help!' quoth Helena,
'The Cross we yet shall see'; —
And searching all the eastern ledge,
Deep in a pit below its edge,
Just as the young moon's tender beam
Touched Zion's height and Kedron's stream,
They found the blessed Tree!

And O the shouts that rent the air,
  And O the joy divine,
As they flew to light the beacon-fire
And flash the bliss of his soul's desire
  To saintly Constantine! . . .
A flame, a flame on David's tower!
  A flame on Ramah's height!
Samaria's hill has caught the gleam;
  Lone Tabor's oaks are bright!
On Hermon, crown of Lebanon,
  Blaze the sweet cedar boughs;
Berytus reddens grove and bay
  The northern strand to rouse;
And the cliffs of queenly Antioch
  Send rosier light to heaven
Than lit her stately colonnades
Or blushed in Daphne's myrtle shades
When feast and song and dance of maids
  To her loved god were given!
And now it leaps the Issus gulf;
  Cilicia's plain it thrills;
Cold Cydnus glows, and Tarsus throws
  The splendor to the hills;
And the peaks of cloudy Taurus lean
  Through purple-tinted air,
And catch the fire on wall and spire
  And snow-fields dazzling fair,

Till far northwest, by gorge and steep,
The joyful beacons flare.
For the winds are out, and the cressets stream
To the stars and the young moon's tender beam
From heights where the eagle springs, —
Past many a city gray and old,
Past fount and fane and the sculptured hold
Where sleep the Phrygian kings!
They beam above Mæander's tide;
Wake Sardis with its shrines;
And lo! again leap shore and main
Where Lesbos fronts the Mysian plain
And lights her answering pines!
From isle to isle, from wave to lea,
The torches never falter,
Till high they burn, like the flush of dawn,
On Ilion's mountain altar!
So clear and high on Ida's crest
And the crags that climb where the north winds rest,
That great Olympus sees —
Asian Olympus crowned with snows,
A peak of heaven at daylight's close
Dark-set in towering trees.
And higher still his beacon soars,
A hundred flames in one,
And glows adown the dusky vales
And gilds the far Propontis-sails,
Red as the rising sun.

It flashes to the palace walls!
The waiting Emperor greets!
And the shouts that shook Jerusalem
Ring through the royal streets!
And torches blaze and banners gleam,
While loud the heralds call:
'To the church of the Holy Apostles,
That the Lord be praised for all!'
And wild the people throng the way
To the stately courts more bright than day,
At their head exultant Constantine
With a waxen taper tall!
And the roof resounds with chant and psalm
And many a holy hymn —
'Glory to God!' the angels sung,
And the song of the cherubim —
Till the sorrowing Christ from the altar-screen
With a smile of love looks down,
And the shadowy cross beside him borne
Glows like a victor's crown;
Till sweet, in the pauses of the praise,
Float echoes from the sky,
And they know the joy of the faithful here
Is the joy of the blest on high!

THE VIRGIN OF SAINT MARK'S [46]

THE SACRISTAN'S STORY

HID in a secret recess
Of our most holy shrine,
Saint Mark's, the pride of Venice,
Is a picture all divine, —
The Virgin and infant Jesus
Saint Luke, enraptured, wrought,
And Dandolo, the mighty Doge,
Home from Byzantium brought;
Not the Madonna of the wall —
That sad, enshrouded star —
But the gem the Cæsars bore afield
In their imperial car!
Her eyes have the tint of olives;
Her brow is fair as wheat;
And her snowy veil and violet robe
Fall chastely to her feet,
As on the beaming, beauteous Babe
She smiles celestial-sweet.

The Turks — a shameless, godless horde
Doomed to eternal fire —
Say from Sophia's altar-screen
They dragged it in the mire!

Say that beneath their horses' hoofs
In scorn 'twas trodden down
When fierce Mohammed sacked the church
And seized Byzantium's crown!
They did not know that Dandolo,
Two hundred years before,
Safe to Saint Mark's of Venice
The priceless Image bore;
And all the while Our Lady kept
Beneath these domes her rest, —
The peace of God within her heart,
The Babe upon her breast,
And only songs of praise to stir
The violet of her vest.

But the spring that guards the treasure
Nor priest nor Pope can find;
And here, while the ages pass, it lies
In the gorgeous pile enshrined, —
The Virgin with eyes as olives dark,
And brow as fair as wheat,
And veil and robe like angels' wings
Folded down to her feet;
Pure as the whitest lily
Blown in the heavenly garden,
Where the saints in perfect bliss do walk,
And the Lord himself is warden!

Yet the chants and the blessed incense
  Steal to her secret door;
She hears the prayers at the altar
  Her gracious help implore;
And knows the lion of Saint Mark
  Keeps watch forevermore!

MATINS AT SAINT MARY'S [47]

Richard, the Lion-hearted,
  Parting for Palestine,
In lone Saint Mary's Abbey,
  Knelt at Our Lady's shrine;
And begged that the Abbot's blessing,
  And the monks' prevailing prayer,
Might follow him over the waters,
  And the deserts hot and bare.

'God be praised!' quoth the Abbot,
  'By Holy Rood I swear
That at matins and sext and compline,
  Through the church's sacred air,
Petitions shall rise to Heaven
  That the wave and the shore may be
Safe for our Sovereign, Richard,
  Till Conqueror home comes he!'

The moon of another April
Shone on the Eastern main;
And sailing by rocky Cyprus,
The Holy Land to gain,
Were the King and his Norman nobles —
When out of the south there blew
The blast of the dread sirocco —
And away the good ship flew!

Into the blinding darkness,
Into the howling storm,
While the salt spray wreathed before her
A beckoning, demon form.
'Mary, have mercy!' the sailors
Shrieked as the masts went down;
'Bitter is death,' sighed the nobles,
'So near to our glory's crown!'

Leaning over the bulwarks,
Richard, risen from rest,
With his white brow bared to the tempest,
And his blue eyes turned to the West,
Cried, in a voice of anguish
That rung o'er the foaming sea,
'Would God it were time for matins,
And the gray monks prayed for me!'

Meanwhile, on the fields of England
The dew distilled its balm,
And the lone Cistercian Abbey
Slept in the midnight calm —
Till the moon had passed the zenith,
And the watch of morning fell,
When, over meadow and moorland,
Rung clear the matin-bell.

Then, through the silent cloisters,
And under the arches dim,
Abbot, and monk, and prior,
Chanting a holy hymn, —
While the flame of the stone-hewn cressets
Flared with its rise and fall,
And the Virgin smiled serenely
From her niche in the lofty wall, —

Entered the aisle to the altar,
And knelt with fervent prayer
That still, for their Sovereign, Richard,
The winds might be soft and fair.
'Bless him, O Lord,' quoth the Abbot,
'And bring him in peace again
With the sign of our faith triumphant!'
And the monks said low, 'Amen!'

That moment, over the tempest,
A lull stole out of the West,
And the ship rocked, light as a sea-bird
Asleep on the ocean's breast.
'Lord of my life,' cried Richard,
'Thine shall the glory be!
I know 'tis the hour for matins,
And the gray monks pray for me!'

THE PRISONER'S RELEASE

Among those who were thrown into the dungeons of Venice was a young girl from the country, scarcely sixteen, who did not live to be put to the torture, but was found dead upon the floor of her cell. — *Records of the Inquisition.*

Lo, in the east the wan moon climbs
Above the mellow minster chimes,
And wafted peal and light of stars
Come faintly through my prison-bars.
I cannot hear the dripping oar,
Nor boatman's call from off the shore,
Only, flooding the beach below,
I mark the sea-waves come and go;
And listen! From my dungeon-tower
The clock tolls out the midnight hour.
Oh, that my latest day were done,
And I the evening peace had won!
God of mercy! pity me!
Take me quickly up to Thee!

In dreams I've lived my childhood o'er
Since last the jailer shut the door;
Along the lofty Apennines
I saw again the dusky pines,
And heard the rush of snow-fed streams,
And caught the torrent's silver gleams.
From rock to rock the chamois sprung;
High in the blue the eagle hung;
And I felt the sweet wind over me blow
From vales where the orange and jasmine grow;
But dearer than hill or stream or tree,
Voices I loved were calling me!
I woke. The waning moon had risen,
And dimly shone athwart the prison;
My hair was damp with dungeon dew,
A chill breath crept the grating through,
And on my brain a weight was prest
And my heart beat slow in my aching breast —
Faint and slow as the waves that fall
With the ebbing tide below the wall.
Jesus! Lord! I cry to Thee!
By Thy woes, deliver me!

Hark! The chimes die soft away,
And soon will dawn another day;
Yet ere for watching eyes it shine
There will be darkness over mine,

And I shall sleep on the stony floor
The sleep that never will waken more!
More black and chill the dungeon grows;
Unheard, beneath, the sea-wave flows;
And fainter, slower, comes my breath, —
Can it be dying? Can it be death?
No! It is life! for the angels lean
Out of heaven to woo me there!
And listen! What do those voices mean,
Filling with music all the air?
Now in chorus they swell and rise,
Floating up to the ravished skies;
And now they warble so near, so near,
They bear me away to the blessed sphere!
God of love! O welcome me!
Now I come — I come to Thee!

IN OLD SIAM [48]

O THE wonder! O the glory!
Hunting deer by hill and glade,
In the balm and flush of morning
Down the woodland ways I strayed.
Bright the lotus buds were blowing;
Rose and jasmine wreathed the bowers;
Every thicket rang with music;
Dropped the dews in pearly showers.

O the wonder! O the glory!
Merit's ravishing reward!
'Neath a stately Bo-tree's shadow,
Still as statue on the sward,
Stood the pure, celestial lord,
The White Elephant, a Buddha!

To the earth I fell and murmured,
'Mighty one! how blest my fate
In the forest thus to find thee —
I so low and thou so great!'
Breathless then I sought the temple,
Calling high o'er hymn and prayer,
'Leave your chant, O priests, and offer
Thanks and gifts beyond compare!
What is Kandy's Tooth, or Footprint,
To a living, present lord? —
Tell the rulers! rouse the soldiers!
Bid your fairest scribe record
I have seen him on the sward,
The White Elephant, a Buddha!'

How we bore him to the palace
Down Meinam's rejoicing tide! —
I a noble now and honored,
Standing proud my King beside.

Trumpets blew and cannon thundered;
Chimed the sweet pagoda bells;
On his forehead holy water
Princes poured from jewelled shells;
Every temple heaped its altars;
Every town was wild with glee;
So with song and shout and splendor
To the palace home came he,
To his shrine that fronts the sea, —
The White Elephant, a Buddha!

PERSIA TO EUROPE [49]

1911

You scorn us? You dream we are ready to yield
Our realm at the threat of your armies afield?
You, race of wild rovers or forests your home
When *we* towered resplendent ere Athens or Rome? —
Our grandeurs of old we can never forget,
And the Mede and the Persian abide with us yet.

From the gulfs of the south to Tehrân and Tabriz'
We are rousing from sleep and submission and ease;
Is it just to assail us, yet hardly awake,
When we need all our valor and vigor to break
The bonds that have kept us in weakness and
wrong? —
Away with your dirges and cheer us with song!

For by our Avesta, that gospel of God
Leading upward the soul to His crystal abode;
By thy columns, Persepolis, crowning the plain
Where age after age saw thy glorious reign;
By the snow of Elburz'; by the Sun in the sky;
By Ormuzd and Allah — our rule shall not die!

EL MAHDI TO THE TRIBES OF THE SOUDAN [50]

1884

I HAVE heard the voice of the Lord
As the Prophet heard, of old;
For me have the blessed angels
The Book of Fate unrolled;
Gabriel, holiest, highest,
Flashed to my cave, from the sky,
And cried, as the dawn illumed the east,
'Wake! for the end is nigh!
Speed! for 'tis thine to save the saints
And their proud oppressors slay,
And to fill the earth with righteousness
Before the Judgment-Day!'

Then he was gone as the lightning goes;
And my heart leapt up as flame;
And forth I rushed to the Holy War
For the glory of Allah's name!

And rippling river and rustling reeds
And the wind of the desert sighing,
Echoed his cry as I passed them by,
'Speed! for the hours are flying!'
The sunbeams shone like lances keen
Across the Meccan plain;
The roar of hosts was in my ears,
Their fury in my brain,
And I vowed to the God of the Faithful
His Prophet alone should reign!

Now who is on the side of God
To fight this fight with me, —
To break the ranks of the Infidels
And hurl them back to the sea,
And all this tortured, trampled land
From greed and spoil to free?
This land where the bitter cry goes up
From even the lips of the dumb:
'*Mata yathar El Mahdi* —
When will the Mahdi come?'
Who yearns for bliss in Paradise?
Who fears eternal flame?
Let him follow me to the Holy War
For the glory of Allah's name!
Leave your flocks on the grassy hills
Of cool Atbara's stream;

Under the palms by the lonely wells
No more at noontide dream;
From Nile's fair groves and uplands,
From meadow and marsh and mere,
Throng to the Crescent banner
With lance and shield and spear!
Come on your flying stallions
From lordly Darfur's side;
Bold from Sahara's burning depths
On your swift camels ride;
The sun by day shall bid you speed,
By night each guiding star,
Through the thorny wastes of Kordofan,
The wide plains of Sennaar!
And from Fez and far Morocco,
From Yemen and Hejaz, —
For round the world to the Faithful,
This fire of God shall blaze —
And from the realms of the Indian sea,
And isles of spice and balm,
Shall a thousand thousand hither haste
For the glory of Islam!

And as in the valley of Bedr,
When the Moslems charged the foe,
The angels stooped to the stormy pass
And laid the faithless low,

So shall they watch my standard,
And all along our line
Will hover their shining legions
And the battle be divine!
For Azrael, the Death-angel,
With a banner made of light,
And eyes that burn like the star of morn,
Will lead us in the fight.
And should you fall in the conflict, —
O glorious, glad surprise!
White-winged camels will bear you thence
To the bowers of Paradise!
Up to the crystal fountains
And the feast of the Tuba tree,
The songs of Israfil to hear,
The face of God to see!

Allah! I long for the onset!
Moslems! welcome the day
When forth in the rosy dawn we sweep
As victors to the fray!
For fierce as the lion leaping
At night from his woody lair;
Dread as the hot simoom whose breath
No living thing may dare;
Strong as the sun when he mounts the sky
To bathe in the western sea —

So fierce, to the godless of the earth,
So dread, so strong are we!
And by the soul of Mohammed —
Nay, by the Throne of God —
The Infidel and the Spoiler
Shall into the dust be trod,
And away by the winds of heaven
As worthless chaff be blown,
And the Prophet and true Believers
Shall rule in the earth alone!

'THE PRAYER IN THE DESERT'

PAINTED BY GÉRÔME

1863

SERENE, alone, the Arab stands;
Behind him stretch the solemn sands
Back to the barren hills that lie,
A tawny ridge, against the sky.
Slow-winding from their dim defiles
O'er scorching waste and sedgy isles,
From lordly Cairo, Mecca-bound,
Threading the plain without a sound
Save when the burdened camels groan
Or tents are pitched by fountain-stone,
The long-drawn caravan is seen

Wrapped in the desert's blinding sheen.
No muezzin calls from minaret,
Though clear the fiery sun has set;
But waste and hill and brooding sky
Have stirred his soul to deep reply,
And he, the chief of all his tribe,
Has spurred him forward to ascribe
Glory to Allah, ere the gloom
And fierceness of the dread simoom
Shall overwhelm, or failing well
No pilgrim spare, His power to tell.
He plants his lance; his steed he frees;
Light, from the north, the rising breeze
Lifts the hot cloud, and moans away
Down to some Petra's still decay,
Sad, as if wailing fall and rise
Were won from dying pilgrims' sighs, —
Their couch by billowy sands o'erblown
Where Azrael keeps watch alone.
And now, his sandals' thongs unbound,
The desert space is holy ground;
No more he sees the weary train,
The sombre hills, the burning plain,
But greenest fields of Paradise
Shine fair before his ravished eyes.
He hears the flow of crystal streams;
He sees the wondrous light that gleams

From Allah's throne, ablaze with gems,
And, far below, the slender stems
Of plumy palms, whose ripe dates fall
When winds blow cool across the wall;
While sweeter than the bulbul's note
  Within the dusk pomegranate-bowers,
When its full soul it fain would float
  Forth to their yearning, flaming flowers,
The voice of angel Israfil
  Comes winding, warbling through the air,—
O that 'twere resurrection's peal,
  And he, the dead, might waken there —
Waken and follow Eden-ward,
Lost in the splendor of the Lord!
Soon will his comrades round him throng,
While tents are pitched with jest and song;
But not the night-dews, chill and fleet,
Nor noon-tide's burning, blasting heat,
Nor red simoom, nor mocking well
Can break his vision's sacred spell,
Or lure his joy that forward flies
To build and sing in fairer skies.

O Arab! we are one with thee!
All day we rove some desert sea;
The winds are dead, the wells are dry,
Above us flames the torrid sky;

And only in some twilight calm,
When fires are spent and air is balm,
Beyond our griefs and fears we ride;
Our sandal-cares we cast aside;
The clouds of doubt are backward blown,
And lo! we meet the Lord alone!

THE WAR IN EUROPE — 1915 [51]

ABDALLAH OF CAIRO speaks

By the Prophet! If these be Christians, where shall
we find the Heathen?
If this is their gospel of Love, where shall we look
for Hate?
With the lilies of Peace their Jesus in temple and shrine
is wreathen,
But they raven like wolves in the fold when the
moon is late.

And for *what?* For the market; for greed of gold and
dominion;
To rule to the uttermost sea and the shores no foot
has trod;
Their impious fleets sail the sky, but never a pinion
Bears the beleaguered spirit to regions above the
clod.

A blast of the desert were we in our fervor, our valor,
From Khalid to Amrou and Musa, lords of the Western world!
Alike in the flush of triumph, the death angel's pallor,
We were soldiers of God and our banners were only in Paradise furled!

These carry their Goddess with them — the Virgin they dare bedizen
With jewels and robe of silver or fret of gold to her feet;
Blessed, thrice blessed be Allah! the soul that to Him has risen
Nor images needs, nor temples, the merciful Lord to greet!

Pleasant the cool of the mosque, the fountain, the soaring column;
Dear the call of the muezzin to prayer at the day's decline;
But the wind of the waste can summon in tones more tenderly solemn,
For the East and the West are Allah's — the wilderness-ways a shrine.

So, if this infidel host at the Moslem gates should thunder,
We know that beneath the tumult will be Allah's eternal calm;
Aye, if to prove our faith the walls should be rent asunder,
He will build them again more grandly for the glory of Islam!

. . . . . .

By the Prophet! If these be Christians, where shall we find the Heathen?
If this is their gospel of Love, where shall we look for Hate?
With the lilies of Peace their Jesus in temple and shrine is wreathen,
But they raven like wolves in the fold when the moon is late.

Hark to the roar of battle! the wail for the dead and the dying!
Prating of light these Christians have shrouded the earth in gloom;
Each unto God or Goddess for conquest and gain is crying —
I will repeat the Fátiha and leave them to their doom!

A MECCAN PROPHECY [1]

1916

Not Roum, but Meccah! where the skies
Lean just below God's Paradise,
And where the azure dome was riven
To let the Black Stone fall from heaven;
Where Abraham prayed and Ishmael
An angel led to Zem Zem's well,
And both upbuilt that House divine —
The Ka'ba, earth's most holy shrine;
And where Our Lord Mohammed came
To save us from the awful flame.

Ah, when we heard that God is One,
And merciful, and that we dwell,
Beyond, in Paradise or Hell
As we have kept His just decrees —
Praise be to Allah! round the world
To speed the truth our hosts were hurled;
Swift as the light we made it run
From land to land till all the air
Echoed the fervent praise or prayer
Of suppliant nations on their knees,
And half the earth, from pine to palm,
Was won for Allah and Islam.

Not Roum, but Meccah! Let the law
Go forth where first the Prophet saw
The way to God, and where he lies
Entombed with all high sanctities
Of earth and Heaven. The Turk's dark hour
Must pass. The Arab's day of power
Dawns newly, and the desert still
Shall have the vision and the will
To move the world! . . .

THE BLACK STONE OF THE KA'BA[58]

This is the tale the Arabs tell,
By the lean tents far on the desert's rim,
When the fires burn low, and the pipes are lit,
And the palms by the well are growing dim.

'Now our great Father, Abraham, was fain his son to see —
Ishmael, heir of the Arab land, and free as the wind is free —
(An evil eye had Sarah cast on the brave lad elder born,
So only Canaan's narrow fields were Isaac's, through her scorn)
And forth from the oaks of Mamre he fared with a stately train,

His camels all of the noblest breed from the river to the main;
And gifts of goodly raiment, and silver and gold he bore
To his wandering child of the waste and wild, beloved for evermore;
And messengers sped before him his kingly son to tell
"Thy father waits at Allah's House, by Zemzem's bounteous well."
For the Lord had shown him in visions the Ka'ba prone, defiled,
And bid him build it fair again, he and his Arab child —
The Ka'ba, earth's most holy shrine, whose stones the angels piled.
So, under the cool of the morning star, under the moonlight's play,
Halting by palm or sheltering rock in the fervid heat of day,
He held his course to the ruined Shrine, down Mecca's ancient way.

'A fleet brown mare had Ishmael won from a herd of desert rovers —
A tameless herd that kept the heights, the dales, the acacia covers,

Till Ishmael wooed them to the tents and man and horse were lovers.
By Allah! a prince of men was he from his light foot to his crown,
As straight he rode to the Meccan vale on his mare so fleet and brown!
The lizard darted from his path, gazelle and ostrich fled,
And the muttering Jinns in the caves were still when they heard his echoing tread.
And just as the sun dropped into the sea and the bare hills caught its glow,
He saw the Ka'ba's ruined shrine and the Hebron tents below!
Praise to the God of Abraham, their hearts had beat as one;
And O the joy of their meeting — great father and great son!

. . . . . .

'They hold the vale; their servitors, the rare stones of the hills
Have brought to build the Shrine again, as the God they worship wills;
And daily higher rise the walls, and nightly chants of praise
Go up to the Lord in Paradise for all His gracious ways —

To Paradise just over the Shrine and almost in their gaze.
At evening, after a burning day, they sat in the tent's wide door,
And talked of the fateful years gone by and the wondrous good in store.
Couched on the sands the camels slept; a young moon charmed the sky;
And Zemzem's living waters fell with soothing murmur nigh; —
When lo! from heaven there leapt a flame bright as the blaze of noon,
With the rush and thrill of the lightning's path or the sweep of the hot simoon,
And an awful rending crash that rolled in thunder peals away —
Was it the trumpet of the Lord and the break of the Judgment Day?
And then to the tent there fell a stone, a stone without a stain,
Pure as the pearl the diver brings from the deep by lone Bahrein! —
Our Father Abraham sank to earth; Ishmael was on his knees;
Was life or death the meaning hid in these dread mysteries?
And reverently hour after hour they waited for a word,

But darkness slowly drew to dawn, and the only sound they heard
Was the sigh of the night wind up the vale or the note of a waking bird.
Then shone, undimmed, the morning star, and over the Persian sea,
The sun in rose and molten gold came up full gloriously,
And when his rays had lit the walls — O marvel of God's grace!
The song of the angels floated down and filled the sacred place —
So pure, so rich, so ravishing, they dreamed they saw God's face!
And they knew the Stone that fell from heaven was a token of love divine,
And with raptured hearts and eager hands they built it into the Shrine!

. . . . . .

'Next year we make the pilgrimage, come flood or fire or frost,
And kiss the Ka'ba's holy Stone though its fair tint is lost;
For through the countless ages gone such bitter tears have wet —
Such erring lips its oval pressed — the pearl has turned to jet!
But Allah's love and tenderness beam through the blackness yet!'

'STILL WILL THE CHRISTMAS BELLS BE SWEET'

Still will the Christmas bells be sweet
  Amid December's gloom;
The Easter lilies, fair and fleet,
  Bring Eden with their bloom;
And Advent, Resurrection, shine
Through all the years, supreme, divine.

THE QUEEN OF THE YEAR

When suns are low, and nights are long,
And winds bring wild alarms,
Through the darkness comes the queen of the year
In all her peerless charms, —
December, fair and holly-crowned,
With the Christ-child in her arms.

The maiden months are a stately train —
Veiled in the spotless snow,
Or decked with the bloom of Paradise
What time the roses blow,
Or wreathed with the vine and the yellow wheat
When the noons of harvest glow.

But O the joy of the rolling year,
The queen with peerless charms,
Is she who comes through the waning light
To keep the world from harms, —
December, fair and holly-crowned,
With the Christ-child in her arms.

THE NATIVITY

Down Kedron's vale the wind blows chill;
The sun in the Great Sea has set;
Its glow has gone from Zion's hill,
From Ramah, and from Olivet;
And on the Temple's marble walls
And the Roman eagle by the gate,
Sombre and shadowy, twilight falls,
And the wide courts grow desolate;
And eastward, black and still and deep,
Looms the Salt Sea in sullen sleep,
And Moab's barren mountains lie
Gloomy and dim against the sky.

Midway, up Bethlehem's terraced height
Come toiling travellers, hastening
To reach their shelter ere the night
Its darker shade and fear shall bring —
From proud, palm-girdled Jericho,
Whose tropic gardens still are green;
From Hebron, fair its vines below,
And many a hill and glen between;
From Jordan's plains; from slopes that north
Greet mighty Hermon towering cold;
For Cæsar's mandate has gone forth
That every house must be enrolled.

Now darkness falls, and Bethlehem's inn
  Is crowded as a fold with flocks;
Arches and court the travellers win,
Group after group, with eager din;
  And, last of all, a pilgrim knocks —
A grave man, gently shielding there
His wan young wife from the chill air —
Knocks at the strong door of the gate,
And begs admittance, though so late:
'O keeper! strangers here are we
From Nazareth of Galilee,
And worn and weary with our quest;
Unbar the gate, and let us rest!'
'Nay!' rough the host's brief answer falls,
'No room is left, save in the stalls
Where stand the beasts. Now get you thither,
Since late and lone you journey hither!
  No other place the walls afford.'
And thus, that eve, a stable-cave
Was the rude shelter Bethlehem gave
  To Mary, Mother of the Lord.

But, lo! when midnight winds went by,
Aflame was Bethlehem's watching sky!
Great gulfs of splendor clove the blue,
And, flashing their abysses through,
God's angel stood within the ray,

And to the shepherds cried: 'This day,
In David's city, Christ is born!'
And suddenly the heavenly host
Filled all the air, and fear was lost
In visions of celestial morn,
As swelled that song of ecstasy —
Herald of Eden's prime again:
'Glory to God in the highest be,
And on earth peace, good will toward men!'
And the shepherds hastened, wondering,
To find the manger-cradled King.

CHRISTMAS EVE AT BETHLEHEM

The Christ-thorn rustles in the hedge,
The chill wind sighs by Kedron's edge —
The snow-wind blown from Lebanon;
And though, o'er Moab's mountain wall,
The stars in orient splendor climb
As on that rarest night of time
When Jesus for the world was won,
Yet never Bethlehem's height or vale,
Though shepherds watch till stars grow pale —
Yea, till the latest evening fall —
Will see an angel's radiant flight
Burn through the splendor of the night,
Or hear that seraph-song again,

'On earth be peace, good will toward men!'
Only the Christ-thorn in the hedge,
The chill wind's sigh by Kedron's edge —
The snow-wind blown from Lebanon.

White, through the gloom, the convent towers,
Where tearful pilgrims count the hours
With Aves until midnight's chime
Shall usher in the day sublime,
Thronging the nave of Helena;
Or seek the crypt, their holiest quest,
To read upon its stones imprest,
'Hic Jesus Christus natus est.'
And kneel to kiss the pavement star!
The silver lamps swing to and fro;
The monks in long procession go,
Slow-winding round the altar stair;
But crypt and shrine are mute and bare;
The Christ is gone, the glory fled
That shone above his manger-bed,
And the pale monks but mourn him there.
Without, beside the guarded gate —
The gate that fronts the rising sun —
No lordly emirs reverent wait
With gifts to hail the new-born King;
No shepherds from their pastures run
To see the babe the angels sing,

But all is hushed and desolate;
Only the Christ-thorn in the hedge,
The chill wind's sigh by Kedron's edge —
The snow-wind blown from Lebanon.

And are we then forgot, bereft,
Because no host the sky has cleft?
No glory shone above the plain
Where burst the high, seraphic strain?
No wise men journeyed o'er the wold
With myrrh and frankincense and gold
To greet the Babe of Paradise
In the low cradle where he lies?
Nay! what do we with song or gem?
Since that immortal night went by
The whole earth is our Bethlehem;
Hosannas ring from every sky!
In forest glade, on billowy main,
Judea's height, Nebraska's plain, —
By any shore or mount or sea
Where faith and hope and love abide
And self is lost in sacrifice,
There the celestial gates swing wide
And heaven descends to human eyes;
There Christ the Lord is born again;
There is his new Nativity!

Who sorrows for a vanished dawn
When east and west proclaim the sun?
Welcome be Bethlehem's silent lawn,
The Christ-thorn rustling in the hedge,
The chill wind's sigh by Kedron's edge —
The snow-wind blown from Lebanon!

THE CHRISTMAS ROSE

Helleborus niger

A STAR-EYED child of Judah's line
Watched, in the wintry day's decline —
A loving child whose shepherd sire
Was first to heed the heavenly choir
As swelled the song o'er hill and glen,
On earth be peace, good will toward men —
Watched by the manger-cave to see
With reverent steps the wise men three
Their camels leave, and entering,
With rapture greet the new-born King;
While myrrh and frankincense and gold
Borne far across the wintry wold,
With blessings at his feet they laid.
Then, sorrowful, the little maid
Turned to behold the sunset fall
On Bethlehem's plain and Moab's wall,
And grieved for empty hands, and sighed,

'Ah me! the world is rich and wide,
But birds are flown and fields are bare,
And not one gift of earth or air
Have I, dear God, to offer Him!'
And then her starry eyes grew dim,
And tears dropped fast — when lo! there sprung
Where warm they fell the sands among,
Green leaves that stainless bloom disclose —
'See! God has sent a flower!' she said,
And for a moment bowed her head;
Then bore the Babe the Christmas Rose.

THE WINTER SOLSTICE

What is the time of the year?
What is the hour of the day?
Later at morn and sooner at eve
The pale stars shine alway;
And the low sun drifts to the south,
So wan that at height of noon
We hardly know if the dun light
Be the parting glow of the sunlight
Or the gleam of the risen moon;
And ever through shade and fleeting shine
We hear the bleak wind's rune:
'Alas, alas for the summer fled,
And earth and sky so gray!'

O for the odor of violets
That sprang with the April rain,
And the breath of the rose and the lily
That long in their graves have lain!
And O for the orchard's wealth of bloom,
And the wheat-field's waving gold! —
My heart is faint for the glory
Of harvest moons, and the story
The balmy zephyrs told!
How shall we live now earth is bare,
And the sun himself is cold,
And the blast of the bitter north goes by
Bemoaning wood and plain?

Wait! there's a thrill in the air!
See! in the south forlorn
The great sun stays his wandering beams,
And a new year finds its morn!
The stars are a-watch, and the moon;
The wailing wind drops low;
There's a murmur of daffodil meadows,
And of songs in the sylvan shadows,
And banks where the violets blow!
Let fires be lit, let shrines be decked,
And joy be lord of woe! —
The sun, victorious, mounts the sky,
And God for earth is born!

WAITING FOR EASTER

Hark! the clarion March wind! its wild, defiant greeting
Rouses moor and forest, rouses hill and sea —
Stormy as the bugles that call when hosts are meeting,
Rich as notes from Alp to Alp when horns make jubilee!

Hark! the stately chorus! away, my soul's dejection!
Songs of summer warble through the glorious strain;
Every ringing cadence is a blast of resurrection,
Bold as blown by Israfil across some burial plain!

Sturdier stand the maples as past them rolls its pæan;
Thrill with joy the elm-boughs, swaying light and free;
Back to dell and garden come dreams of scents Sabean,
Back to brook and river-tide the splendors of the sea.

'Welcome!' sigh the leaf-buds, though chill its rough caressing;
Hid in snow the crocus lifts a heart of gold;
May-flower and anemone know well its wrath is blessing,

Flushing faint for happiness in woodland moss and
mould.

Hark! the clarion March wind! its wild, defiant
greeting
Rouses moor and forest, rouses hill and sea —
Stormy as the bugles that call when hosts are meeting,
Rich as notes from Alp to Alp when horns make
jubilee!

Wind of life! sweep onward; bring a world diviner; —
Laughing meadows, mountains soft in purple air;
Rosier dawns and twilights, suns and moons benigner,
All that heaven and earth can give to fashion April
fair.

Nay, bring nobler courage; faith that never falters;
Bear our griefs with winter o'er the seas away; —
So in hope and gladness, beside our hearths and altars,
We will wait the coming of the blessed Easter Day!

EASTER MORNING

The fasts are done; the Aves said;
The moon has filled her horn;
And in the solemn night I watch
Before the Easter morn.
So pure, so still the starry heaven,
So hushed the brooding air,

I could hear the sweep of an angel's wings
If one should earthward fare; —
Great Michael with his flaming sword,
Sandalphon bearing to the Lord
Some heart-cry of despair.

But since the sunset glow went out
And the fitful wind grew still,
No sound has stirred the waiting night,
No flash lit sky or hill.
Gabriel nor Uriel speeds to tell
Some heavenly boon is won;
To other spheres in the airy deep
Their shining pathways run,
And, left of angel ministries,
Alone upon celestial seas
Earth circles round the sun.

Yet joy is here, for woods and fields
Thrill to the kiss of spring;
The brooks go laughing down the glens,
The birds for gladness sing;
In forest dells the wind flowers wave;
The earliest violets blow;
And soon will come the carnival
Of orchard flush and snow,
When air is balm and blossoms fall

As if the blessed angels all
Brought Paradise below.

Alas for April song and bloom!
My eyes are dim with tears
As I think of the dead no spring will wake
Through all the circling years!
With broken hearts we laid them down;
We followed them with prayers;
And warm and true for aye we keep
Our love and trust with theirs;
But silence shrouds them evermore,
Nor sun, nor star, nor sea, nor shore,
A pitying message bears.

O for a rift in the arching heaven!
A gleam of the jasper walls!
A single note of the holy hymn
That ceaseless swells and falls!
Their graves are cold, and they never come
When the evening sun is low,
Nor sit with us one happy hour
In the firelight's fading glow; —
And I dream till my eyes are dim with tears,
And all my life o'erpowered with fears,
As the night-watches go.

. . . . . .

Hark! 'tis the west wind blowing free,
Swift herald of the dawn;
Faint murmurs answer from the wood;
The night will soon be gone.
Sad soul! shall day from darkness rise,
And the rose unfold from the sod,
And the bare, brown hills grow beautiful
When May their slopes has trod, —
While they for whom the sun shone fair,
And rose and bird rejoiced the air,
Sleep on, forgot of God?

Depart, drear visions of the night!
We are the dead, not they!
High in God's mansions of delight
They greet immortal day.
Look out! The sky is flushed with gold
In glad, celestial warning;
The cloudy bars are backward rolled,
And, gloom and shadows scorning,
O'er grief and death victorious,
Above all glories glorious,
Comes up the Easter morning!

EASTER BELLS

LENT was dreary and late that year;
April to May was going;
But the loitering moon refused to round,
And the wild southeast was blowing.

Day by day, from my window high,
I watched, a lonely warder,
For a building bird in the garden-trees
Or a flower in the sheltered border.

But I only heard the chilly rain
On the roof of my chamber beating,
Or the wild sea-wind to the tossing boughs
Its wail of wreck repeating;

And said, 'Ah me! 'tis a weary world
This cheerless April weather;
The beautiful things will droop and die,
Blossom and bird together.'

At last the storm was spent. I slept,
Lulled by the tired wind's sighing, —
To wake at morn with the sunshine full
On floor and garden lying;

And lo! the hyacinth buds were blown;
A robin was blithely singing;
The cherry-blooms by the wall were white,
And the Easter bells were ringing!

It was long ago, but the memory lives;
And in all life's Lenten sorrows,
When tempests of grief and trouble beat
And I dread the dark to-morrows,

I think of the garden after the rain;
And hope to my heart comes singing,
'At morn the cherry-blooms will be white,
And the Easter bells be ringing!'

'TO THE MINSTREL SAID THE KING'

To the minstrel said the king,
'Sing you mournful songs or glad?'
'Nay, sire, 'tis of life I sing;
Gay to-day, to-morrow sad.'

'Minstrel, tell us not of tears;
Dulcet notes to joy belong.'
'Nay, sire, he who sorrow fears
Will not hear the sweetest song.'

EBB AND FLOW

Said Earth in the darkness wailing
As morningward she turned,
'Alas for the golden summers
Along my peaks that burned!
And alas for the beautiful maidens
Who danced on the flowery leas,
And my sons so bold in camp and mart
And out on the stormy seas;
Like the rose and the palm they faded
And fell by a merciless doom —
Alas for the beauty and valor,
While I roll on, a tomb!

'No cliff of the loftiest mountains,
No deepest cave of the sea,
But is mingled of dust that once had life
And has gone afar from me:
The æons were brief to tell my grief,
The wide sky has not room,
My winds chant dirges evermore
While I roll on, a tomb!

'Soon will the warm May twilights
Be thrilling with lovers' words;

I shall hear the laughter of children,
The songs of nesting birds;
But I know the shadow will follow,
And my heart is lost in gloom
As I think of the infinite myriads dead,
While I roll on, their tomb!'

. . . . . .

Morning floods the sky with splendor;
Lo! an angel in the sun
Crying, '*Life is lord forever!*
Life and death, O Earth, are one!
As the tides rejoice the ocean, summers wake
or still the sod,
So Life ebbs and flows forever, pulsing with
the heart of God!'

THE TRYST OF SOULS

Low hung the moon, the wind was still,
As slow I climbed the midnight hill,
And passed the ruined garden o'er,
And gained the barred and silent door;
Sad-welcomed by the lingering rose
That, startled, shed its waning snows.

The bolt flew back with sudden clang;
I entered; wall and rafter rang;

Down dropped the moon, and, clear and high,
September's wind went wailing by; —
'Alas!' I sighed, 'the love and glow
That lit this mansion, long ago!'

And groping up the threshold stair,
And past the chambers cold and bare,
I sought the room where glad, of yore,
We sat the blazing fire before,
And heard the tales a father told,
Till glow was gone and evening old.

Where were those rosy children three?
The boy beneath the moaning sea;
Blithe Margaret, down where violets hide,
Slept, tranquil, by that father's side;
And I, alone, a pilgrim still,
Was left to climb the midnight hill.

My hand was on the latch, when lo!
'Twas lifted from within! and slow,
Dawned on my heart its dearest dream; —
Within I saw the wood-fire gleam,
And smiling, waiting, beckoning there,
My father, in his ancient chair!

O the long rapture, perfect rest,
As close he clasped me to his breast!

Put back the braids the wind had blown;
Said I had like my mother grown;
And bade me tell him, frank as she,
All the lone years had brought to me.

What cared I then? — his hand in mine,
I tasted joy serene, divine,
And saw my griefs unfolding fair
As flowers in June's enchanted air.
So warm his words, so soft his sighs,
Such tender lovelight in his eyes,

'O Death!' I cried, 'if these be thine,
For me the asphodels entwine!
Fold me within thy blessed calm;
Leave on my lips thy kiss of balm;
And let me slumber, pillowed low,
With Margaret where the violets blow!'

And still we talked. O'er cloudy bars
Orion bore his pomp of stars;
Within, the wood-fire fainter glowed;
Weird on the wall the shadows showed;
Till, in the east, a pallor born
Told midnight melting into morn.

Then nearer to his side I prest,
Afraid to lose my angel-guest; —

A glance, a sigh — we did not speak —
Fond kisses on my brow and cheek,
A sudden sense of rapture flown,
And in the dawn I sat alone!

. . . . . .

'Tis true his rest this many a year
Has made the village church-yard dear;
'Tis true his stone is graven fair,
'Here lies, remote from mortal care'; —
I cannot tell how both may be,
But well I know he talked with me!

And oft, when other fires are low,
I sit within that midnight glow;
My head upon his shoulder leant,
His tender glances downward bent,
And win the dream to sweet delay
Till stars and shadows yield to day.

BORN OF THE SPIRIT

She called me a moment before,
And smiled, as I entered the door,
In her gentle way;
A sigh . . . a droop of the head . . .
And something forever had fled,
And she was but clay!

Her hand was yet clasped in mine;
And bright, in the golden shine,
Her brown hair fell;
But the marble Psyche there
As soon would have heard my prayer,
My wild farewell.

'Twas the hush of an autumn noon,
So clear that the waning moon
Was a ghost in the sky;
Not a leaf on the lindens swayed,
And even the brook in the glade
Ran, noiseless, by.

What had gone from the room,
Leaving the sunshine gloom,
The soft air chill?
If the tiniest bird had flown,
Its flight had a shadow thrown
On lawn and rill;

But neither a sound nor sight
Disturbed the calm or the light
Of the noontide air;
Yet the friend I loved was as far
As a ghostly moon or star,
From my call and care.

Dead, with her hand in mine!
Dead, in the golden shine
Of the autumn day!
Dead, and no note in heaven,
Nor a gleam of white wings given,
To mark her way!

And my heart went up in the cry,
'How did the swift soul fly?
What life inherit?' . . .
Then the wind blew sweet and was gone . . .
And a voice said, '*So is one*
Born of the Spirit.'

A TRUANT FROM EDEN

In a mazy, sunlit garden,
Where was neither watch nor warden,
But the butterflies and bees
Rifling the laburnum-trees;
Where lilies pale and purple phlox
Bent above the bordering box,
And clustering pinks and crimson roses
Made fragrant even the orchard closes —
There one blissful hour I strayed
With the boy they said was laid
Forever 'neath the yew-tree's shade —

Harold, with his summers seven!
The tower-clock was chiming eleven
As I saw him down the stair,
With his blue eyes, and chestnut hair
Backward from his forehead blown
By the wind, that made such moan
When we lost him, ('twas a day
In dreary March he went away)
But that now, in glad surprise,
Breathed a strain of Paradise.

How I caught him to my heart!
'Darling! naught again shall part
You and me, you and me!'
Thrice he kissed me; then in glee,
  Down the winding path he sped, —
So he was wont of old to play —
  I could see his shining head
Bright the darkling boughs between,
As if a sunbeam glanced that way;
  While I followed where he led,
Followed still, through gold and green,
By grove and walk, his dancing feet;
And as he ran, now fairy-fleet,
Now from some gloom emerging slow,
  Still beckoning, still eluding me,
His cheek outvied the rose's glow,
  His voice, the robin's minstrelsy.

And then, and then, — God pity me
That still my lonely days glide on —
I know not how, but he was gone!
Unseen, had vanished utterly!
Viewless as evening zephyrs pass
That softly sway the meadow grass;
Silent as April sunlight goes,
When a black cloud, relentless, throws
  Its shadow over lawn and tree!
And calling, flying where he fled,
I passed the lilies, drooping, dead,
And, breathless, gained the vacant stair; —
  The sun shone wan as winter moon;
A chill wind blew the rose-tree bare,
Strewing its blossoms o'er the stone;
And he was gone, and I alone,
  As sharp the clock rang out for noon!

STANLEY WARE

JANUARY 1, 1872

Now as sinks the New Year's sun,
Fadeless Day for him is won!
Closed his eyes in dreamless rest;
Crossed his hands upon his breast;
Still the tireless, bounding feet
Done with garden, stair, and street,

Hushed the voice that used to ring
Clear as robin's note in spring;
There he lies, so calm, so fair,
All that's left of Stanley Ware!

'O Mamma! 'tis travelers three
Baby, Mary, I will be!' —
So he said but yester-night,
Listening with a boy's delight
To some tale of over sea.
Now the parting winds blow free!
Now his bark is launched from shore,
All its sails set, to explore
Tranquil oceans, islands rare,
As God pilots — Stanley Ware!

Would we call him back to earth?
Back from his immortal birth?
Wish the bark those tides have swung
Tossed our gulfs and shoals among?
Let our tempests beat the sails
Spread to heaven's ambrosial gales?
Nay, sweet Voyager! for thee
Glorious shines the crystal sea!
Farthest deeps thy prow may dare,
Angel-convoyed, — Stanley Ware!

Darling! when the sun and rain
Make our cold earth bright again,
Violet, rose, anemone,
Loveliest blooms will symbol thee;
Song of birds in forest shrine
Bring us still some tone of thine.
And at last will dawn the day
When we, too, shall launch away; —
O what bliss with thee to share
Hours celestial — Stanley Ware!

HIS CHILDREN THREE

To —— at Two Years Old

Beautiful boy with the wistful eyes,
Are you dreaming now of your native skies?
Do you hear the songs of the blest that swell
Over the meadows of asphodel,
And listen, intent for the voice of one
Who walks no more in the light of the sun —
Your father, gone from our life away
At the darkened dawn of your earthly day?

He in the east and you in the west —
A tiny babe in your cradle-nest —
At twilight, to soothe his dole and pain,
He would hum to himself a sweet refrain,

And talking of you and the dear home things,
Say low, ''Tis a song his mother sings';
And with circling arms and radiant face
Would clasp you all in a mute embrace.

Alas, alas! you cannot remember
The bitter morn of that dark December
When even your coming could not stay
His soul that passed with the dawn away!
But for me, were I in Paradise
Tears unbidden would fill my eyes
At thought of that time, and the slumberer there
Lost to our fondest call and care.

Be sure the love so strong in death
Would never cease with the ceasing breath!
Be sure as you looked on his noble form
Done with our varying shine and storm,
He stooped, whatever his new-world bliss,
To bless the boy unknown in this;
And that always tenderly, tenderly,
He watches over his children three!

IN MEMORY OF A. E. C.

A murmuring music filled the room;
The air grew sweet with spring-time flowers;
The clock ticked softer on the wall,
As loth to count immortal hours.

My world is peopled not alone
By those its daily life who share;
The loved whom other years have known
Descend from their diviner air,
As one might come from over sea,
Or down the street to sit with me
And make the fairest morn more fair;
And mine are earth and sun and star,
With friends who were and friends who are.

They are the same as when they went —
Tender and true and still my own;
But rarer beauty Heaven has lent,
As if some wind of God had blown
All trace of doubt and care and dole
From each serene, enfranchised soul,
And they could never more make moan! —
Yet my unlikeness cannot bar
From friends who were and friends who are.

O pure and blessed presences
That enter, noiseless as the light,

From your celestial pleasances,
What welcome waits you, dawn or night!
And in the sweetness, the repose,
My common room a temple grows,
All rosy bloom and stainless white,
Where I commune, no fear to mar,
With friends who were and friends who are.

Yet not to outward sight they come;
A finer sense their presence tells;
As when, from winter cold and dumb,
Unseen the south wind wakes the dells —
The south wind and the silent sun —
While robins sing and brooklets run
And every bud with rapture swells!
Such soul of spring, such Avatar,
Come friends who were and friends who are.

HEART-DEATHS

Hearts oft die bitter deaths before
The breath is breathed away,
And number weary twilights o'er,
Ere the last evening gray.

I've sometimes looked on closèd eyes,
And folded hands of snow,

And said, 'It was no sacrifice;
The heart went long ago.'

O blessed Death, that makes our bed
Beneath the daisies deep!
O mocking Life, when hearts have fled,
And eyes must watch and weep!

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

See how the shifting lights and shadows fall
Athwart the path where young leaves take the sun;
Blent in a wavering, tangled maze they run,
As blows the wind across the orchard wall,
So fleet, so faint, that careless play seems all, —
Yet perfect law imprints them, every one,
And tides might sooner seek the moon to shun
Than leaves this instant limning to forestall.
Thus do the lights and shadows of the soul
Unerringly portray its good and ill;
Each aim, each longing, fraught with joy or dole,
Traces an image on life's pathway still,
And the swift pictures are our judgment-scroll
Whether with shine or shade the hours we fill.

DAILY DYING

Not in a moment drops the rose
That in a summer garden grows; —
A robin sings above the tree
A twilight song of ecstasy,
And the red, red leaves at its fragrant heart,
Trembling so in delicious pain,
Fall to the ground with a sudden start
And the grass is gay with a crimson stain;
And a honey-bee, out of the fields of clover,
Heavily flying the garden over,
Brushes the stem as it passes by,
And others fall where the heart-leaves lie;
And air and dew, ere night is done,
Have stolen the petals, every one.

And sunset's gleam of gorgeous dyes
Ne'er with one shadow fades away,
But slowly o'er those radiant skies
There steals the evening cold and gray;
And amber and violet linger still
When stars are over the eastern hill.

The maple does not shed its leaves
In one tempestuous scarlet rain,
But softly, when the south wind grieves,

Slow-wandering over wood and plain,
One by one they waver through
The Indian's summer's hazy blue,
And drop, at last, on the forest mould,
Coral and ruby and burning gold.

Our death is gradual, like to these;
We die with every waning day;
There is no waft of sorrow's breeze
But bears some heart-leaf slow away!
Up and on to the vast To Be
Our life is going eternally!
Less of earth than we had last year
Throbs in your veins and throbs in mine,
But the way to heaven is growing clear,
While the gates of the city fairer shine;
And the day that our latest treasures flee,
Wide they will open for you and me!

O LOVED AND LOST

I SIT beside the sea this autumn day,
When sky and tide are ravishingly blue,
And melt into each other. Down the bay
The stately ships drift by so still and slow,
That, on the horizon's verge, I scarce may know
Which be the sails along the wave that glow,
And which the clouds that float the azure through.

From beds of goldenrod and asters steal
The south winds, soft as any breath of May;
High in the sunny air the white gulls wheel,
As noiseless as the cloud they poise below;
And, in the hush, the light waves come and go
As if a spell entranced them, and their flow
Echoed the beat of oceans far away.

O Loved and Lost! can you not stoop to me
This perfect morn, when heaven and earth are one?
The south winds breathe of you; I only see
(Alas, the vision sweet can naught avail!)
Your image in the cloud, the wave, the sail;
And heed nor calm, nor storm, nor bliss, nor bale,
Remembering you have gone beyond the sun.

One look into your eyes; one clasp of hands;
One murmured 'Lo, I love you as before';
And I would give you to your viewless lands,
And wait my time with never tear nor sigh; —
But not a whisper comes from earth or sky,
And the sole answer to my yearning cry
Is the faint wash of waves along the shore.

Lord! dost Thou see how dread a thing is death
When silence such as this is all it leaves? —
To watch in agony the parting breath

Till the fond eyes are closed, the dear voice still;
And know that not the wildest prayer can thrill
Thee to awake them, but our grief must fill
Alike the rosy morns, the rainy eves.

Ah! Thou *dost* see; and not a pang is vain! —
Some joy of every anguish must be born;
Else this one planet's weight of loss and pain
Would stay the stars in sympathetic woe,
And make the suns move pale, and cold, and slow,
Till all was black and void, thy throne below,
And night shut down without a gleam of morn.

But mark! the sun goes radiant to his goal
While winds make music o'er the laughing sea;
And, with his set, the starry host will roll
Celestial splendors over mead and main;
Lord! can thy worlds be glad, and death enchain?
Nay! 'tis but crowning for immortal reign
In the pure realm where all abide with thee.

What star has seen the sun at cloudless noon?
What chrysalis knows aught of wings that soar? —
O blessed souls! how can I hope the boon
Of look or word from you, the glorified,
Until for me the shining gates swing wide? —
Welcome the day when the great deeps divide,
And we are one in life for evermore!

HOW LITTLE OF OUR LIFE

After Reading of the Earthquakes in Spain
December, 1887

How little of our life this earth must hold,
  How slight, at most, in the great thought of God,
When He can see such awful ruin rolled
From out its depths, and yawning gulfs enfold
  His helpless creatures, till the very sod
Implores his mercy, though his love be cold!
  And while the shores yet reel where terror trod,
Across them sweep the ruthless hurricane
  With thunder's roar and lightning's fiery sword,
Till shrine and home lie prone upon the plain! —
  Earthquake and stormy wind fulfil his word.

How little of our life this earth must keep,
  How swift that life must fly to fairer spheres
When He can rend it thus, though we may weep
To sink so soon in death's relentless sleep,
  And pray to pass in peace our human years —
To greet the sun, and love, and build, and reap
  The harvests we have sown in toil and tears!
For, like the leaves that drop in storm or calm,
  Some to the mould, some whirled in wreck abroad,
Helpless and crushed we fall, while nature's psalm
  Rises, unsaddened, to the ear of God.

This life! what is it but a single bloom
In the wide summer's wilderness of flowers?
The faintest star of all that light the gloom —
One shuttle-cast of God's untiring loom —
One flying moment in immortal hours?
And death, that we bewail as bitter doom,
What but the gift of unimagined dowers?
God were not God else! . . . Let us welcome, then,
The smiting angel, and our fears assuage! —
How sharp soe'er his summons, cry 'Amen!'
And go to gain the nobler heritage.

THE FLIGHT OF SOULS

Like the rise and set of the starry host
Earth's myriads come and go;
Yet whence we speed through the infinite spaces —
Speed as the light and leave no traces —
And what the calm, on the pale, cold faces,
And whither we pass to our shining places
By far celestial isle and coast,
O Lord, we may not know.

But we are thine, and thy peace descends
As our hearts cry out to Thee;
'Peace!' sigh the winds o'er the lone graves blowing, —
And we know that the stars the azure strewing,

And the souls whose life is thy bestowing,
Forever and ever to Thee are going —
To the Love that rise and set attends,
And the Glory that is to be!

A PRAYER

Let me not die, O Lord, till I have done
Some deed to bless the world wherein I dwell!
Spoken some word that when I leave the sun
In other hearts the tide of life shall swell,
And, like a clarion, call to high emprise,
Though hushed for aye my voice and closed my eyes!

For I have been so glad, thy blue below,
That earth and air kept carnival with me;
From banks of rose the winds that softest blow
Bore my light bark across a halcyon sea;
And the swift year through all its days and nights
Blent fairest hopes with dear, fulfilled delights.

And I have swept into such dread abysms,
Tossed with such tides on sorrow's wintry main,
That neither altar-fires nor holy chrisms
Could light my soul or bring a balm for pain;
But, back from every sheltering harbor blown,
Through the great darkness I have groped alone.

And shall I pass, and all this life of mine
Sink voiceless, fruitless, in oblivion's wells? —
I who have drained earth's rue and quaffed its wine,
Whose joys have touched the heavens, whose griefs
the hells —
Die as the wind upon some alien shore
That sings and sighs, then falls to wake no more?

ALONE WITH GOD

Beside the bier I watched his rest divine,
While sunset faded and the moon rose fair
To light the chamber gloom with mellow shine,
And kiss the lips that love would hardly dare;
And through the lattice, from the meadows, came
The south wind like a seraph, fluting low,
And fanned his cheek, and almost breathed his name,
And waved the pall's weird fringes to and fro.

Oh, life I would have given for look or word!
Alas, alas, he could not hear my cry!
Caress nor prayer his wan, cold slumber stirred;
The wind and moonlight were as dear as I!
Done were our mingled days of joy and care;
Parted the paths we had together trod;
He on his bier, and I beside him there —
Each, in the stillness, was alone with God.

PRAYERS FOR THE DEAD

NAY! I will pray for them until I go
To their far realm beyond the strait of death!
For, past the deeps and all the winds that blow,
Somewhere within God's silences I know
My yearning heart, my prayers with sobbing breath,
Will find and bring them gladness! Drear and slow
Would dawn my days, were they not followed so
With perfect love that never varyeth!
Does the fond wife, when mists hide wave and lea,
Forget her fisher's safety to implore,
Till the lost bark that holds her joy in fee,
Blithe, through the billows, comes again to shore? —
Our vanished ones but sail a vaster sea,
And there, as here, God listens evermore.

O FOR DIVINER AIR

O FOR diviner air
Out where the Vanished fare —
I am aweary of this stifling world!
O for some waft of bliss
From richer realms than this!
Earth's winds are dead and all her banners furled.

For they who brought delight
Have fled from mortal sight

Farther than heaving seas or rolling suns;
O for some charm to free!
To-night I fain would be
Out in God's open with the vanished Ones!

WHEN I AM DEAD

When I am dead, O let it be,
Dear Lord! for blessed rest in Thee!
Then, though my ear had never known
The rapture of a loving tone,
Nor tender kisses prest my brow
When heart to heart gave holiest vow,
Nor fame's bewildering music stole
Like a sweet fever through my soul, —
I shall lie down as kings do lie,
In royal state and majesty;
Nor cedar need, nor purple fold,
Nor sculptured stone, nor fretted gold,
But find my silent chamber there
Than fairest couch of earth more fair,
For Thou, the King of kings, wilt spread
The pillow for my weary head.

And whether, where I rest alone,
Come foes to scorn or friends to moan,
I shall not heed them, — hid in joy
Nor friend can give nor foe alloy;

But peaceful sleep, as children slumber
Whose mother's thoughts the minutes number,
For Thou, the Lord, with love divine
Wilt watch beside that grave of mine.

THE CRY OF JOB

Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him: but I will maintain mine own ways before him. Job 13:15.

Lord, Thou lovest the heart that's pure;
Lo, I open my own to Thee;
The light of thine eyes I must endure;
Come with thy judgment day to me!
Hour nor moment I will not hide
Of all I have lived beneath the sun;
What to me if the world deride?
Into thy face I look alone.

For I am thine — thy very own;
Thou hast fashioned me, body and soul;
Hither I sped by thy strong winds blown,
And hence must fly to thy farthest goal.
Is the wave appalled by the mighty sea?
Does the sunbeam dread the noontide blaze?
And shall I, who live and move in Thee,
Tremble to prove thy blame or praise?

What is my life? alas, alas,
  Fain I would fathom it, fain forget!
But well Thou knowest I could not pass
  The bounds which Thou, thyself, didst set;
And that ever, through storm and doubt and pain,
  I have striven to hold my course to Thee;
Shall mine be the anguish and not the gain? —
  Come with thy judgment day to me!

'THAT OTHER LAND, THAT OTHER LAND'

THAT Other Land, that Other Land
Whose seas roll softly by our strand!
What suns will shine, what winds will blow
Beyond its border, who may know?
Yet naught is alien, sea nor sun,
Since God in all his worlds is one.

'O LIFE IS LIFE FOR EVERMORE'

O LIFE is Life for evermore!
  And Death a passing shadow —
The gloom a cloud, from its azure floor,
  Casts on the sunny meadow;
The west wind blows — the shadow goes. . . .

HEAVEN, O LORD, I CANNOT LOSE

Now summer finds her perfect prime;
  Sweet blows the wind from western calms;
On every bower red roses climb;
  The meadows sleep in mingled balms.
Nor stream, nor bank the wayside by,
  But lilies float and daisies throng;
Nor space of blue and sunny sky
  That is not cleft with soaring song.
O flowery morns, O tuneful eves,
  Fly swift! my soul ye cannot fill!
Bring the ripe fruit, the garnered sheaves,
  The drifting snows on plain and hill.
Alike, to me, fall frosts and dews;
But, Heaven, O Lord, I cannot lose!

Warm hands, to-day, are clasped in mine;
  Fond hearts my mirth or mourning share;
And, over hope's horizon line,
  The future dawns, serenely fair.
Yet still, though fervent vow denies,
  I know the rapture will not stay;
Some wind of grief or doubt will rise
  And turn my rosy sky to gray.
I shall awake, in rainy morn,
  To find my hearth left lone and drear;

Thus, half in sadness, half in scorn,
I let my life burn on as clear
Though friends grow cold or fond love woos;
But Heaven, O Lord, I cannot lose!

In golden hours the angel Peace
Comes down and broods me with her wings;
I gain from sorrow sweet release;
I mate me with divinest things;
When shapes of guilt and gloom arise
And far the radiant angel flees, —
My song is lost in mournful sighs,
My wine of triumph left but lees;
In vain for me her pinions shine,
And pure, celestial days begin;
Earth's passion-flowers I still must twine,
Nor braid one beauteous lily in.
Ah! is it good or ill I choose?
But Heaven, O Lord, I cannot lose!

So wait I. Every day that dies
With flush and fragrance born of June,
I know shall more resplendent rise
Where summer needs nor sun nor moon.
And every bud, on love's low tree,
Whose mocking crimson flames and falls,

In fullest flower I yet shall see
High-blooming by the jasper walls.
Nay, every sin that dims my days,
And wild regrets that veil the sun,
Shall fade before those dazzling rays,
And my long glory be begun!
Let the years come to bless or bruise;
Thy Heaven, O Lord, I shall not lose!

THE GOAL OF THE WORLD

Words for the Central Movement of Chopin's 'Funeral March'

O the goal of the world is Joy —
Joy divine that is born of love!
Sorrows are wings that safe convoy
The soul to its nobler realms above.
There are days that darken and die in gloom
Till the heart is heavy with grief and wrong,
Yet still in the shadow some rose will bloom,
And still through the wail there runs a song;
For loss and anguish are only the beat
Of the wild March rains that bring the sheaves,
And a wind of heaven will woo our feet
To the vales of peace in the harvest eves.

Never a star too late or dim
To hold its way with the central sun;

Nor a voice too faint to swell the hymn
By the Father's throne when the years are done —
The ages of God that are moulding fair
Each life for the glory that is to be;
Nor the woes of earth nor the powers of air
Can stay from the palms and the crystal sea!
For oh, the goal of the world is Joy —
Joy divine that is born of love:
Sorrows are wings that safe convoy
The soul to its nobler realms above!

THE PERFECT DAY

The blast has swept the clouds away,
The gloom, the mist, the rain;
Serene and blue is all the sky
Save for a white cloud floating high,
A lone, celestial argosy
That dares the azure main;
And, light as wafts of Eden blow,
The zephyrs wander to and fro.

What do I care that yester-night
The wind was loud and chill?
Now earth is lapt in sunny calm;
The woods, the fields, exhale their balm;
And breeze and brook and bird a psalm
Sing sweet, by vale and hill; —

What do I care that skies were cold?
To-day all heaven is flushed with gold.

O when the blast of death has blown
  The clouds of time away,
So may the shadows of our years —
The gloom of doubts and griefs and fears
And dark regrets and bitter tears —
  Fade in God's perfect day!
And seem as slight and brief and vain
As yester-evening's mist and rain.

TAKE HEART!

All day the stormy wind has blown
  From off the dark and rainy sea;
No bird has past the window flown,
The only song has been the moan
  The wind made in the willow-tree.

This is the summer's burial time;
  She died when dropped the earliest leaves,
And, cold upon her rosy prime,
Fell direful autumn's frosty rime, —
  Yet I am not as one that grieves;

For well I know o'er sunny seas
  The bluebird waits for April skies;

And at the roots of forest trees
The May-flowers sleep in fragrant ease,
And violets hide their azure eyes.

O thou, by winds of grief o'erblown
Beside some golden summer's bier, —
Take heart! Thy birds are only flown,
Thy blossoms sleeping, tearful sown,
To greet thee in immortal year!

FORWARD

Dreamer, waiting for darkness with sorrowful, drooping eyes,
Linger not in the valley, bemoaning the day that is done!
Climb the eastern mountains and welcome the rosy skies —
Never yet was the setting so fair as the rising sun!

Dear is the past; its treasures we hold in our hearts for aye;
Woe to the hand that would scatter one wreath of its garnered flowers;
But larger blessing and honor will come with the waking day —

Hail, then, To-morrow, nor tarry with Yesterday's
ghostly hours!

Mark how the summers hasten, through blossoming
fields of June,
To the purple lanes of the vintage and levels of
golden corn;
'Splendors of life I lavish,' runs nature's exultant rune,
'For myriads press to follow, and the rarest are yet
unborn.'

Think how eager the earth is, and every star that
shines,
To circle the grander spaces about God's throne
that be;
Never the least moon loiters nor the largest sun de-
clines —
Forward they roll forever those glorious depths to
see.

Dreamer, waiting for darkness with sorrowful, droop-
ing eyes,
Summers and suns go gladly, and wherefore dost
thou repine?
Climb the hills of morning and welcome the rosy
skies —
The joy of the boundless future — nay, God himself
— is thine!

TO-MORROW

'*To-morrow! O the glorious To-morrow!*'
The soul forever cries;
'Balm it will bring for every hurt and sorrow
In the fair land that lies

Just yonder, hidden from our earthly vision,
But waiting, waiting there
With fullest compensations, joys elysian,
Nor blight of dole or care.

To-day on shore and sea the tempest rages,
The wild winds never cease;
To-morrow! — Ah! the thought of it assuages
The storm till all is peace.'

. . . . . .

No idle dream, but prophecy eternal,
This rapture of the soul —
This grand outreaching for the life supernal
Though whelming billows roll.

It doth not yet appear what worlds benigner
Within God's æons bide,
But oh, forever, days will dawn diviner,
And we be satisfied!

'COME UNTO ME'

THE sweetest words that ever fell
By mount or wave, in shrine or cell,
Or, altar-chanted, stole through aisle
The tortured heart from pain to wile,
Are these the Master spoke when free
He walked thy shores, fair Galilee!
And called his burdened followers there
With tender love and pitying prayer:
Whoe'er ye be, alien or neighbor, father, mother, maiden, with grief and care opprest,
Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest!

What glorious hope uplifts the throng
As float these blessed words along!
Prophet nor priest nor angels seven
Had opened thus the gate of heaven,
And he who treads, like them, the sod,
Must be Messiah, Son of God!
Oh, life had been a weary quest,
But now they shall find rest, find rest!
Transporting grace that thus distils
The dew of peace upon their hills,
And, far from court or Temple's shrine,
Takes, for the lowest, thought divine! —

Whoe'er ye be, alien or neighbor, father, mother,
maiden, with grief and care opprest,
Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and
I will give you rest!

More dazzling Hermon lifts his snow;
Fairer the blue lake gleams below,
The wind sings, down Esdraelon;
Glad are the oaks in Tabor's glade;
And, hoar with thousand years of shade,
The cedars thrill on Lebanon;
While Jordan's oleander bowers
In rosier bloom unfold their flowers,
And listening waves make low replies
As breathes that strain of Paradise:
Whoe'er ye be, alien or neighbor, father, mother,
maiden, with grief and care opprest,
Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and
I will give you rest!

And still that sweet, celestial call
Wafts down from wave and mountain wall; —
O rest of God! O perfect Peace!
Bring to our burdened souls release!
For faint and worn and grieved are we
As those who walked by Galilee!
And clouds in sunshine will depart,

And wildest tumult sink to calm,
If deep we hear within the heart
The Master's words that drop as balm:
Whoe'er ye be, alien or neighbor, father, mother, maiden, with grief and care opprest,
Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest!

AT JERUSALEM

I stood by the Holy City,
Without the Damascus Gate,
While the wind blew soft from the distant sea,
And the day was wearing late,
And swept its wide horizon
With reverent, lingering gaze,
From the rolling uplands of the west
That slope a hundred ways,
To Olivet's gray terraces
By Kedron's bed that rise,
Upon whose crest the Crucified
Was lost to mortal eyes;
And, far beyond, to the tawny line
Where the sun seemed still to fall —
So bright the hue against the blue,
Of Moab's mountain wall;
And north to the hills of Benjamin,
Whose springs are flowing yet,

Ramah, and sacred Mizpah,
  Its dome above them set;
And the beautiful words of the Psalmist
  Had meaning before unknown:
As the mountains are round Jerusalem
  The Lord is round His own.

IF JOY WERE NOT DIVINE

If Joy were not divine, immortal,
  No lark would sing —
Thrilling the air at heaven's portal
  On fearless wing.

If bliss, some day, were but a vision,
  No rose would blow —
Biding its time with sweet precision
  Beyond the snow.

Ah lark and rose! in Nature's bosom,
  Since life begun,
Immortal Joy and song and blossom
  Are one, are one!

THE HEAVENLY WAY

Wherefore my counsel is that we hold fast to the heavenly way. — Plato, 'The Republic,' Book x

THE heavenly way! The narrow path that leads
Where gulf and steep and burning desert bar,
Till, high and clear, it gains the golden meads
And the soft radiance of the morning star.

What dost thou care, O Soul, for present gloom,
The wind's wild tumult and the surging sea?
Bear thyself grandly through the darkest doom,
Thou heir of all that was and is to be.

Only hold fast to heaven! The black night speeds;
The shadows vanish where the dawn gleams far;
And lo! the rapture of the golden meads,
And peace celestial with the morning star!

THE KINGDOM OF GOD

THROUGH storm and sun the age draws on
When Heaven and earth shall meet,
For the Lord has said that glorious
He will make the place of His feet;
And the grass may die on the summer hills,
The flower fade by the river,

But our God is the same through endless years,
And His word shall stand forever.

And they shall meet in love that knows
Nor race nor creed nor clime,
For the world shall be one brotherhood
In that celestial time;
And happiness shall be the air,
And righteousness the sod,
And earth go singing on her way
About the throne of God!

'What of the night?' O Watchman set
To mark dawn's earliest ray:
'The wind blows fair from the morning star,
Fair from the gates of day;
And over sorrow and sighing shines
The Dream of Galilee —
The Kingdom of God that shall fill the earth
As the waters fill the sea.'

THE GLORY OF TOIL, AND MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

THE GLORY OF TOIL

Whether they delve in the buried coal, or plough the upland soil,
Or man the seas, or measure the suns, hail to the men who toil!
It was stress and strain, in wood and cave, while the primal ages ran,
That broadened the brow, and built the brain, and made of a brute a man;
And better the lot of the sunless mine, the fisher's perilous sea,
Than the slothful ease of him who sleeps in the shade of his bread-fruit tree;
For sloth is death and stress is life in all God's realms that are,
And the joy of the limitless heavens is the whirl of star with star!
Still reigns the ancient order — to sow, and reap, and spin;
But oh, the spur of the doing! and oh, the goals to win
Where each, from the least to the greatest, must bravely bear his part —
Make straight the furrows, or shape the laws, or dare the crowded mart!

And he who lays firm the foundations, though strong
right arm may tire,
Is worthy as he who curves the arch and dreams the
airy spire;
For both have reared the minster that shrines the
sacred fire.

Floods drown the fairest valleys; fields droop in the
August blaze;
Yet rain and sun are God's angels that give us the
harvest days,
And toil is the world's salvation, though stern may be
its ways:
Far from the lair it has led us — far from the gloom of
the cave —
Till lo, we are lords of Nature instead of her crouching
slave!
And slowly it brings us nearer to the ultimate soul of
things:
We are weighing the atoms, and wedding the seas, and
cleaving the air with wings;
And draining the tropic marshes where death had lain
in wait,
And piercing the polar solitudes, for all their icy
state;
And luring the subtle electric flame to set us free from
the clod —

O toiling Brothers, the earth around, we are working
together with God!
With God, the infinite Toiler, who dwells with His
humblest ones,
And tints the dawn and the lily, and flies with the fly-
ing suns,
And forever, through love and service, though days
may be drear and dim,
Is guiding the whole creation up from the deeps to
Him!

GAINING WINGS

A TWIG where clung two soft cocoons
I broke from a wayside spray,
And carried home to a quiet desk
Where, long forgot, it lay.

One morn I chanced to lift the lid,
And lo! as light as air,
A moth flew up on downy wings
And settled above my chair!

A dainty, beautiful thing it was,
Orange and silvery gray,
And I marvelled how from the withered bough
Such fairy stole away.

Had the other flown? I turned to see,
And found it striving still
To free itself from the swathing floss
And rove the air at will.

'Poor little prisoned waif,' I said,
'You shall not struggle more';
And tenderly I cut the threads,
And watched to see it soar.

Alas! a feeble chrysalis
It dropped from its silken bed;
My help had been the direst harm —
The pretty moth was dead!

I should have left it there to gain
The strength that struggle brings:
'Tis stress and strain, with moth or man,
That free the folded wings!

A WOMAN OF PARIS [54]

SEPTEMBER, 1914

RETREATING towards the Marne, his regiment
Would pass at morn a neighboring suburb through;
And thither walked his glad young wife, intent
To see her soldier, strong and brave and true;

And in her arms, or pattering with light feet
Beside her steps, she held her baby boy —
O the proud moment when his eyes should greet
Their little Victor brimming o'er with joy!
. . . . . .
Upon the curb she stood as past they filed,
When something barred the way and, unawares,
The march a moment stayed; then wife and child
Saw, in the line, the father's friend and theirs —
Christophe, the corporal, who quickly spied
The eager wife he knew as girl and bride,
And, springing from the ranks, he seized her arm:
'*Courage, courage, Madame! Your husband fell*
Yesterday, by my side, at Maux.' . . . Ah, well . . .
Ah, well . . . her eyelids closed, her heart stood still . . .
What joy henceforth can wile, what grief can harm! . . .
Then swift above her head, with deathless will
She raised her boy, presenting him, and cried,
For all her anguish, 'Vive la France!' A thrill
Ran through the throng, and with the line's advance
Cheers filled the morning sky for her and France
As if no soldier in his place had died! —
For France, secure, invincible, immortal,
While women such as she are at its portal!

LEAVE, O LEAVE THEM WHERE THEY FELL!

1921

We (Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt) greatly prefer that Quentin shall continue to lie on the spot where he fell in battle, and where the foemen buried him. — Letter from Colonel Roosevelt to General March.

From their far Hesperides
Swift they sailed the hostile seas;
Calmed their fiery hearts to bear
All the soaring soul could dare;
Knew the anguish, found the peace
Deep-enfolding life's release.

Leave, O leave them where they fell!
Sharp command, nor shot, nor shell
Wakes them more. Great Marathon
Thrilling all the centuries gone,
Salamis, with vows and prayers,
Gave not grander sleep than theirs.

Earth their hallowed rest has made
By the hill, the stream, the glade,
Where the glorious fame they won
Lends a splendor to the sun!
France will guard their memory well —
Leave, O leave them where they fell!

'I CAME NOT TO SEND PEACE, BUT A SWORD'

WEARY the centuries while His Kingdom waits,
For earth is rent with strife and hate and woe,
And Youth's bright armies down to death must go!
Remorseless hell has opened wide its gates
As if God's rule had passed to vengeful Fates
And plotting fiends could wander to and fro!
Where now is Christ with tender love aglow —
Christ who his days to Mercy consecrates?

'Ye call me Prince of Peace,' He answers — 'bless
My name. But lo! when man exults in crime,
Mine is the lightning-stroke, the whirlwind-stress,
The cannon's roar, the battle-front sublime!
My peace is the great Peace of Righteousness,
And Love and Justice meet in Valor's prime!'

THE WINDS OF GOD

THE Winds of God are blowing,
His tides are surging in,
A song triumphal, holy,
Above the battle's din —
When love shall reign and brutal power
No longer blight and slay,

For the Winds of God are blowing,
His tides roll in to-day!

O Earth, with strife and anguish rent,
The Winds of God are out,
And all the hosts of tyranny
Shall yet be put to rout!
A nobler age is coming on
When hate and greed and crime
Shall pass, as passed the loathly broods
Of primal swamp and slime;

When fairest forms the earth shall grace,
High aims the heart shall swell,
And the lilies of heaven bloom where now
Are the poison growths of hell!
By Life and Death, we will not swerve
Till earth's great years begin!
For the Winds of God are blowing,
His tides are surging in.

LEGAL MURDER

Away with legal murder! must the man
Or woman in such fateful shadow born
That soul is lost in sense, brute instincts ban
All better thoughts, must these bear also scorn,

Loathing and shame until we snatch their breath —
The ancient, barbarous law — in bitterest death?

Justice is hundred-eyed, with righteous care
For slain and slayer both, though vengeance rave:
Not ours to hurl them down to black despair,
A death of horror and a sunless grave!
By our own hope of mercy let us stay
This legal murder — crime of crimes to-day!

GOD'S MARINER

For the New England Convalescent Rest Home

Leagues from the light by the harbor side
Is the good ship, fast on a sandy shoal,
Waiting the wind and the morning tide
To spurn the bar for her distant goal;
Ah! when the strong waves left her keel,
The sails will be wings, the timbers steel.

So voyagers over life's rough sea,
In darkness cast on shoal or shore,
Wait for some tide of sympathy
To bear them out to the deep once more —
Some blessed wind of cheer to blow;
Some guiding light of love to glow.

Let us be light and wind and tide
For those awreck on its chartless main! —
Giving anew the hope that died;
Speeding them still their port to gain;
For oh! God's mariner is he
Who helps the storm-tossed brave the sea!

GRACE BEFORE MEALS

WRITTEN ESPECIALLY FOR THE CARLISLE INDIAN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

MORNING

FOR sleep and comfort thro' the night,
For strength and joy with morning light,
For food and friends and gracious care
And all that makes our life so fair,
We thank thee Lord, and humbly pray
Thy love may guide our steps to-day.

NOON

Noon has come with peace and cheer,
In the home we hold so dear,
Swift and bright the hours go by,
While our pleasant tasks we ply,
And for all thy bounty's store,
Lord, we thank thee evermore.

Evening

Father! evening shades are falling;
Busy, joyous day is done;
Thanks and love we bring, recalling
All thy care from sun to sun,
And when days no more are given,
Pray we may be thine in heaven.

FOR COLONEL R. W. PRATT

Of the Carlisle Indian Industrial School

1901

Unto the heart of these, the master saith
A kindness done is kindness done to me: —
Ah! blest the man, who, strong in love and faith,
The Lord in all his lowly ones can see!

GYPSY CHEER

A gypsy whose journeys and ventures had failed,
Came wearily back to the Camp and bewailed
His losses, and flung himself down with the cry,
'There's nothing to live for! I'm ready to die!'

'Nay, Brother, what folly,' an old man replied,
'The round years are many; the good world is wide;
No welcome to death till the last day is done —
There's always the wind on the heath and the sun!'

'THIS, TOO, WILL PASS'

'This, too, will pass!' the Persian king
Engraved upon his signet ring;
And thus, through grief and joy, his heart
Dwelt, in eternal peace, apart.

THE HOMELESS

Sad hearts! the wayside and the wilderness
Are near to Heaven as any fire-lit room;
Despairing Hagar angels stoop to bless;
God talks with Moses in the desert gloom;
And life is but a path to his repose
Whether we walk through meads of joy and love
Or in lone wastes where every tempest blows; —
Some peerless morn we reach our journey's close,
And lo! the rapture of the home above!

HOPE AND DESPAIR

Clouds, dark and lowering, hid the sky;
Despair with cup of rue stood by
And sighed, 'Drink, and be mine!'
But with such tears and moans she prayed,
To Hope I turned — the radiant maid —
And quaffed her rosy wine.

That instant heaven was sunny blue! —
And in my secret soul I knew
Despair, the coward, brought the shade,
  Brave-hearted Hope the shine.

FORGIVENESS

A MOTHER, with her darling
  Whose four years just had run,
Bade him ask God's forgiveness
  For something he had done;
Then left him alone by the garden,
  In the glow of the setting sun.

A moment — and he came flying
  Back through the blooms of May:
'O mother, I *did* ask Him,
  And quick I heard him say,
"Yes, child, I *do* forgive you;
  Now you may go and play."'

Ah! with our many lapses,
  How blest could *we* hear Him say,
'Yes, child, I *do* forgive you;
  Now you may go and play.'
The peace that passeth knowledge
  Would be in our hearts that day!

DOUGLAS

THERE's an old, old song with a sweet refrain —
'Douglas, Douglas, tender and true'!
It was sung of a man by Scotia's main —
A man of a noble, knightly strain —
But Douglas, my collie, 'twas meant for you.

With your regal air and ruff of snow,
Your soft dark eyes for caress that sue,
Your welcoming bark, now loud, now low,
And your glad response to love, I know
The old, sweet song was meant for you —
'Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.'

POEMS OF PERSONS

ROBERT BURNS

Written for the Burns Centennial, January 25, 1859, and Reprinted at the Request of Friends in Scotland

When the frost had killed the daisies
And the hills were white with snow,
Robert Burns was born in Ayrshire
Just a hundred years ago.
Cold about the cottage ingle
When the cloudy night fell down,
Blew the wind from off the moorlands
Where the heath was crisp and brown;
But the boy was summer's darling,
Made of music, love, and fire,
And the winter could not harm him,
Let it wreak its utmost ire.
Now a hundred years are numbered,
Yet we hail the happy morn
When, amid the Ayrshire snow-wreaths,
Robert Burns, the man, was born!
And King of Hearts he reigns to-day,
While the noble throng around him,
God be praised that a man has sway
And the wide world's love has crowned him!

With his head upon her bosom
In the firelight's ruddy glow,
Plaintive songs his mother sang him, —
Airs of Scotland long ago;
And he thrilled at tales of heroes,
Or of ghosts and warlocks grim,
Till he felt a chilly horror
Creeping over every limb,
And he shuddered as the tempest
Shook the window with its moan,
Lest the sobbing and the sighing
Were a murdered victim's groan; —
Now his name is linked with story;
Now his life is set to song;
All that Scotland has of glory
Floats with Robert Burns along!

So the boy grew older, loving
Every wild and winsome thing
From the rush of stormy waters
To the lark upon the wing;
He a lark, too, warbling upward
From the heather's purple guise,
Finding sweetest inspiration
In the light of woman's eyes.
Dante shrined his Beatrice,
Laura lives in Petrarch's rhyme, —

Tenderer praise have Scottish maidens
Down through all the coming time!
Every woman loves the singer
From the peasant to the queen,
For the sake of 'Highland Mary,'
For the sake of 'Bonny Jean.'

How he longed for better knowledge,
How he yearned for noble fame,
He, the ploughman, the unlettered,
Born to bear a humble name; —
(O my Poet! thou didst cast it
In the furrow of the years
That 'A man's a man for a' that,'
Thou didst water it with tears;
Now the harvest time is coming,
Now the fields are white with grain,
Thou, the sower, art the reaper,
Binding sheaves on every plain!)
Ah! the human soul is deeper
Than the lore he never knew,
So the lays he sung shall echo
All the listening ages through.

Tell us not of mighty princes
Ruling proud o'er shores and seas;

Robert Burns has kingdom grander
  Than the stateliest of these!
Theirs by mountain chains is bounded
  Or a river's winding line;
His sweeps broad from tropic palm-trees
  To the farthest polar pine!
Scotland (as a gem she wears it),
  Dowered with song his lowly birth,
And at last his meed, immortal,
  Is the homage of the earth.
Pardon sins he sorrowed over,
  He who light on daisies trod;
Say, 'He was of man the lover,' —
  Leave him to the love of God!

Slow, but surely, comes the morning;
  Lo! the east is flushed with rose,
And the wind so chill at dawning
  With a warmer current blows.
Truth at last shall be the victor
  Bearing Freedom in its van,
While the watchword on its banner
  Is 'The Brotherhood of Man.'
Thrones and crowns and jeweled sceptres
  Like forgotten toys will be;
Only he who loves his fellows
  Shall the heights of honor see.

Then, recounting lives of heroes,
As their memory backward turns,
Truest Prophet, sweetest Singer,
Men shall reckon Robert Burns!
And King of Hearts he'll reign that day
While the noble throng around him; —
God be praised that a man has sway
And the wide world's love has crowned him!

MARY, MOTHER OF WASHINGTON [55]

Read at the Meeting in the Old South Meeting House
Boston, October 26, 1889

Children of fair Saint Botolph's town,
Boston, set by the northern sea,
Listen! Where warmer skies look down
On Fredericksburg with its sad renown,
And Rappahannock broad and brown, —
In a lonely grave by the grassy lea
Has slept, while a hundred years have run,
Mary, Mother of Washington.

Sacred her slumber! dust so dear —
So close to the nation's heart the shrine —
When battle raged in that awful year,
And shot and shell flew far and near,

'Fire away from the sleeper here!'
Rang all along the serried line;
And for her was peace, disturbed by none —
Mary, Mother of Washington.

Alas, alas! that hallowed place,
Long marked alone by a cedar tree,
Shows now but crumbling stones whose face
Bears not even the faintest trace
Of the name of her God granted grace
To give us him who made us free!
Yet deathless she with her deathless son —
Mary, Mother of Washington.

And shall we leave the dew and the rain
To deck the spot where her ashes lie,
With the creeping grass and the flowery train
That to wreathe the mound with bloom are fain,
While the west wind sings a mournful strain,
And the birds, lamenting, warble nigh?
Nay! for her honor our hearts are one! —
Let us crown her grave, the river by,
With a column to stand eternally
And say to earth, and to star and sun:
Mary, Mother of Washington!

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

May 25, 1903

Monadnock calls the winds from peak to sea —
The clarion north wind and the full-choired west —
And bids the streams their cliff-born melody
Blend with the airy chants above his rest;
And wakes the pines to hymn his hundred years
In the weird symphonies he loved so well;
And listens — if perchance from starry spheres
Some echo of a kindred song should swell.

Poet whose lofty quest no creed could bar;
To whom the secret springs of life were known;
One with the wild rose and the evening star;
The mountain and the mart alike thy throne; —
For thee, from Nature's myriad voices now
And the deep heart of man, ascends a pæan:
Pan was not closer to the earth than thou,
Nor Plato nearer to the empyrean!

HORACE GREELEY

December 5, 1872

As if in lone Franconia one had said
'Alas! the glorious monarch of the hills,
Mount Washington, is fallen to the vale!
The direful echo all the silence fills;

The winds sweep down the gorge with bitter wail;
The lesser heights rise trembling and dismayed,
And the fond sun goes, clouded, to the west;' —
So to the street, the fireside, came the cry,
'Our King of Men, our boldest, gentlest heart,
He whose pure front was nearest to the sky,
Whose feet stood firmest on Eternal Right;
With his swift sympathies and giant might
That sealed him for the martyr's, warrior's part,
And led, through loss, to nobler victory —
Lies low, to-day, in death's unchallenged rest!'

How we entombed him! Not imperial Rome
Gave her dead Cæsars sepulture so grand,
Though gems and purple on the pyre were flung!
His tender requiem hushed the clamorous land;
And thus, by power lamented, poet sung,
Through stricken, reverent crowds we bore him home
When winter skies were fair and winds were still!
And for his fame, — while oceans guard our shores
And mountains midway lift their peaks of snow
To the clear azure where the eagle soars;
While peace is sweet, and the world yearns again
To hear the angel-strain, 'Good will to men';
While toil brings honor, virtue vice deplores,
And liberty is precious, — it shall grow,
And the great future with his spirit fill.

THE LADY OF THE WHITE HOUSE

1887

She bears no crown upon her brow;
  She boasts no lineage royal;
Her dower is to humanity
  A heart that's warm and loyal.
The proud Republic's child is she,
  The sovereign People's daughter;
Her winsomeness, her womanhood,
  Nature and Freedom taught her.

No herald cries before her path;
  No frowning guards attend her;
Her gracious ways proclaim her best,
  Her smile is her defender.
Let Kingdoms pledge their regal dames —
  God bless the People's daughter!
Her winsomeness, her womanhood,
  Nature and Freedom taught her.

FREDERICK III OF GERMANY

Nor the bold Brandenburg, at Prussia's birth;
  Nor yet Great Frederick when his fields were won,
  And her domain stretched wide beneath the sun;
Nor William whose Sedan aroused the earth,

Was hero, conqueror, like the king whose worth
And woe subdued the world beside his bier.
Serene he walked with death through year and year
Slow-measured; braving torture's deeps in dearth
Of hope — the faithful, steadfast, lofty soul!
Ah, chant no dirge for him, but joyful pæan!
While Baltic laves its borders, Rhine doth roll,
No truer life will seek the empyrean
Than his whose fame nor realm nor age can span —
The manliest emperor, the imperial man!

CHARLES GEORGE GORDON

Died at Khartoum, January 26, 1885

Not Kilimanjáro towering to the sun
Could mate his grandeur as he stood, at morn —
The last hope vanished, the last moment run —
Facing his murderous foes with silent scorn
Till his high soul was freed in Afric air! . . .
Then from the sorrowing world there burst acclaim
For him, abandoned, yet above despair,
For him who boldest paths of service trod,
Forever in the shadow or the flame!
And so he perished — he, a knight of God —
Ah, deathless is the glory, is the shame!

THOMAS AND NANCY LINCOLN [56]

'Fit us for humblest service,' prayed
  This kindly, reverent man,
Content to hold a lowly place
  In God's eternal plan;
Content by prairie, wood, and stream,
  The common lot to share,
Or help a neighbor in his need
  Some grievous weight to bear —
Then trustfully resigned the life
  That had fulfilled his prayer.

And she in Indiana's woods
  This many a year who lies,
Mother and wife whose yearning soul
  Looked sadly from her eyes;
Who, dying, called her children close
  As the last shadow fell,
And bade them ever worship God
  And love each other well —
Then to her forest grave was borne,
  The wind her funeral knell;

So drear, so lone, who could have dreamed
  The boy her bed beside,

Forth from that narrow door would walk
Among earth's glorified?
But lo! his name from sea to sea
Gives patriotism wings;
Upon his brow a crown is set
Grander than any king's;
And to these fameless graves his fame
Tender remembrance brings.

Ah! still the humble God doth choose
The mighty to confound;
Still them that fear and follow Him
His angel campeth round;
And while by Indiana's woods
Ohio murmuring flows,
And Illinois' green levels shine
In sunset's parting glows, —
While Liberty is dear, our hearts
Will hallow their repose.

DANIEL WEBSTER [57]

At his Birthplace

Honor the home that reared him! — the hills, the wood, the stream
That heard his earliest accents, that shared his earliest dream!

A place it is for pilgrimage — for gratitude to shrine
A name and fame whose grandeur will never know decline;
And with gladness and remembrance and reverent accord,
For his greatness and his service we bless and praise the Lord.

From his own Kearsarge and Katahdin to Shasta's dome of snow,
From Superior's pines to the tropic Gulf where the palm and the orange grow,
He loved his Land and in dreams beheld the splendor of its prime —
A mighty nation nobly dowered for a destiny sublime;
And he strove to weld the States in one with a strength no power could sever,
For the cry of his heart was, 'Liberty and Union, now and forever!'

We think of him as a mountain peak that towers above the lea,
Where sunshine falls and lightnings flash and all the winds blow free;
And his voice comes back like the swelling chant, within some minster old,

That floods the nave and thrills the aisles and dies in a strain of gold!
So lofty his eloquence, high his mien, had he walked the Olympian plain
The listening, wondering throngs had seen great Zeus come down to reign;
For beneath the blue or in stately halls, he swayed the hearts of men,
As the boughs are swayed by the rushing wind that sweeps o'er wood and glen —
As the earth is swayed by the primal fires that burn beyond our ken.
And when nor plea nor prayer availed war's awful strife to shun,
His fervor glowed in the flag aloft and nerved each loyal gun,
And above the roar of battle and the rage of mad endeavor,
His cry still echoed, 'Liberty and Union, now and forever!'
Honor the home that reared him! — the hills, the wood, the stream
That heard his earliest accents, that shared his earliest dream!
Beyond earth's fret and censure how deep the joy to him
That the Union lives, resplendent, not one star lost or dim;

And while the skies enfold Kearsarge and the meadows
Merrimack River,
From sea to sea, shall our watchword be his patriot
heart-cry, 'Liberty and Union, now and for-
ever!'

THE MORNING STAR

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER DIED AT DAWN
SEPTEMBER 7, 1892

'How long and weary are the nights,' he said,
'When thought and memory wake, and sleep has fled;
When phantoms from the past the chamber fill,
And tones, long silent, all my pulses thrill;
While, sharp as doom, or faint in distant towers,
Knell answering knell, the chimes repeat the hours,
And wandering wind and waning moon have lent
Their sighs and shadows to the heart's lament.
Then, from my pillow looking east, I wait
The dawn, and life and joy come back, elate,
When, fair above the seaward hill afar,
Flames the lone splendor of the morning star.'

O Vanished One! O loving, glowing heart!
When the last evening darkened round thy room,
Thou didst not with the setting moon depart;
Nor take thy way in midnight's hush and gloom;

Nor let the wandering wind thy comrade be,
Outsailing on the dim, unsounded sea —
The silent sea where falls the muffled oar,
And they who cross the strand return no more;
But thou didst wait, celestial deeps to try,
Till dawn's first rose had flushed the paling sky,
And pass, serene, to life and joy afar,
Companioned by the bright and morning star!

DR. GEORGE M. GOULD

Died August 8, 1922

He loved the bloom of the good, green earth;
And alike to the rose of the garden
And the wind-swept, wandering plant of the marsh,
Brother was he and warden.
The hermit thrush with its heavenly note,
By the eaves the flitting swallow,
The pebbles and shells of the seaside stroll
And the collie wild to follow —
All, all were dear, but dearer far
Was the human life around him,
And to help the ills of child and man
His tender compassion bound him.

A bold proclaimer of truth was he,
Above the world's derision,

When for blinding eyes and aching brows
He sought the perfect vision;
And O the joy he brought to those
Who had darkly walked with sorrow —
Giving a new earth to their gaze
And cheer with the bright to-morrow.

. . . . . .

Some greater service beckoned him —
Song of some angel singer —
But down our years his name will shine,
The matchless, brave Light-Bringer!

YORK OF TENNESSEE

They say his rifle, ringing
Along the valley's crest,
Made the deer spring to its covert,
The turkey steal to its nest,
And the eagle turn to the Border
Where the Smoky Mountains be,
Safe from the matchless hunter —
Bold York of Tennessee.

Yet, when above Wolf River
The Sabbath morns shone fair,
And to the church the country folk
Had come for song and prayer,

Who led the hymns with voice now low,
Now rising full and free?
Who but the Second Elder —
Brave York of Tennessee?

Then the World War! Then Liberty
Wild-eyed, with frantic breath,
Called to her sons to save her
From treachery and death!
Her cry woke town and hamlet,
From mountain peak to lea,
And heart and deed he pledged to her —
Bold York of Tennessee.

Good-bye to home and kindred,
And the girl he held so dear;
Good-bye to Wolf's bright valley
Where happiest falls the year;
'And can you fight?' the Colonel asked,
When to the camp came he;
'*That's what I'm here for*,' firm replied
Brave York of Tennessee.

And he has sailed the ocean,
And in the battle's van
Has proved how like a god can be
The valor of a man!

The strength of the hills was in his arm
When the hot fight was on,
And right and left he hurled the foe
That day in the Argonne —

And Foch, the great commander, said
When glory's cross he won,
'*No man, of Europe's armies*
Has done what you have done!'
And his own country, sealing
The Marshal's proud decree,
Its highest meed of honor gave
To York of Tennessee!

. . . . . .

Was ever such home-coming!
His joyful mother there,
And the dear girl who waited him,
With throngs his fame to share;
And lo! The Governor and his men,
In militant array,
Bring him the homage of the State
And crown his wedding day!
Ah, while the Border mountains tower,
And the Forks of Wolf are three,
And valor fires the heart — will live
Bold York of Tennessee!

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

DIED AT DAYBREAK, JANUARY 6, 1919

KNELL nor deep minute gun gave the world warning;
Silent as sunrise he sped on his way;
Dark nor delay for him,
Over earth's dusky rim
Into God's Open at breaking of day!
Friend of the humblest man, peer of the highest,
Knight of the lance that was never in rest —
O there are tears for him,
O there are cheers for him —
Liberty's Champion, Cid of the West!

Lion-heart Leader, vowed to humanity,
Braving the heights for his brothers below,
Earth will his impress bear
Long as she swims in air —
Ocean wed ocean, the wild river flow!
Fervent American, service was joy to him,
God, Home and Country were shrined in his breast;
Songs will be sung for him,
Banners outflung for him —
Liberty's Champion, Cid of the West!

NOTES

NOTES

NOTE 1, page 3. COLUMBIA'S BANNER. In February, 1892, at a meeting of superintendents of education in Brooklyn, New York, a plan was proposed for a celebration in the schools throughout the country on Columbus Day. This plan, which owed its inception and to a large degree the methods by which it was consummated, to Mr. James B. Upham of *The Youth's Companion*, was unanimously approved by the superintendents, and an executive committee of their number, with a representative of *The Youth's Companion*, was appointed to prepare an official programme of exercises for the day, uniform for every school in America. In obedience to an Act of Congress, the President, on July 21, 1892, issued a proclamation recommending that October 21st, the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America, be celebrated everywhere in America by suitable exercises in the schools. These exercises, to commence at 9 A.M., included the reading of the President's proclamation; the raising of the flag by a company of veterans from the local post; the salute to it by the pupils in these words: 'I pledge allegiance to my flag and the republic for which it stands: one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all'; prayer or Scripture; patriotic music; the declamation of the address for the occasion — 'The Meaning of the Four Centuries'; and the reading or recitation of the poem for the day — 'Columbia's Banner.' The celebration was universal in the schools from Maine to Alaska, and beginning everywhere at the same hour, the unfurling of the flag, the salute and the pledge, the songs and recitations, followed the sun across the continent. 'Everywhere the place of honor for the

day was given to the Stars and Stripes, and everywhere the central theme was the glory of America.'

Note 2, page 52. Written for the commemoration of the Bi-Centennial Settlement of the State of New Hampshire by the New Hampshire Historical Society, May 22, 1873. 'Captain Smith' was John Smith, of Pocahontas fame, who sailed along the New England coast in 1614, and discovered the Isles of Shoals. A poor monument to his memory stands upon the highest point of Star Island, one of the group.

Note 3, page 61. Kearsarge, the mountain which gave its name to the vessel that sunk the Alabama, off Cherbourg, June 19, 1864, is a noble granite peak in Merrimack County, New Hampshire, the twin of Monadnock, rising alone, three thousand feet above the sea. A beautiful mountain in Carroll County, New Hampshire, has also been known as Kearsarge; but the name belonged, from the earliest times, to the Merrimack County peak, and the other is more properly called Pequawket.

Note 4, page 64.

'That gem of isles
Sacred to captives' woes and wiles,'

Duston's Island, at the mouth of the Contoocook, just below the village of Penacook in Concord, New Hampshire. This island is some two acres in area, and its name comes from Hannah Duston, who on March 15, 1697, was, with her nurse, carried away by the Indians from Haverhill, Massachusetts, and brought to this island, which was their abode. Here, one midnight, with the help of her companion and a captive white boy, all of them having feigned slumber, she dispatched the Indians in their sleep, and made her way, in one of their canoes, down the river to Haverhill. To her memory, in June, 1874, there was erected on the island a monument of Concord granite, representing her as standing

with a tomahawk in hand. The Northern Railroad crosses the island to the west of the statue.

Note 5, page 84. These lines, written for the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary celebration of the Charter of Concord, New Hampshire, and taken by the city as its song, are reprinted by request. The 'shrine' therein referred to is the beautiful building of the New Hampshire Historical Society, given by Mr. Edward Tuck, of Exeter, New Hampshire, and Paris, France.

Note 6, page 89. To Governor Frank West Rollins is due the idea of Old Home Week, and its successful inauguration in August, 1899, as a State festival, with celebrations in nearly one hundred towns and cities. By voice and pen he labored to interest the people in his idea, and enlisted for it the help of other efficient workers, till its hearty adoption was secured.

It was a most felicitous thought of his to call back the scattered children of the State to enjoy the scenes and renew the ties of their youth — thus deepening their sympathetic concern in whatever relates to the development and prosperity of the region of their birth, and bringing great stimulus and sense of comradeship to those yet resident there. The practical benefits already apparent are many.

The verses, 'The Hills are Home,' were written for the first festival.

Note 7, page 95. This and the following notes on The Song of the Ancient People were made by the late John Fiske:

'*Ours is the ancient wisdom.*' The *kiva*, better known to us, perhaps, by its Spanish name *estufa*, is, among other things, the university, or perhaps we might say the divinity school, of the Pueblo. Here the young man is orally instructed in all the sacred rites and ceremonies of his people, their genesis and their traditions. So careful are they that no mistakes

shall be made, the youth is obliged to go over, day after day and year after year, these oral instructions and the long rituals, until he is able to repeat them without the loss of a sentence or word, thereby proving himself qualified to succeed the older men of his people, and so transmit this sacred knowledge to coming generations.

Among the Moquis, the *kiva* is excavated out of the rock below the surface of the mesa, and then covered over, leaving an opening through which descent is made by a ladder. The *kivas* of the Zuñi and the Pueblos of the Rio Grande are built above the ground, although entrance to them is made from the top, as with the Moquis.

In each Pueblo there are as many *kivas* as there are groups or classes of esoteric societies; as, for example, the orders of the Antelope, the Snake, the Bear, the Eagle, etc. The basket, *co-ja-ni-na* (People of the Willows), so called from the tribe that live at the foot of Cataract Cañon, among the heavy grove of willows that grow there, contains *pe-ki*, the native bread, of a slate color. The embroidered sash is used in ceremonies. The jar, or *olla*, containing water, can be found in all the *kivas* when work is going on.

The men all smoke during their ceremonies, sometimes their ancient pipes, but more generally cigarettes.

Note 8, page 95. *The Sun-God*, the chief deity of the Pueblo Indians, is believed to be the Father of all men. He dies every evening with the setting, and is born anew every morning with the rising sun. 'The Sun-Father, soaring above the sun, moon, and stars, . . . is surrounded by the symbols of the principal phenomena in nature that are regarded as essentially beneficent to mankind.' (Bandelier, *The Delight Makers*, p. 147.)

Note 9, page 96. '*We carry our new-born children forth.*' Among the Moqui Indians, it is customary, twenty days after the birth of a child, to introduce the infant to the sun.

The godmother, after wrapping the baby in an old blanket, and placing it in its cradle, laces the child, together with an ear of corn, snugly in its place.

The father watches for the coming of the sun, and when he announces its faintest appearance, the godmother with the child, followed by the mother, steps out of the house, and they stand on each side of the door, the mother at the right, the godmother at the left. They both scatter sacred meal as the sun appears. As soon as the child has been thus presented they retire into the house, where their relatives are awaiting them. For a complete account of this ceremony, see the article 'Natal Ceremonies of the Hopi Indians,' by J. G. Owens, in the *Journal of American Ethnology and Archæology*, vol. II, p. 163. In Zuñi the ceremony, which is very similar, is performed on the tenth day. See Mrs. Stevenson, 'Religious Life of a Zuñi Child,' in *Fifth Report of the Bureau of Ethnology*.

NOTE 10, page 96. '*A'-mi-to-lan-ne*' is one of the Zuñi names for rainbow. There are distinct Rainbow gods and goddesses, as there are distinct Lightning deities. Nearly all phenomena, personified as gods, are in a measure regarded as animals, and of each kind there are apt to be many, male and female, good and evil. Thus the principal Rainbow-God is a male, 'false and cruel' like the 'ruthless worm' that devours the buds. He is called 'consumer of clouds,' 'stealer of the thunder-ball,' etc. On the other hand, the 'Rainbow of the Mist,' *A'-mi-to-la-ni-tsa*, is a fertile female, a kinswoman of the Dew or Morning Mist. She is the bearer of salubrious breaths and good tidings from 'Those Above,' that is, the immortal Cosmic Gods.

NOTE 11, page 96. '*The Corn-Maids*' are mythological beings supposed to give fertility to the soil and foster the growth of the corn. In the Corn-Drama they are personated by virgins regarded as their own human sisters.

During the planting season, and until the ripening of the corn, these virgins are frequently employed in watching the fields, that the ravens may not raid them and destroy the prospect of a crop. They build bowers of cottonwood limbs, for shade, and in these make their summer homes, having with them their blankets and furs, and such needlework as they occupy their time with.

The costumes of all the Pueblo women are quite the same. All the blanket-dresses are made by the Moquis, and sold by them among the other Pueblos. Sometimes they receive money in return, but more often ponies, shell beads, turquoise beads, silver ornaments made by the Navajos, and larger and more fanciful blankets for general covering.

NOTE 12, page 97. '*The eagle, bird of the Whirlwind-God*,' figures often in Zuñi folk-tales, where he performs marvelous feats. 'Eagle feathers are highly esteemed for religious purposes. Eagles are kept in wattled corrals on the west side of Zuñi Pueblo, in the plaza near the church, and here and there throughout the Pueblo, sometimes even on the housetops, without cages. They are often sorry-looking birds, poorly representing an emblem of national power.' (J. W. Fewkes, *Journal of American Ethnology and Archæology*, vol. II, p. 26.)

NOTE 13, page 97. '*Wile the wolf from his den.*' The Indians have peculiar calls which they use in alluring game within shooting distance of the bow and arrow; and sometimes so close that they can dispatch a wolf or coyote with their stone axes.

The call which allures the wolf is the peculiar sound uttered by the female wild turkey. Then they use the bone of the turkey leg for a whistle, with which they imitate various birds, calling the larger ones by uttering the notes of the small ones, upon which they prey. These are the methods most obvious to us, but regarded by the Indian as com-

paratively clumsy. Priests of the hunter societies, through their intimate knowledge of animal habits and aptitudes, exhibit remarkable powers of charming beasts and birds. They sometimes produce effects analogous to hypnotism. Mr. Cushing tells me that he has seen prairie-dogs lured out to the edges of their burrows by cries half-imitative, half-musical; and then held motionless there by the flashing of light into their eyes from prisms of rock-crystal, until they became stupefied and could be captured alive.

NOTE 14, page 98. '*The lilies of Té-na-tsa-li.*' This person is the hero of a folk-tale. He attempted to woo a lovely maiden, who, with her three beautiful sisters, lived at Kiakima on Thunder Mountain. These maidens were very rich, and made beautiful baskets. Many young men tried to woo them, but each one disappeared mysteriously, having been killed by these cruel but beautiful girls. Té-na-tsa-li, a child of the gods, the brother of the god of Dew, loved the elder one, and went to her house. The maiden said if he could hide from her so she could not find him, then she would wed him; but he, knowing her magic arts, refused to go first, and insisted upon her hiding from him. This she tried to do, but by means of magic he found her. Then he tried to hide from her, but, knowing that she could find him, by magic, anywhere on earth, he mounted on a sun's ray to the Sun-Father. The maiden followed his footsteps till they stopped, and then, filling a shell with water, looked into it and saw the reflection of the sun, and Té-na-tsa-li hidden there. When he found he was discovered, Té-na-tsa-li came to the earth again, and asked the maiden what her commands were. Without answering, she drew a sharp obsidian knife from her robe and cut off his head, buried the body, and dragged the bleeding head to her house, where she hid it. As Té-na-tsa-li did not return home, his brother went to find him, and was able to trace him by the beautiful flowers which had sprung up where

he had stepped or his blood had dropped. The bright-colored lilies which grow near Zuñi are called the 'lilies of Té-na-tsa-li,' and are said to have the power to heal the sick and those who have suffered in war. (Abridged from a Zuñi folk-tale, translated by F. H. Cushing.)

NOTE 15, page 98. '*Plant the earliest maize.*' In aboriginal American mythology the beautiful Indian corn plays as prominent a part as the cow in ancient Aryan folk-lore. Dr. Fewkes observes that 'this characteristic American plant may rightly be called the natural food of all the Pueblo people. Their folk-tales teem with references to it, and it is regarded as one of the best gifts of the gods. Their language is rich in names for maize in its different stages of growth, and for the products made from it.'

NOTE 16, page 98. '*Prayer-plumes*' are 'painted sticks to which the feathers or down of various birds (according to the nature of the prayer they are to signify) are attached. The aborigine deposits these wherever and whenever he feels like addressing himself to the higher powers, be it for a request, in adoration only, or for thanksgiving. In a certain way the prayer-plume or plume-stick is a substitute for prayer, inasmuch as he who has not time may deposit it hurriedly as a votive offering. The paint which covers the piece of stick to which the feather is attached becomes appropriately significant through its colors; the feather itself is the symbol of human thought, flitting as one set adrift in the air toward heaven, where dwell those above.' (Bandelier, *The Delight Makers*, p. 100.)

'While she stands and gazes and dreams, a flake of down becomes detached, and quivers upward in the direction of the moon's silvery orb. Such a flitting and floating plume is the symbol of prayer. It rises and rises, and at last disappears as if absorbed by moonlight. The mother above has listened to her entreaty, for the symbol of her thought, the

feather, has gone to rest in the bosom of her who watches over every house, who feels with every loving, praying heart.' (*Ibid.*, p. 154.)

NOTE 17, page 98. '*As full to the east we kneel.*' The ceremony of planting *ba-hos* (prayer-sticks) at the watering-places is common among all the Pueblo Indians. A certain order, called Kō-Kō, is composed partly of unmarried women, who take a vow of celibacy before entering the order. They repair to the springs before dawn, and place the *ba-hos* about the water. This is to invoke the aid of the Water-God to send them plenty of rain, that their crops may be bountiful.

The feathers attached to the *ba-hos* symbolize thought, and in this ceremony waft their prayers to the Water-God above; the sticks to which the feathers are attached are fashioned to represent lightning, the Water-Deity.

The Pueblo Indians, not being able to separate the subjective from the objective, recognize a likeness between the snake and the lightning, therefore they are related; and for this reason we account for their high veneration of the snake. They believe lightning to be the Water-God himself. When he appears he strikes a cloud, and the report of the blow is the thunder which follows; the effect is rain.

This ceremony is performed two or three or more times a year, according to the condition of the weather. Drought will bring the Kō-Kō together for this ceremony more frequently, of course.

Prayer-sticks of similar construction to the *ba-hos* are placed about the graves of the departed.

NOTE 18, page 99. '*And the Water-God, the jewelled toad.*' In the Southwest during and after a rain the beautiful desert toads come to the surface, and when wet their bodies reflect the light and shine like jewels. The Indians believed that these toads had power to bring rain, and so they used to

make images of toads which they placed along their water-courses to guide the water. Very few of these fetishes are known to exist now; but beautiful ancient specimens, encrusted with turquoises and coral-shells inlaid in gum, were found by the Hemenway Expedition in the buried Pueblos of the Salado Valley.

NOTE 19, page 99. '*The dance and prayers of the A'-kâ-kâ.*' The A'-kâ-kâ (called *Ka-tcí-nas* by the Moquis) is the brotherhood of the Mythic-Drama-Dance, and its members represent symbolically the souls of the first ancestors of mankind. For further accounts see Mrs. Stevenson, 'Religious Life of a Zuñi Child,' in *Fifth Report of the Bureau of Ethnology.*

NOTE 20, page 100. '*Crosses, terraces, slanting bars.*' 'The red cross is the symbol of the morning star; the white, of the evening. The terraced pyramids are the clouds, for the clouds appear to the Indian as staircases leading to heaven, and they in turn support the rainbow, a tri-colored arch.' (Bandelier, *The Delight Makers*, p. 147.)

NOTE 21, page 101. '*Twin children of the Sun.*' There is a tradition among the Zuñi and Moqui Indians that two youths, called 'twin children of the Sun,' bade adieu to their people, and started upon a pilgrimage to find where day began. They were never heard of afterward, but it is supposed they are now the guests of the Ka-tcí-nas.

These young men are represented in the traditional primitive costume of the cougar skin, bow and quiver, and the eagle feather.

NOTE 22, page 101. '*Po'-shai-ank'-ya, the master.*' A great character in Zuñi mythology, the leader and savior of the people.

NOTE 23, page 103. '*The rare tobacco leaves.*' Dr. Fewkes says (*Journal*, vol. III, p. 76) that native tobacco was used in the sacred ceremonials. Although he supplied the Indians

plentifully with white men's tobacco, he never saw them use it in sacred rites. The bark of the red willow is often used in place of tobacco.

NOTE 24, page 104. '*By the dead a vase of water clear.*' It is the custom to break a bowl of clear water beside the dead, that the soul may have an easy and speedy passage to the other world.

NOTE 25, page 104. '*Through Ka-thlu-el'-lon's Lake.*' This is a sacred lake about sixty miles southwest of Zuñi, through which A'-kâ-kâ are believed to have come up on the earth, and through which, after death, the soul passes to Shi-papu, where there is eternal dancing and feasting.

NOTE 26, page 105. '*Far to west, Francisco's peaks.* The Pueblo of Shi-mo-pa-vi is the loftiest of the Moqui villages. From its walls there is a glorious view of the desert, with the snow-capped peaks of the Francisco Mountains in central Arizona, the range whence the Francisco River winds its way down to the Gila and the weird Colorado, until its waters are lost in the Vermilion Sea, as the old explorers used to call the Gulf of California. These mountains have nothing to do with *San Francisco*, from which they are distant many hundred miles; nor do they belong even to the Sierra Nevada, but to the Rocky Mountain system.

NOTE 27, page 106. '*Our heralds call at sunset still.*' It is still the custom in Zuñi and Moqui for the herald, who is a kind of town-crier, to announce events, make known the loss of goods, etc.

NOTE 28, page 107. '*By towering Ta-ai-yal'-lo-ne.*' Midway between the gateway of Zuñi and the Cañon of Cottonwoods stands majestic Thunder Mountain, Ta-ai-yal'-lo-ne, magnificent in the coloring and chiselling of its rocky sides. From its hill-ensconced base to its almost level summit, the height is about a thousand feet. At the foot stands the ruins of the ancient Zuñi town of Kiakima. It was near this spot

that the negro Estevánico, companion of Fray Marcos of Nizza, was killed by the Zuñis in 1539. (See Fiske, *Discovery of America*, vol. II, p. 505.)

NOTE 29, page 107. '*The trickling springs at the mesa foot.*' All the water at Moqui has to be carried up to a height of seven hundred feet from the springs at the foot of the mesa. Morning and evening the women meet at the watering-places to fill their large canteens and ollas, or earthern jars. They take the occasion for rest and gossip, and, after all, while their lives are full of toil, they seem careless and happy, and certainly enjoy themselves more than when put among civilized people whose advanced condition they cannot at all comprehend.

It is extremely interesting to go to the springs early in the morning or at close of day and study the groups that collect by them. At first they are shy and restrained by the presence of a stranger, but on acquaintance they resume their natural ways, and begin to chatter and frolic.

The Moqui women dress their hair in different ways to distinguish a maiden from a married woman. The former wears upon the side of her head, just above the ears, huge cart-wheel puffs, while the married women and old women wear theirs braided, banged, tied in a knot behind, or allowed to drop loosely by the sides. The Spaniards noticed these cart-wheel puffs in 1539. No other Pueblo women have adopted this peculiar way of distinguishing the maidens.

NOTE 30, page 107. '*A'-shi-wi*' is a Zuñi name for the Zuñis themselves.

NOTE 31, page 108. '*The mountain meadow's bloom.*' In the Zuñi Mountains there are little meadows where the deer used to graze. In some of the valleys the pine tree grows to very great proportions. It should be borne in mind that the altitude of these grazing spots is not less than six and seven thousand feet above the level of the sea.

NOTE 32, page 109. The history of our Southwestern Border is replete with stories of capture and escape similar to the one here related. The records of that able, humane, and lamented officer, the late General Crook, when he commanded the Department of Arizona, furnish many such incidents. Captain John G. Bourke, United States Army, has detailed some of them in his brilliant narrative, *An Apache Campaign* (Scribners, New York, 1886) — that memorable campaign when General Crook and his command penetrated to the fastnesses of the Sierra Madre, and, surprising the savage Chiricahua Apaches, brought them, humbled, to the San Carlos Agency. Five Mexican women who had been their captives came into the camp, exhausted, ragged, and almost famished — one with a baby in her arms. '"Praise be to the All-Powerful God!" ejaculated one. "And to the most Holy Sacrament!" echoed her companions. "Thanks to our Blessed Lady of Guadaloupe!" "And to the most Holy Mary, Virgin of Soledad, who has taken pity upon us!"'

NOTE 33, page 114. 'The ceremony of each village (gens) had a central subject, some form or force, having its abode in the sky or on the earth, and represented by a symbol. . . . The symbol may be an animal, as the buffalo, or a force, as the wind, and the people be spoken of by the names of the symbol of their village; as, the "buffalo people," or the "wind people." . . . It was the duty of the "wind people" to put moccasins on the feet of the dead, that they might enter the spirit land and there be recognized and able to rejoin their kindred.' (Alice C. Fletcher, in *The Indian and Nature.*)

NOTE 34, page 115. The *Be-thar-wa-an* — Love Song of the Omaha Indians — according to Miss Alice Fletcher, is sung at dawn. 'The lover leaves his tent while the morning star is shining, and goes to the valley of his maiden. On a hill overlooking her tent, among the trees and not far from

the stream, he pauses and waits the dawn. As the east flushes and glows, with stream and bird and breeze accompanying, he sings' — each strain ending with a long, emphatic, imploring note, a veritable cry.

NOTE 35, page 119. *The Columbia River*, by W. D. Lyman, Whitman College, Oregon; *The Guardians of the Columbia*, by John H. Williams, Tacoma, Washington.

NOTE 36, page 122. The country about the Grand Cañon and its tributary gorges abounds in relics of the prehistoric people who once dwelt there.

NOTE 37, page 125. THE CAPTIVE'S HYMN. At the close of the French and Indian War the Indians of Pennsylvania and adjoining regions were compelled to bring their prisoners to Carlisle, Pennsylvania, December 31, 1764, and on all sides the friends of these prisoners were summoned to reclaim them. A German woman from Reutlingen, Swabia, whose little daughter, Regina, had been nine years a captive, recovered her by singing Schmolke's hymn, 'Alone, yet not alone am I,' which she had sung to her in her childhood. Dr. H. M. Muhlenberg, the chief founder of the Lutheran Church in the United States, reported the incident, at the time, to the German *Hallische Nachrichten*. In 1891, Mrs. Barrows, of the Boston *Christian Register*, called my attention to the story, saying she had brought it to the notice of both Mr. Whittier and Dr. Holmes, but that both, while expressing great interest in it, had said they were too old to treat it.

NOTE 38, page 131. NATAS'KA. Lake Mohonk is in the Shawangunk Mountains of Ulster County, New York, fifteen miles west of the Hudson and over twelve hundred feet above the sea. Its shores and cliffs command superb views of the Catskills and the river valleys. The Esopus Indians who inhabited the region were of the Lenni-Lenape Confederacy, and did not fraternize with the Mohawks of

the north, to whom at length they became tributary. The council fire of the Lenni-Lenape was at Wawas'sing, near the site of Philadelphia.

NOTE 39, page 145. See Prescott's *Conquest of Peru; The Life of Pizarro*, and *The Spanish Conquest in America*, by Sir Arthur Helps; the *Commentarios Reales* of Garcilaso de la Vega, etc.

'*Atác!*' the exclamation of the Inca according to Garcilaso, is rendered 'Alas!' by Sir Arthur Helps; but Professor John Fiske says concerning it, 'There is a good deal of latitude in the meaning of interjections'; and probably here it expressed indignation.

The *borla* was a crimson, tasseled fillet; emblem of sovereignty; the crown of the Incas.

NOTE 40, page 151. Guaicaipu'ro, a native Indian chief of the Caracas region, Venezuela, resisted desperately the incoming of the Spaniards, and in 1658, attacked in his mountain retreat, perished by fire and sword, with his last breath invoking vengeance upon the invaders.

NOTE 41, page 156. 'The recumbent figure of Juarez, the Indian President, rests beneath a Grecian temple of purest white marble. Half-supporting the body is the figure of Mexico mourning for her dead.'

NOTE 42, page 197. 'Tacoma' — the Great Snow Peak — is the beautiful, ancient, Indian name of Washington's highest mountain. 'Rainier' should be banished from speech and from the maps.

NOTE 43, page 229. Baidar Gate is an arch of masonry built as a barrier across the road from Sevastopol to Yalta, at the height of the pass above the Crimean Vale of Baidar. The traveler emerging from it comes suddenly upon the enchanting view of sea and shore.

NOTE 44, page 239. 'Cleobis and Biton, natives of Argos, possessed a sufficient fortune, and had withal such strength of

body that they were both alike victorious in the public games. When the Argives were celebrating a festival of Hera, it was necessary that their mother should be drawn to the temple in a chariot; but the oxen did not come from the field in time; the young men, therefore, being pressed for time, put themselves beneath the yoke, and drew the car in which their mother sat; and having conveyed it forty-five stades, they reached the temple. . . . The men of Argos who stood round commended the strength of the youths, and the women blessed her as the mother of such sons; but the mother herself, transported with joy both on account of the action and its renown, stood before the image, and prayed that the goddess would grant to Cleobis and Biton, her own sons, who had so highly honored her, the greatest blessing man could receive.

'After this prayer, when they had sacrificed and partaken of the feast, the youths fell asleep in the temple itself, and never awoke more. Upon this the Argives, in commemoration of their piety, caused their statues to be made and dedicated at Delphi.' (Herodotus, I, 31.)

Cicero (*Tusc. Disp.* I, 47) and others, as Servius (*ad Virgil, Geog.* III, 532) and the author of the Platonic dialogue entitled 'Ariochus' (367 C), relate that the ground of the necessity was the circumstance that the youths' mother was priestess of Juno at the time. Servius says a pestilence had destroyed the oxen, which contradicts Herodotus. Otherwise the tale is told with fewer variations than most ancient stories. The Argives had a sculptured representation of the event in their temple of Apollo Lycius to the time of Pausanias (Pausan. II, xx, § 2).

NOTE 45, page 245. Ancient and widespread tradition ascribes the ruined towers on the headlands of the Levant to Saint Helena, and avers that they were built for the beacon-fires which flashed the news of the discovery of the Cross to

her royal son, the Emperor Constantine, at Constantinople. Maundrell, the English traveler, who visited Palestine in 1697, associates them with Helena, but as constructions for the defense of the country against pirates. Many other authors and travelers have referred to them, and to the tradition; notably, in our own day, Dr. W. M. Thomson in *The Land and the Book* (pp. 58 and 145), and Mr. W. C. Prime in his glowing monograph, *Holy Cross*. Perhaps Saint Elmo's or Saint Helen's fire (*feu d'Hélène*) is a nautical memento of Helena's Beacons.

Note 46, page 251. 'In the ecclesiastical history of Nicephorus Callixtus, he has inserted a description of the person of Mary which he declares to have been given by Epiphanius, who lived in the fourth century, and by him derived from a more ancient source. "She was of middle stature; her face oval; her eyes brilliant and of an olive tint; . . . her complexion fair as wheat."'

'The Empress Eudocia, when traveling in the Holy Land, sent home a picture of the Virgin holding the Child to her sister-in-law Pulcheria, who placed it in a church at Constantinople. It was at that time regarded as of very high antiquity, and was afterwards attributed to Saint Luke. It is certain that a picture, traditionally said to be the same, did exist at Constantinople, and was so much venerated by the people that it was regarded as a sort of palladium, and borne in a superb litter or car in the midst of the imperial host when the Emperor led the army in person. This relic is said to have been taken by the Turks in 1453, and dragged through the mire, but others deny this. . . . According to the Venetian legend it was taken by the blind old Dandolo when he besieged and took Constantinople in 1204, and brought in triumph to Venice, where it has ever since been preserved, in the Church of Saint Mark.' (Mrs. Jameson's *Legends of the Madonna*.)

NOTE 47, page 253. This incident of the Crusade of Richard Cœur de Lion is given in the *Chronicles of the Cistercians*.

NOTE 48, page 258. With the Buddhist belief in the transmigration of souls, a rare white animal (albino), especially a white elephant, is thought to be the incarnation of a distinguished person, perhaps of a future Buddha (Enlightened One) — therefore the worship. 'Merit,' in the Buddhist sense, is the accumulation of good deeds to secure reward.

'Kandy's tooth' is a relic of Buddha, and the palladium of Ceylon. It is a bit of ivory, in form like a tooth, enshrined in six cases of gold and silver inlaid with precious stones, and preserved in a chamber of the temple attached to the palace of the kings, at Kandy. The 'Footprint' is a print in the rock at Prabat, Siam, resembling a huge human foot, and believed to be an imprint of the foot of Buddha. Over it is a beautiful shrine, and it is a place of yearly pilgrimage for the Siamese. The 'Bo-tree' (*Ficus religiosa*) is the tree under which Gautama was sitting when he became a Buddha.

NOTE 49, page 260. In 1911, with the seizure of Persian territory by Russia, and the demands of Russia and England, the Constitutional and Progressive Party felt constrained to take up arms in the country's defense.

NOTE 50, page 261. 'Mahdi' is an Arabic word, meaning 'Leader' or 'Guide.' Moslems generally believe that the expected great Mahdi will be a descendant of the Prophet, and will appear toward the end of time to uproot wickedness and establish a reign of righteousness on earth. There have been many Mahdis in Mohammedan history.

Mohammed Achmet, 'El Mahdi' of 1881 and succeeding years, was born about 1848, in Dongola. He studied religion in a village near Khartoum, and then took up his abode on an island in the White Nile, living in a cave or recess in the earth. Here he acquired a reputation for sanctity, assembling many dervishes (holy men) about him, and increasing his

influence by marrying the daughters of Arab chiefs. In 1881 he proclaimed himself Mahdi, preaching universal equality, law, and religion, community of goods, and a 'Holy War' against the Infidels. The oppressed Soudanese flocked to his standard; his emissaries were everywhere busy; his proclamations thrilled the Moslem world; his victories inflicted great loss upon Egypt and upon her British allies. A man of genius and of rare force and fervor, his name will live in the annals of the nineteenth century.

Note 51, page 268. The Fátiha, the opening chapter of the Koran, and the Lord's Prayer of the Moslems, runs thus: 'Praise be to God, the Lord of all creatures; the most merciful, the king of the day of judgment. Thee do we worship, and of thee do we beg assistance. Direct us in the right way, in the way of those to whom thou hast been gracious; not of those against whom thou art incensed, nor of those who go astray.'

Note 52, page 271. Roum, in Arabic literature, is the name for Rome — Constantinople.

Note 53, page 272. The Black Stone of the Ka'ba. The *New International Encyclopædia* has this about the Black Stone of the Ka'ba: 'Kaaba (Ar. Ka'bah, square house or chamber). The cube-shaped stone building in the centre of the Mosque of Mecca, dating from pre-Islamic times and taken over by Mohammed into the new faith. . . . In the northeast corner, about five feet from the ground, is set the famous Black Stone (probably a meteorite) which gives the Kaaba its sanctity. . . . It is held in extreme veneration by Mohammedans and is touched and kissed by them in the seven circuits made around the building during the ceremonies connected with the Hajj. . . . Many legends in regard to the origin and history of the Kaaba and the Black Stone are current among the Moslems. Mohammed himself (Koran, sura xxii, 119) connected the building of the first

structure with the patriarch Abraham. . . . The Black Stone is said to have been white originally, but to have turned black either through the sins of men or the millions of kisses which have been imprinted upon it.'

NOTE 54, page 344. This incident is told in *Paris Reborn* (p. 91), by Herbert Adams Gibbons. (The Century Company, 1915.)

NOTE 55, page 361. MARY, MOTHER OF WASHINGTON. In commemoration of the visit of Washington to Boston one hundred years before, a meeting was held in the Old South Meeting House, October 26, 1889, to which all were invited, but which had special reference to the children of the public schools. The object of this meeting was to initiate a movement for raising money to erect a suitable monument upon the long-neglected grave of the mother of Washington, at Fredericksburg, Virginia. At this meeting the Ode written for Washington's reception a hundred years before was sung to the original music by a chorus from the schools; and from this meeting came the influence which resulted in the Mary Washington Monument Association, and in the beautiful granite shaft, fifty feet tall, which was placed upon the grave in May, 1904.

NOTE 56, page 367. The grave of Thomas Lincoln, father of Abraham Lincoln, is in Coles County, Illinois; that of Nancy Lincoln, his mother, in Spencer County, Indiana.

NOTE 57, page 368. Read at the Daniel Webster Birthplace Celebration, at Franklin (Salisbury), New Hampshire, August 28, 1913.

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